IT IS,

AND

IT IS NOT A NOVEL.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

By CHARLOTTE PALMER.

O, let the ſteps of youth be cautious how
They advance into a dangerous world!
Our *duty only* can conduct us ſafe.

SOUTHERN.

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IT IS, AND IT IS NOT A NOVEL.

LETTER XI.

Miſs Digby to Miſs Eglantine.

[In continuation.]

AT tea Mrs. Freeman took notice that Miſs Brilliant's eyes looked red, and ſaid, ſhe ſuppoſed we had been reading Romances. You have been poring over your Clariſſas, or your Clementinas, ſaid ſhe!—Well, I never liked to read them ſort of things, not I;—I ſhall never break

my heart over a pack of nonſenſe, that has no truth in it. I have no notion of crying and ſtewing about what never happened.——When I was in London, laſt winter, Mr. Freeman took me to a play, and when I came there, behold it was a tragedy, and I, all along, thought it was a comedy, till they came to almoſt the laſt, when I ſaw the white handkerchiefs going forward; for I hadn't looked at the bills; I went merely for the ſake of diverſion, let it be what it would!—There was a pitiful piece of work in one of the acts, with two brothers!—They *was* both kings of ſome place, I think; and one of them had taken a lady, and made her a captive; and then he goes to ſee her, and he falls in love with her; for I don't know how it was, but he hadn't ſeen her, I think, till ſhe was ſhut up in his place, *there*;—what did you call it, Mr. Freeman? that place that the man unlocked.

It was an eaſtern ſeraglio, my dear, ſaid Mr. Freeman.

O, aye! ſo it was, ſaid ſhe.——Well, Ma'am (to Mrs. B———,) this lady was ſhut up in his ſeraglio,—and ſhe was ſo very beautiful, that it was talked over, and talked over, till at laſt it *comes* to the brother's ears; and *he* muſt needs ſee the lady. So what does he do, but he goes and bribes the men that kept the door-way, and *he* falls in love with the captive too: ſo I think ſhe was in luck's way, to have two kings to her ſhare!—but, however, when Hamet comes to know it, *that's he* that liked her beſt, there's fine doings!—I know t'other has him chained cloſe by the place where this princeſs, for I think ſhe was ſomewhat of a princeſs, is confined, and then he ſhews his brother the key,——opens the door, and ſhuts himſelf into the ſeraglio, while Hamet ſtands ſtamping and raving, ready to tear the ground up!——They called him *Smith* that

acted that part; and one *Palmer* played his brother.——I almoſt forget how it ends; but I know the lady, ſomehow or other, gets out of the way of the other, and Hamet marries her at laſt, but not till the two brothers have had a fight about her; and I believe Almoran is killed, but I am not ſure; however I know there's a ſtrange *meſs* of it altogether.

I did not interrupt you, Ma'am, ſaid Miſs Brilliant, till you had come to the end of the play;—but I have ſeen the tragedy you mention, which, according to my relation, would appear very different, becauſe I admire, and you diſlike it.—It is called the Fair Circaſſian. I ſaw it when it firſt came out, and can never deſcribe what I felt when Almoran exultingly paſſed his brother with the key as you mention.—The rage of Hamet!—The idea of his ſituation, of which his wicked brother vainly hopes to avail himſelf; the agony of Almeida

for

for his ſafety, and her deteſtation of Almoran, raiſe ſo many combined emotions in the boſom of the ſpectator, that I am aſtoniſhed to hear you ſpeak of it ſo lightly!—I am no judge of theatrical performances, I mention them as they affect me; I have often given my opinion of a play as a good one, when almoſt every perſon preſent, except myſelf, has diſapproved, which ſhews I am at leaſt no critic; but, good or ill, I believe I ſhould have liked the Fair Circaſſian, becauſe it was taken from that exquiſitely beautiful Eaſtern Tale, Almoran and Hamet.

Ah, well, every one to their liking, ſaid Mrs. Freeman? what do you ſay to it all, Mrs. Reynard?——I ſay you think it beſt to be merry.

I have not been in London theſe twenty years, Ma'am, replied Mrs. R——; and as to plays I don't know much about them; but though, as you ſay, to be

be ſure, I like to be merry beſt; yet for all that I am not quite of your mind neither; for when the girls are reading any thing that's *dulliſh-like*, I can no more help crying than I can fly in the air!—Now I think there's ſome *movingiſh* things in *that there* Vicar of Wakefield, that you was reading this morning, Miſs Digby, for all we laughed ſo about Carolina *William*, what d'ye call her?—I declare I have forgot it, for all you made me ſay it three times over!

O very fine, indeed, ſaid Mrs. Freeman; ſo you like to ſit with the young ladies, while they read Novels!—and I ſuppoſe, then, it was the Vicar of Wakefield that has deprived us of their company, while they have been crying up ſtairs.

I ſaw Miſs B—— did not wiſh to tell the real cauſe, and nodded her head; but Mrs. Reynard, who did not underſtand her, ſaid,

No,

No, no, Ma'am, they have not been reading ſince dinner!—Sally has been telling Miſs Digby about poor Clara Heartfield; I know ſhe has, becauſe her ſiſter was here this morning.

Oh, *that* indeed, replied Mrs. Freeman, was enough to make them cry: they *know'd* what it was for, if that was the caſe; I cry'd myſelf, when I heard ſhe was dead!

It would have made a ſtone cry, almoſt, ſaid Mrs. Reynard; *that there* ſtory would.

I ſaw Miſs B—— ſhake her head angrily at her godmamma; though I could not tell what ſhe meant.

But I muſt ſay, ſaid Mrs. Freeman, that though Mr. O'Hara did not behave well in marrying another woman, after he had promiſed to wed Clara, yet it might have been expected, if ſhe had thought properly of the matter; for when he had ſuch a fortune as that left him, he thought of living in a higher ſtyle; and

and as to poor Clara, ſhe had the leaſt education of all her brothers and ſiſters; and though, to be ſure, he had her *poliſhed* afterwards, yet her notions were not high enough for ſuch a man as he was!—Men of fortune, like their wives to command reſpect, and not to be like *as if* they had been lady's maids, or houſekeepers!——I cannot ſay I ſhould like to ſee my daughters pickling and preſerving, and putting their hands into a pan of flower, and *all that*; let them keep to their tambour, their muſic, their filligree, and their drawing; that's quite enough.

I am ſure I think ſo, Ma'am, ſaid Miſs Freeman (affectedly); and indeed *I* find thoſe neceſſary accompliſhments rather *too much* for my conſtitution!

And, Ma'am, ſaid Miſs B——, our unfortunate Clara began to excel in ſome of *thoſe* arts, and as O'Hara was a proficient, ſhe looked up to him for inſtruction in ſuch as ſhe was defective. Often has ſhe ſaid to me, I hope, Miſs B——,

B——,when Mr. O'Hara and Iam ſettled, that you will be with us for months together!—He will then be *my lord* and *maſter!* and I will prevail on him to be *your muſic-maſter;* and we'll play and ſing ſuch ſolos, duets, and trios, that our houſe ſhall be the temple of harmony! —and ſhe was continually ſaying, what a happineſs it muſt be to have an accompliſhed huſband for a tutor, whoſe inſtructions would be productive of profit and pleaſure to a wife, and endear one to the other!

All that, Miſs B———, ſaid Mrs. Freeman, ſhews that Miſs Heartfield was too fond of him.——I always ſaid, when I was at Bath, that ſhe was too fond of him; and I ſuppoſe he thought ſo too.—I know gentlemen don't like ladies to be too forward; I don't ſpeak againſt Clara, don't think I do, for I liked her very well, and I am ſure I was very ſorry when I heard he was married.

I muſt

I muſt ſay, Ma'am, ſaid Miſs B——, what you have aſſerted is not much in her favour;—*too* fond of him ſhe certainly *was*; the dreadful conſequences have ſhewn how thoroughly her heart was united to his!—but too forward I am ſure ſhe was not; if prudence, delicacy, and humble retiring modeſty can be united in the ſame mind, Clara Heartfield poſſeſſed them all!—Her love for *him* appeared not, till *he* had firſt declared himſelf her lover; and from that moment ſhe encouraged *none* but *him*, though many admired *her!*—Her mind was too great to practiſe the arts of coquetry, in order to be admired and talked on by the world; and from prudery and affectation ſhe was equally free!—The oppoſite ſex eſteemed, when they found they muſt not love her; her own ſex owned her virtues, and courted her friendſhip! She was gentle to inferiors, and ſubmiſſive, but not fawning, to ſuperiors!

periors!—She was beloved by all who knew her;—and none but a—none but O'Hara could have robbed—could have robbed her of peace!—Oh my dear Clara,—my loſt—loved friend, ſaid Miſs B———, with her elbow on the table, applying her handkerchief to her eyes! —I will never hear thy name traduced or ſlighted, while heaven bleſſes me with ſpeech to defend it.

Upon my word, Miſs B———, ſaid Mrs. Freeman, I don't think I have ſaid any thing to draw forth your tears ſo plentifully!——I muſt be very cautious how I ſpeak, I find; you could not ſeem more concerned if you had been her own ſiſter!

Indeed, Ma'am, ſaid Mrs. Selby, thoſe who knew the friendſhip that ſubſiſted between Miſs Brilliant, and the unfortunate Miſs Heartfield, would be as tender of that young lady's name in Miſs B'——s company, as in her own ſiſter's; for

for I am certain they loved each other as well as ſiſters could have done!

They might have a great regard, I make no doubt, ſaid Mrs. Freeman, but as to loving like ſiſters, that's out of the nature of things. I can never hold with that doctrine—Pray, Miſs Freeman, do you think you ſhall ever love any body as well as you do your little ſiſter Louiſa?

O *dear me!* no Ma'ma, replied her daughter; it is impoſſible I can ever regard a ſtranger, or an acquaintance, as I do my dear *Louey!*

You can give her many a ſly pinch though, Miſs, ſaid her brother, when nobody is by!—How did you ſerve her yeſterday?

Gracious me! now, brother, returned the young lady, colouring, What did I do to my ſiſter?—You want to make Mrs. Brilliant and the company deſpiſe me!——I will tell you, ladies, how it was —— my ſiſter and I, and my brother,

ther, were walking in Mr. Hoare's grounds, and *Louey* teazed us to go to the Chineſe Bridge to look through at the water. I ſaid, No; and ſhe was running away. I went to catch hold of her arm; ſhe ſlipped away, and I took hold of a little bit of her fleſh as I was going to graſp her arm, and that hurt her a little!

I believe it did, ſaid her brother; for ſhe ſet up an echoing hallow, and you know the place was not the ſame colour to-day; it looked a little black, I think, didn't it, Peggy?

A childiſh diſpute enſued, which was not much attended to; and the converſation changed to various ſubjects; but Mrs. Freeman obſerved a ſullen ſilence, or ſpoke but ſeldom!—No more was ſaid about Miſs Heartfield, and in two hours after tea the company diſperſed.

Perhaps you are a little angry, Maria, that I have introduced this unintereſting diſcourſe, to interrupt that ſenſibility which

which I am ſure you have indulged for the unfortunate unknown; but if it is unwelcome to *you*, abridged on paper, what muſt it have been to our party who were obliged to hear it lengthened out, by repetition and ſcurrilous remarks!—Mrs. Freeman thinks herſelf a woman of education, becauſe ſhe was ſeveral years at a public ſchool, learnt a little French, and in her youth could dance a few figure-dances; ſhe can work embroidery, and often boaſts that ſhe has read Gil Blas in French and Engliſh; yet, when ſhe ſaw the play of Tancred, and Sigiſmunda, the other evening, could not find the leaſt alluſion to the ſtory it was taken from.——When Mr. Freeman married her, her father ſettled on her a conſiderable jointure; yet Mr. Freeman was ſtill her ſuperior; ſhe has a great ſpirit, and it is a ſubject of continual diſagreement, that Mr. Freeman will not keep a carriage!—He has

has a large family, and is, I think, to be commended.

I have often thought, Maria, that marriage ſettlements, or jointures, are unnatural, when love joins the parties. I have but a ſcanty fortune myſelf, but I am ſure it ſhall never be raiſed by a marriage-ſettlement. I will never marry till I love, nor till I think I am beloved! —and then I will truſt to the honour of my huſband, to ſupply me according to my wants!——If he ſhould prove a good one, he will value me the more for my confidence in his affection!——if the reverſe, a jointure would avail me but little!——It is in that caſe generally ſeen, that ſuch a dowry is either given up, or creates continual contention!—After marriage, I would accept, with gratitude, whatever a huſband might *preſent* me with; but I ſhould wiſh to diſcover, by refuſing before-hand, that I did not marry for intereſt!

The evening was very fine, after the

rain, and Caroline, Miſs B——, and myſelf, put on our pattens, and accompanied Mr. Selby, and Mr. B——, part of the way with Mr. and Mrs. Freeman; the latter was again in good humour, and tolerably ſociable.

Mr. and Mrs. Selby ſtaid ſupper; from them I learnt that Mrs. Freeman, in her youth, would gladly have been Mrs. Heartfield; but ſhe had not gentleneſs enough to engage the heart of Clara's worthy father; in conſequence of her diſappointment, ſhe has never had a cordial regard for any one belonging to him; nor has ſhe, in my opinion, the leaſt ſympathetic tenderneſs for any one. She is fooliſhly fond of her children at times;—but to-day will chide them for faults ſhe ſmiled at yeſterday!—Inconſiſtent conduct!——Miſs B——— lectured poor Mrs. Reynard for mentioning Clara's name; but you will always be a blab godmamma, ſaid ſhe, though you know

know Mrs. Freeman can never ſpeak of her without ſaying ſomething to her diſadvantage, good as ſhe was!

Mrs. Reynard excuſed herſelf, by ſaying ſhe thought no harm, and it was no ſecret.

Mrs. Selby praiſed Mrs. Reynard for the humanity ſhe had diſcovered in her converſation with Mrs. Freeman;—— and Miſs B——— and her godmother were ſoon reconciled.

When Mr. and Mrs. S——— were gone, it was time to retire, and I requeſted my young friends to ſit half an hour in my apartment. I am very anxious, Miſs B——, ſaid I, to hear whether your amiable friend ever ſaw her lover after his marriage, or whether he knew of her illneſs?

Her father learnt his addreſs, ſaid ſhe, and wrote to him in all the vehemence of paternal revenge and indignation. He anſwered the letter, expreſſed—the hypocrite expreſſed his ſorrow at the news;

news ; ſaid, that paſſed events could not be recalled, and hoped that Providence, (the infidel dared to name Providence) would guide her to a happier lot than ſhe could have had with him.

She ſeldom, as I before informed you, ſpoke of him after ſhe heard of his marriage ; but about ſix weeks before ſhe died, aſked her father, if he had ever heard from him, and if he was in England?—he always evaded her queſtions, till ſhe grew very importunate, and ſaid, dear Papa write to him.—Mamma, let him be informed of my illneſs—to be ſure he will be ſorry to hear I am ill!——I perſuaded her parents to ſhew her his letter, I was ſure it could do no harm *then*, for the faculty had pronounced her recovery impoſſible.

I aſked Miſs B———, if ſhe was with her after ſhe left Briſtol?

I never quitted her, ſaid ſhe, I went home with her, and was one of her nurſes; her ſiſter and I ſat up with her every night,

night, alternately, for a fortnight before ſhe died!—The laſt night it was her ſiſter's turn; her father and mother went to her room early in the morning; ſhe made a motion to them to careſs her; then ſaid——ſupport me a little!—— looked at them—cloſed her eyes,——and ſpoke no more!—Excuſe me again a few minutes, ſaid Miſs B———, you know not how I valued her!——She continued,———

But I was going to tell you about the letter;—her father was prevailed on to ſhew it to her;—and ſhe put it under her pillow!——We judged ſhe wiſhed to read it alone, but did not give her an immediate opportunity, wiſhing the agitation with which ſhe received it to abate a little;—we left her to take her own time, and went down ſtairs to tea. —I returned in an hour; ſhe ſmiled at me with ineffable ſweetneſs.

Rainsford repents, ſaid ſhe!——*Rainsford*, did I ſay!——That was a miſtake!

——Rainsford

——Rainsford never committed a fault to need repentance!——Had that loved name been ſtill retained, *I* ſhould have been happy—and *he* would not have been miſerable!——*O'Hara* it is who repents; and even *that* name is once more dear to me!—— But, alas! why did he not repent in time?——Why was not Clara remembered, when Clara would have been his comforter, even though he had a while ſtrayed from his love?——She would have rejoiced over him as the tender father over the prodigal ſon; and her compaſſion would have ſecured his future conſtancy!—However it is a conſolation to me, that he feels remorſe!—that he has a ſenſe of his Clara's ſufferings!——Yet that is not right, if I wiſh him to perform his duty—I ſhould, in juſtice to his wife, wiſh him *now* to forget me!—(Miſs B—— ſaid, ſhe never heard her mention Mrs. O'Hara before; and ſhe then went on, for a few minutes, on the cruel though innocent

innocent cauſe of her ſorrow!)—When I ſaid his *wife*, Miſs B——, ſaid ſhe, a cold ſhivering univerſally ſeized me! —It was momentary!——I don't know that I ever ſaid it before; however, *ſhe is ſo*, unalterably!——Can you tell what I thought of her when ſhe was Miſs Vincent?——When I read that ſhe had uſurped my place in his heart!—When I read that ſhe was beautiful,—that ſhe was rich,—and accompliſhed!—Indeed I wiſh to forget what I thought of her; for it was every thing that was hateful! —It was wicked of me to *diſlike* her ſo! —But then, you know, Miſs B——, I *loved* Rainsford!—and I thought ſhe had robbed me;—but ſhe had not!—Her fault was only loving him, whoſe power no woman could withſtand, to whom he made honourable propoſals!——That *fault*, if it was one, is now her misfortune, or will be!——Can he be long a chearful, gay, companion to her, if he is torn with anguiſh, as (to my father) he

ſays

ſays he is for me?——I don't know when ſhe would have ceaſed ſpeaking, ſaid Miſs B——, if I had not inſiſted on her ſaying no more. I feared ſhe would exhauſt herſelf.—Well, then, ſaid ſhe, only ſee what I have done with the letter, and then I'll go to ſleep.

She had carefully cut a hole through, ſo that none of the words might be ſpoiled, and hung it to a long ribbon, which ſhe always wore round her neck, with a locket, incloſing a picture of her brother, the Major, you ſaw to-day!—Here he is, ſaid ſhe, laughing faintly, as ſhe raiſed the bed-clothes; now there's a companion for Frederick!—You ſee I have them both at heart!

She kept the letter in her boſom from that time till her death, drawing it out ſometimes to read it.——After I had ſeen the depoſit, I gave her her medicine, wiſhed her comfortable reſt, drew the curtains, and took my book,

book, as my cuſtom was when I ſat up, and Clara had a more comfortable night than ſhe had known for weeks before. She did not keep her bed entirely, but could ſit up only a few hours together; however, the next day, ſhe was ſo much better, that ſhe was led down ſtairs; eat the wing of a chicken, at the ſame table with us; and though her health was beyond all hope of re-eſtabliſhment, gone, her ſpirits were then, and continued to be, chearful——That was in February, and in one month more we loſt her!

Previous to that circumſtance, I had, in grief and reſentment, written to O'Hara the true ſtate of my friend.—— I am apt to be hurried away by the firſt impulſe, on all occaſions, and did not fail to repreſent his cruelty in the moſt ſevere terms! I know not what effect my letter had on him; however he left his wife and daughter in France, where he was, on his return from Italy, and came

came with all poſſible ſpeed to England.

He arrived at his eſtate, near Mr. Heartfield's, a few days after Clara had been informed of his contrition, which had made her anxiouſly wiſh to ſee him. I ſhould have finiſhed all things needful, ſaid ſhe, if I could ſee my unhappy Rainsford! I would gladly quit the world in charity with all men, and pronounce forgiveneſs to him who has diſtreſſed me,——and who feels it now perhaps too keenly!—She intreated her mother to interceed with her father, that he might be ſent for;—her mamma complied; but Mr. Heartfield was in a rage at the requeſt!

Shall I deſcend, ſaid he, to *aſk* to my houſe a man who has deſtroyed my child?—— who has diſturbed and ruined for ever the tranquillity of my family?——No! let him be exiled to the deſarts of Arabia, or expoſed to the African ſavages, but let him

him not venture within the reach of an incenſed father's arm!

On O'Hara's arrival in England, he wrote immediately to Mr. Heartfield in terms the moſt contrite and ſubmiſſive; offered the half, or the whole of his fortune, (leaving a ſettlement for his wife and child,) if by that means he could, in the ſmalleſt degree, atone for the injuſtice done his family!—Entreated earneſtly to ſee the victim of his ambition, not as a favour, but the ſevereſt puniſhment!—and ended with proteſtations of filial regard to him, whom he would, in future, conſider as a parent; and however rigorouſly he might be diſpoſed to treat him, he would revere, for ever, the father of Clara!

If Mr. Heartfield's fury was high, when Mrs. H—— imparted her daughter's wiſh, it was now raiſed to tempeſtuous violence!——In the firſt tranſport of rage he loaded his piece, and would, that inſtant, have gone in ſearch of

O'Hara, had not Mrs. H———, with undiſſembled terror—remonſtrance—and ſoftneſs,—at laſt calmed his rage, by repreſenting the neceſſity of his attention to the peace of his remaining family, as well as to his juſt reſentment!——Her tenderneſs ſubdued him!—He was prevailed on to write, and to relinquiſh all thoughts of a perſonal interview!

I ſaw his letter, it was thus:

Inſult me no more with your proteſtations of repentance!—Hypocrite!—Monſter!—Keep away from my premiſes, or meet that fate you have remorſeleſsly brought on Clara!——I am prepared.

CHARLES HEARTFIELD.

Another fortnight paſſed on; Clara grew daily more languid, till even parental hope was loſt!——She was ſenſible of her approaching diſſolution, and foreſaw its conſequences!——Since her

fever,

fever, while at Briſtol, ſhe had no return of delirium, and the tender interviews with her relations were too affecting!——Her deſire to ſee O'Hara increaſed as ſhe declined; and ſhe again intreated her mother to urge her father to ſend for him!—She did not know he was in England.——Her Mamma evaded the requeſt; Mr. Hartfield had deſired it might no more be made.

It was a day or two after this, ſaid Miſs B———, that *I* received this letter (taking one from a little cabinet) from O'Hara, to obtain my interceſſion.

She read as follows:

MADAM,

Knowing the influence you have with my ſtill adored—loſt—lamented Clara! I earneſtly intreat you ſo far to exert your power, as to procure the wretched O'Hara admiſſion to her preſence; tell

her it is *Rainsford* who ſolicits—who is in tortures till ſhe knows of his repentance!—She cannot *forgive!*—I ſhall not aſk her to pardon me!——Tell her as a puniſhment, to admit me!—I will liſten, with gratitude, to the keeneſt epithets her ſoft prevailing language will afford her, nor guard my heart from her wounding words.——I would receive my fate from Clara; and her anger, or her compaſſion, (if the latter were poſſible) will (on reflection) equally operate on my mind, as a delicious poiſon, againſt which I will ſeek no antidote.

Your friendſhip, Madam, for the amiable unfortunate,—the dear object of my everlaſting piercing regret, leaves me nothing to hope from *you*;—therefore I again earneſtly beg, that, as a *puniſhment*, you will procure a ſhort interview to *wound*, more than to indulge, the miſerable

GREG. RAINSFORD O'HARA.

 I was

I was almoſt as much incenſed againſt him as her own family, continued Miſs B———; and, at the ſame time, fearing ſuch a meeting might agitate my ſweet friend too much, I took no account of the letter, nor did I inform her friends I had received one. It was not probable *I* ſhould prevail with Mr. H———, when the mother of Clara ſued in vain; therefore I did not return any anſwer to his ſolicitations.

Cruel as O'Hara's conduct had been, Maria, I felt a degree of pity for him at this criſis. I ſlightly expreſſed it, but Miſs B———, would not hear me.

Mention not a word of pity, Miſs Digby, ſaid ſhe; let us feel for ſuffering virtue,—but leave *him* to HIMSELF; and let him be no more mentioned, at leaſt to me, with compaſſion!—Thoſe who knew Clara Heartfield,—cannot pity O'Hara!

I begged her pardon, and ſhe continued. —About a week after I had received this letter, Mrs. H———, and myſelf, were ſitting

ſitting with Clara.—She had been reading for half an hour; but, ſoon fatigued, laid down the book, and ſaid,

Pray, Mamma, in what part of Italy was Mr. O'Hara when my father wrote?—Sure he muſt have had the letter long before this.

Mrs. H——— ſlightly anſwered, ſhe did not exactly know in what part he was, but ſaid, many things, my dear, may have happened to prevent his coming; however I dare ſay he had your father's letter.

I think, Mamma, ſaid Clara, you always ſet aſide my queſtions when I mention this ſubject; and ſoon change your converſation to ſomething elſe; do tell me ſincerely, *did* you aſk my Papa to write?

I did, indeed, my love ſaid her mother; and your Papa really did write to him.—Miſs Brilliant ſaw the letter.—I affirmed the ſame.—Mr. H——— had been from home that day on buſineſs, and on his return joined us in Clara's room;

room; her ſiſter followed, and we all drank tea in her apartment.—Her father, who had not ſeen her ſince the preceding evening, placed himſelf by her ſide, and told her the little occurrences that had paſſed ſince he ſaw her. He was very endearing in his behaviour to her, which however was not remarkable, becauſe he was at all times the beſt of fathers: but the ſhort abſence, perhaps, made him double his attentions. She took advantage of his tenderneſs, and ſummoned reſolution to aſk him herſelf, if he had really written to Mr. O'Hara?

I have my dear, ſaid he; but I don't think you will ſee him *yet*.

How long do you think it will be, ſaid ſhe; have you had an anſwer?—Is he willing to come—or does he form excuſes?—He cannot, ſure, be totally regardleſs of me; he tells you, Papa, in the letter you gave me, that he repents, and is wretched.—Surely you did not ſay how *very* ill I am; or he would have haſtened

haſtened to me, rather than have ſaid, he *cannot* be here *yet*.

Mr. Heartfield was grieved that he could not divert her from a wiſh ſo painful to comply with; and told her, that thinking the meeting would be too much for her, he had not urged his coming; but that he certainly had informed him of her illneſs.

Miſs Suſan Heartfield called me aſide, and begged I would not join in oppoſing an interview on which her ſiſter's heart ſeemed fixed, and on which her peace depended.

Indeed I *could* not any longer—affection for Clara prevailed, and I promiſed Miſs Heartfield to be obedient to her ſiſterly wiſh.

On Mr. Heartfield's reply, Clara took his hand, and preſſing it within both her own, looked at him with the moſt expreſſive anxiety, fear, and hope!

I judge now, ſaid ſhe, my dear Papa, that your reſentment againſt Mr. O'Hara has prevailed

prevailed above my intreaties; and I fear, from *that* cauſe, you have not urged his return!—but even, if you have not *hinted* to him my earneſt requeſt, I am indebted to you for more than daughters generally meet with from paternal reſtraint!—You oppoſe only, becauſe you love me; and becauſe you cannot cordially admit to your preſence the man who has injured your family.——But if you knew, Papa, the happineſs you would confer on Clara, by granting her requeſt, you would not, I am ſure you would not, heſitate a moment to comply!

Mr. H——— looked hurt; he was going to anſwer; but ſhe prevented him by continuing:

If ever I wiſhed for an ornament to deck my perſon, or draw, perhaps, a little admiration from an acquaintance; or if I ſolicited permiſſion for a friend to viſit me—When did my father ever oppoſe his Clara?—even, when I was in *health*, he granted *all* I aſked ——Then let me not,

at this awful criſis; (bathing his hand with tears,) let me not now ſue to him in vain!—I am grieved to afflict you all in this way—and I am grieved that I cannot obtain my ſuit without giving you pain!——yet, as it *muſt* be, liſten to me for a few moments——I feel an inward, unſpeakable, ſomething, that preys upon my mind, and will do, till I have ſeen *him* who *was* to have been, *ought* to have been, and ſtill *ſeems* to be my *huſband!*—I dread to hear your determination, father, leſt you have already fixed it in oppoſition to my hopes!—I ſee it grieves you; I am convinced alſo by my Mamma's frequent prevarications, that my deſire has hitherto been, in part, oppoſed; therefore do not reply till I have concluded the little I have now to ſay.

If Rainsford has not yet been ſent for, let not reſentment, or any other conſideration, occaſion a farther delay;—if he be at a diſtance, tell him to haſten; it is poſſible I *may* live till he comes!——Oh, Heaven! grant me life till then, and all

all I now can wiſh, will be accompliſhed!——He is in miſery, and I would gladly give him ſome relief!——He repents, and I *muſt* forgive him!——How will he know I forgive him, if he does not ſee me?—My dear friends cannot regard him, therefore he will never hear it, and I muſt endure the painful certainty, that he thinks I am cruel, and deteſt him!——I feel I have talked too long; I am very faint;—yet, before you leave me, father, reflect a while on what I have ſaid;—do not anſwer me ſuddenly;—do not let the laſt requeſt of your child be denied;—at leaſt till you have weighed every circumſtance;—for Clara muſt, and will obey her father to the laſt, nor murmur even if he oppoſe!

We all cried—Mr. Heartfield took her in his arms, and the tears fell from his manly eyes, bedewing the boſom of his lovely daughter!—He again replaced her in her ſeat; and we were awhile

ſilent

ſilent!——At laſt Clara turned to Mr. Hartfield. Now, father, comes the trial, ſaid ſhe!—Are you reſolved?—With trembling fear I aſk the queſtion!—Shall I, or ſhall I *not*, ſee Rainsford?

Mr. Heartfield roſe, and walked twice round the room; he opened the door, and, as he was going out,—You *ſhall* ſee him, Clara, ſaid he—and left the room.

Clara's countenance brightened with the moſt extreme joy, as ſhe heard her father reply!—She claſped her hands, and, with up-lifted eyes, invoked the Supreme Being to bleſs and protect him!

He is a pattern of paternal tenderneſs, ſaid ſhe.

The preceding converſation;—her fears previous to, and joy after her father's determination, had quite exhauſted her, and we put her to bed.——Mr. H——— remained in the parlour, walking backward and forward;—he had complied only to make his daughter eaſy;

eaſy;—but the idea that O'Hara was again to enter his houſe, filled his mind with reſtleſs anxiety!

I had again received a letter from O'Hara, to know the reaſon that I ſuſpended an anſwer;--howeverI did not take any notice of either, till after this circumſtance, when I ſhewed them to Miſs Heartfield, Clara's ſiſter, who adviſed that her ſiſter ſhould ſee them; but I objected, I thought it better to ſay no more about him, than to prepare her for the meeting. We informed her, in a day or two, that he was arrived in England; that he had been in France ſome time, on his return, and came back ſooner than he was expected. She ſeemed rejoiced, and ſaid, then all will be well yet!—We little thought her departure was ſo very near, when the interview was permitted: her exit, tho' long expected, was at laſt ſudden?

When the day was fixed, it was ſettled that *I* ſhould write to him; Miſs Suſan poſitively

poſitively refuſed. Mr. Mrs. and Miſs Heartfield, went out to tea; neither of them could have had a moment's peace under the ſame roof with O'Hara?—I wrote but a few words, which I will repeat to you:

Miſs Clara Heartfield permits Mr. O'Hara to ſee her!———At five this evening, he may be introduced by,

S. Briliant.

His own houſe, in that country, is five miles from Mr. Heartfield's, therefore he came in his carriage; but fearing the ſound, at the hour appointed, might too ſuddenly announce his arrival, and agitate Miſs H———, he quitted it within half a mile, and walked the remainder of the way.—All this precaution, however, did not ſhield dear Clara from the effects of ſurpriſe; for hearing me ſay, Walk this way, Sir; and an involuntary ſigh from O'Hara, as he aſcended the ſtairs, ſhe fainted!

fainted! We found her ſenſeleſs, on entering the room.—If ever I felt pity for O'Hara, it was at that moment, ſaid Miſs B———, I fear I pitied him then for a little time. The ſight of Clara—her ſituation—her melancholy ſituation, of which he was himſelf the cauſe, and a thouſand ideas, better conceived than deſcribed, muſt have ruſhed, at that inſtant, in his mind! He ſtood, for ſome minutes, fixed in the attitude he entered, looking at her with ſuch—O, Miſs Digby!—I cannot tell you how he looked—he frightened me!—Miſery, unchangeable, was mark'd in his countenance!—He did not attempt to aſſiſt me in recovering her;—indeed he ſeemed to need aſſiſtance himſelf!—At laſt, recollecting himſelf, he approached; took her in his arms, and carried her to the air of the window; ſitting by her, and careſſing with apparent agony, the ſweet inſenſible, directing, at frequent intervals, his looks upwards, while he ſeemed inwardly to utter

utter heartfelt ejaculations!——This was the moſt ſevere fit ſhe had ever had ſince the diſtreſſing ſcene in the Pump-room, at Briſtol; and her revival was again attended with incoherent expreſſions!—— She ſpoke to Mr. O'Hara by the name of Frederick;—ſaid, ſhe was vaſtly glad when ſhe heard he was a Major, and ſeveral obſervations of the like nature.

Merciful powers! ſhe does not know me, ſaid O'Hara!—— Clara! my angelic Clara!—recogniſe your once loved Rainsford!—Break not his heart, till he has convinced you he is penitent!—He comes but to aſſure you of his contrition; and then to receive his ſentence—his diſmiſſion from the preſence of her he adores!

Thoſe expreſſions, Sir, ſaid I, I *muſt* ſay are ridiculous, while you ſee the ſituation in which Miſs Heartfield ſtill remains!——I muſt beg you to ſuſpend your feelings till her recollection returns;

turns; and even *then*, I hope, you will have the humanity not to add to her diſtreſs, by agitating her with unneceſſary proteſtations of repentance, now it is too late!——I regret, moſt ſincerely, Sir, that the interview was permitted.

He did not in the leaſt regard what I ſaid, but ſeemed totally abſorbed in his concern and attention to her.

Clara at laſt raiſed herſelf forward in her chair; and, what rejoiced me exceedingly, was a plentiful ſhower of tears, which flowed from her dove-like eyes on the boſom of O'Hara, who again preſſed her in his arms.—Her hyſterical ſobs prevented her a long time from ſpeaking; but, when they ſubſided, ſhe diſengaged herſelf from him, while her gentle voice ſent forth the pleaſing ſound of Rainsford! This has been a ſharp attack, ſaid ſhe, but it is now over—and I am able to ſpeak to you!—This is unlike our former meetings—but, however, I am thankful for this!—I can ſtay but

but a ſhort time longer with my friends, and it would have been a cruel—circumſtance—to have been deprived of—ſeeing you—*once* before I leave—this terreſtrial habitation! She uttered theſe words with difficulty!—Breathing quick, and ſtopping at every ſentence, ſhe was hardly ſufficiently revived to ſpeak, and O'Hara's diſtreſs was viſible, yet he ſeemed thankful that ſhe again recollected him.

Oh!—my adored!—my injured Clara, ſaid he, how deſpicable do I appear in your preſence!—But there is no way to atone for my crime!—I would, with delight, relinquiſh my fortune!—reſign all my poſſeſſions!—and undergo the ſevereſt hardſhips—could I but once ſee my Clara reinſtated and reſtored to her friends!—But it is as impoſſible for me to extenuate my guilt, as to releaſe myſelf from the hateful chain that keeps me from the poſſeſſion of every virtue, beauty, and accompliſhment, which,

which, for a moment, I now encircle with the moſt poignant emotions of mingled felicity, and keen regret, which adds to the moſt unfeigned contrition.—Oh! my Clara! — What a wretch is Rainsford!

Say no more of paſt events, that cannot now be recalled, ſaid ſhe.—I do not mean to plant a thorn in the breaſt of O'Hara, where agony, too keen, already dwells. I did not ſend for you to upbraid you.

Send for me, Clara! did you ſay, ſaid he; — did you *ſend* for me?—when, or by whom, did you ſend?

Did not my father write to you, ſaid ſhe? — Did he not tell you I intreated you to haſten, that we might ſee each other *once more?*

Tender—gentle Clara, ſaid he, how has it happened then that I have been ſo long in England, ſoliciting to ſee you, and have been ſo long withheld. This lady knows how earneſt were my ſolicitations.

Ah!

Ah! Miſs Brilliant, (ſaid ſhe to me) and did you deceive me too? Why was I not told of this? But you find, Sir, (to O'Hara) that I am at laſt a conqueror. Thoſe refuſals were certainly given you, fearing the conſequences of our meeting would prove injurious to me; but my fate is not now to be changed!—*With* or *without* ſeeing Rainſford I muſt ſoon have gone, and I ſhall depart in peace, now my wiſh has been gratified. But not to *ſee* you only did I ſend—Rainsford! I have ſomething very material to ſay to, and ſomething to aſk of you, which I truſt you will not refuſe to her you once loved.

Thinking I might be a check on their converſation, ſaid Miſs B——, I retired to the next room, but not out of hearing.

Once loved Clara!—(ſaid he)—I *ſtill* love—and ever have done. Even when I ſuffered the phantom of falſe greatneſs to deceive my ſenſes!—Even when the ſyren,

ſyren, ambition, captivated and opened her arms to receive me!—lulled almoſt every ſenſe of duty and honour to ſleep, and poſſeſſed me wholly!—even *then*, at momentary intervals, the moſt piercing reflections would riſe in my boſom, and embitter the moment of ideal joy:—— but I bade them ſubſide—I would not liſten to internal admonitions, which too well I knew to be the gentle voice of Clara, urging me to return ſtill true to her; or the ſtings of conſcience upbraiding me with falſhood and ingratitude.

Say no more of falſhood now, ſaid Clara,—it is paſt!—Be *true* to me hereafter!—Be true in performing what I have to deſire!—It is certain, that when you left me——Oh! Rainsford!—when you left me to depart for Ireland,—— how happy was I in the thought, that at your return our felicity would begin nor end but with death!——I thought you as much my *huſband*—as if the ſacred ceremony had already united us!——I thought

thought of *none* but *you!*—Your letters were my treaſures,—and I ſat daily converſing with them!—Love is ſuſpicious!—And my apprehenſions were painful when I fancied you addreſſed me in a cooler ſtyle.—Every letter became more alarming,—till at length I opened them with trembling dread!—Judge then what were my feelings when I received the blow!—the death-like ſtroke!—the cruel tidings!—that Rainsford had no longer a heart for Clara!——What I *did*—and have continued to ſuffer—is ſufficiently told you by the ſituation in which you have found me. I am ſorry to diſtreſs you, yet I have long wiſhed to make you a partner in my ſorrows;—but do not let them wound you too deeply!—Why ſhould I ſmite, with the *two*-edged ſword, the youth who is already too ſeverely wounded by his own weapon?—I will, however, tell you, that after the receipt of your laſt letter from Ireland—I diſcarded *Rainsford!*—

I even

I even ſuffered the letters, ſigned by *that* dear name, to lie neglected—yet I loved him ſtill.—It was with difficulty I ſtrove to baniſh him from my thoughts——I ceaſed to talk of him—I exerted *all* my powers; but, when *O'Hara repented*, I took him to my boſom!——And ſhe drew out the penitential letter, and ſhewed how carefully ſhe had preſerved it.

Torture! — Clara! — Angel! — ſaid O'Hara. I heard no more for ſome time; they were both ſilent. I thought it no breach of honour, ſaid Miſs B——, to attend to their diſcourſe; and I could ſit at my window, and hear them diſtinctly. Mrs. Heartfield had alſo enjoined me to mark how Clara was affected throughout. After ſome minutes, O'Hara again addreſſed her:

'Why—moſt endearing—tender Clara! ſaid he, do you rend my heart aſunder by your matchleſs tenderneſs? *Sharper* than a two-edged ſword is this exceſs of goodneſs!

goodneſs! Why do you not reproach me? Why do you not ſpurn the wretched O'Hara from your preſence? Why, Clara, do you embrace your deſtroyer?

We muſt not add to the miſery of the wretched, ſaid Clara; and O'Hara ſays he is ſo—Let me, then, if poſſible, be his comforter——It was to pronounce *forgiveneſs* to him, that I ſought an interview.—Yes, O'Hara, from my heart I pardon you, and wiſh you peace!—— Let not the paſt afflict you too much; but let the happineſs of thoſe to whom you are united by the ties of nature, honour, and duty, have ſome ſhare in your future attention.--Even to the lady you have married, Rainsford, I can now exhort you to be tender—*Once*, indeed, her name was to *me* an unpleaſing ſound; but ſuch recollections have now ſubſided, and I can, even on that ſubject, venture to adviſe you. *She* was no enemy to *me*; and if the remembrance of Clara Heartfield draws you aſide from the

the attentions due to her, *ſhe* will, in *her* turn, be the *unfortunate*. The name of *Miſs Vincent* always made me ſhudder; but *Mrs. O'Hara* engages my compaſſion.

Say not a word of compaſſion, Miſs Heartfield, ſaid he——*ſhe* is not a Clara.——Mention her no more—Clara might have been Mrs.———. But, however, it is at an end—it cannot be—and I have met my juſt puniſhment on every ſide.

You diſtreſs me, Rainsford, ſaid Miſs H———. You are determined to be miſerable. Why will you not be comforted? Your returning love for *me*, makes you think Mrs. O'Hara leſs eſtimable. But remember the ſolemn vow by which you are united to her—Do *her* juſtice, and be calm yourſelf——But I will not dwell on a ſubject too painful to us both.——I have an important queſtion to aſk you——a favour to ſolicit—a promiſe to exact—On the ſtrict performance of that promiſe de-

pends the welfare of my relatives—and, till I obtain your aſſurance, I can have no inward peace——Oh, Rainsford! had I not ſeen you, death would have gone hard with me——Your preſence gives me eaſe—but there is yet a ſomething lurking behind—that makes me apprehenſive——

Speak your fears, deareſt——moſt ineſtimable Clara, ſaid he——What can you apprehend?—Why do you heſitate?—Whatever the requeſt, I am bound—I am *determined* to obey. On my honour, Clara, I will perform *whatever* you deſire—at the expence of my *life*, I will perform it.——He ſpoke vehemently.

Be calm, Rainsford, ſaid Miſs H——, theſe paſſionate aſſurances alarm me—they agitate me—I am ſatisfied you will oblige me—I have no longer any doubts——then taking in her hand her brother's picture, which was ſtill faſtened to the ribband, and burſting again into tears—Here, Rainsford, ſaid ſhe, is another friend,

friend, who has a thouſand claims to Clara's love and ſiſterly affection—— Here is the portrait of that dear abſent brother—whom *I* muſt *ſee* no more—— He, too, has had a brother's ſtation near my heart—but not ſo near as Rainsford!— This preſent I received from Frederick, on the day of his departure, when he was ordered to join his regiment in America. —I put it on my neck at the time he gave it, with a promiſe never to remove it, till his return.——He received mine alſo; and the like tokens were exchanged with Suſan—But, deareſt Frederick, ſaid ſhe, addreſſing herſelf to the picture— this lov'd reſemblance is all I ſhall ever ſee of you——Noble-minded brother! gallant youth! let not your regard for Clara lead you to raſh extremes!

Rainsford, *this* is the important queſtion I have to aſk :—Can you—will you, for my ſake—bear the imputation ſo terrible to your ſex——Will you, I ſay, without perſonal reſentment, bear the

imputation of *cowardice?* I know the ſpirit of that much-loved brother—I know he will ſeek revenge—his own brotherly love—my father's fury—my mother's ſorrows—my ſiſter's regret—will all add ſtrength to his powerful arm—which he will think it his duty to liſt againſt you in the cauſe of his family——His arm has already been victorious; and, ſhould he be the—Oh, Rainsford! I cannot bear the thought!—Yet a little more—I would ſay—on the other hand, ſhould O'Hara be the victor—think, Oh! reflect on the conſequences!—The moment that my brother falls—that moment ſinks at once the whole remaining Heartfield family——Strike not the blow then, O'Hara, and ſhun it when 'tis ſought——In a word, Rainsford, have *courage* to be called a *coward* for the ſake of Clara!

I have already promiſed, ſaid he—Your deſire is granted—Beſt of women, be comforted—I have already injured too

too deeply the peace of your friends.—I will *not* accept a challenge from the major——I will no longer be an enemy to the Heartfield family, even though all their combined rage is levelled againſt me——I *will* bear the *imputation* of cowardice, for heavenly Clara's ſake—but I will not *be* a coward——I will not fly the preſence of my adverſary—I will bare my boſom to his ſword, and receive death with gratitude, from the hand of Clara's brother!

Then, I am at peace, ſaid ſhe—you both are ſafe—Frederick will diſdain to lift his hand againſt the man who refuſes to defend himſelf; and Rainsford O'Hara has pledged his honour, that his ſword ſhall be ſheathed. My ultimate wiſh is now accompliſhed, and all my ſorrows are at an end.——This was the terrific ſubject on which my mind continually dwelt—it tormented me in dreams, and agitated my waking powers.—I feel tranquillity returning to my boſom—

boſom—The Seraph, Peace, is whiſpering comfort to me.—I will embrace my Rainsford—thank him—bleſs him—and, to the hour of my diſſolution, call on Heaven to comfort, and to make him happy.

I did not hear any more material converſation, ſaid Miſs B——; and, finding they did not converſe for near ten minutes, except in ſhort and inward ſentences, I returned to them.

O'Hara did not obſerve me enter, nor did he ſuffer Clara to withdraw herſelf, till he had waſhed her boſom with penitential tears.

I could not help obſerving to Miſs Brilliant, that, in ſuch caſes, tears from the eyes of the oppoſite ſex are not unbecoming, and again expreſſed compaſſion for O'Hara.

I think with you, Miſs Digby, replied Miſs B——, they did not appear to me unbecoming; and, I tell you, I felt ſomething like pity for him at that time;

time; but it fled with the life of Clara.

She thus continued her account.

Miſs Heartfield made a move, as if ſhe wiſhed to change her poſition; and O'Hara, quitting his claſped treaſure re-ſeated himſelf in his chair.——It was the hour to take her medicine, which I gave her.

I take this, Miſs Brilliant, ſaid ſhe, by way of form, and for the ſatisfaction of thoſe who wiſh my recovery; but it is of little ſervice—I have received more benefit from the preſence of Mr. Rainſford, than from all the advice of phyſicians. He has ſet my mind at eaſe, and I am no longer in grief.—Heaven will comfort my friends, as I am comforted. She then talked of indifferent things, aſked Mr. O'Hara, how he came, and whether he walked.

He told her, he walked from the Stag's Head, where he had left his carriage.

But

But it will come to fetch you, Sir, (ſaid ſhe,) I ſuppoſe.

He ſaid, No; his ſervants would wait his return.

In half an hour, Miſs Heartfield expreſſed a wiſh to walk to the other end of the room, if we would ſupport her.—She leaned on Mr. O'Hara's, and on my arm, and walked about ten minutes; then, quitting on my ſide, took up a bottle of Madeira wine, which ſtood on her dreſſing-table. She was ordered to drink a little, morning and evening.

Mr. Rainsford has had no refreſhment ſince he came, ſaid ſhe; and he muſt now drink a glaſs of wine with me.

I have no need of refreſhment, Miſs Heartfield, ſaid Mr. O'Hara, but from Clara!—I will gladly receive whatever her tender hand can offer.

Would to Heaven, then, I could infuſe *comfort* in the draught, ſaid ſhe—I would offer *that* moſt cordially.

I took

I took ſome biſcuits from the ſame place, and ſhe diſtributed them.—Pray, Miſs B——, ſaid ſhe, do me the favour to ring the bell——I did——The maid came up.

Betty, ſaid Miſs H——, do ſend to the Stag's Head, and order Mr. O'Hara's ſervant to drive his carriage here.

By no means, ſaid Mr. O'Hara; it is but a ſtep or two.

I had rather ſend, Sir, ſaid ſhe;—and, as the maid went down, ſaid, ſmiling, Then I can ſtand at the window, and ſee you ſtep in.——She poured out three glaſſes of wine. I ſaw he did not readily take his; and I was alſo at a ſtand. To have drank health to a perſon in Miſs Heartfield's ſtate, would have been mockery; and, I am ſure, if I had paid the uſual compliments to *him*, it would have been a forced mark of civility.—I believe he was in the ſame predicament.

Clara took up her glaſs, and drank—Peace of mind to O'Hara—health to

my

my friends—and oblivion to the ſorrows of each.

What remains for *me* to ſay, ſaid O'Hara——I can only bleſs the dear preſenter, and, with heart-felt gratitude receive the friendly draught; — which (bowing to me) he drank.

I touched the glaſs of Clara, and, returning Mr. O'Hara's bow, drank mine.

The carriage ſoon arrived; and Clara changed colour—her eyes moiſtened—but ſhe kept back her tears. I began to wiſh he would withdraw; the evening was far advanced; and I feared Mr. and Mrs. H—— would return.——He roſe again to embrace Clara, which ſhe, with true Chriſtianity, pardoning her enemy, and bleſſing him to the laſt, as warmly returned. I thought he would never quit her, and at laſt interpoſed.

You *muſt* leave Miſs Heartfield, Sir, ſaid I; ſhe has ſat up conſiderably beyond her uſual hour, and I fear will ſuffer from this evening's agitation.

Talk

Talk not of leaving her, ſaid he—I will *not*—*No power* ſhall *force* me from her, till ſhe herſelf bids me go.

Miſs H—— ſeemed no leſs anxious to detain him; and they continued unmindful of all conſiderations, till at laſt Clara thus addreſſed him:

Let us no longer afflict each other by indulging tenderneſs to which neither of us now have a legal claim—yet, how can we withſtand the gratification of mutual endearments, when we are to part for ſo *very* long a time.——Oh, Rainsford!—think on Clara's requeſt! remember the exacted promiſe! follow, if poſſible, her advice! and, for Clara's ſake—for *Clara*'s ſake—deareſt Rainsford, be happy!

I cannot leave you, Clara! ſaid he. My honoured—adored—I cannot leave you!

We may yet have another meeting, ſaid ſhe—This is Thurſday——If I ſolicit my father, he will permit you to come

come again—I truſt he will—therefore, on Sunday evening, at the ſame hour, I will expect you—at preſent, I think, we had better ſeparate—ſo, for this time, adieu!—Dear and ever-beloved Rainſford, adieu!—and Heaven guide you to conſolation and happineſs!

He returned ſome impaſſioned ſentences—bleſs'd—kiſſed her ardently—and, breaking from her, haſtily left the room. He remained a few minutes below, walked about, with his left hand on his forehead, and his right upon his heart—ſeemed undetermined, whether he ſhould quit the houſe, or return again to Clara; then ſaid to himſelf—No, ſhe has bade me adieu—I muſt not again interrupt her—I will ſee her again on Sunday;—then, leaving the houſe, aſcended his chariot, gave another expreſſive look at Clara, who curtſied to him at the window; and the ſervant drove ſwiftly away.

I returned to my ſweet friend, whom I found

I found quite exhauſted.—This exertion, ſaid ſhe, my dear Miſs Brilliant, has been too much for me.——I am very languid—totally overpowered—I ſhould be glad to go to bed.——I rung for Betty, and we undreſſed her.—Tell my papa and mamma, ſaid ſhe, I cannot talk to them this evening.—I will juſt bid them a good night; and then let me be left to myſelf.

Mr. and Mrs. H—— returned in half an hour after Mr. O'Hara's departure.—They paid a ſhort viſit to their daughter; then left her to me for the night.——She was compoſed, but did not ſleep much; her thoughts were engaged; but her mind was peace. It had been a fatiguing day; for, knowing he was to come, ſhe had taken more pains than uſual with her dreſs, ſeeming to forget that he had a wife in France, nor thought it imprudent to render herſelf pleaſing to *him*, whom ſhe always, in her illneſs, ſtyled her huſband. On Friday,

ſhe

was extremely weak, but very ſerene.—She thanked her father, with grateful ſincerity, for his condeſcending goodneſs, which had made her mind peaceful. In one part of the day, ſhe begged to be an hour alone; and, when I returned to her, ſaid—Now, Miſs B——, I have ſettled all my affairs—Nothing can now diſturb me—I beg to have the pleaſure of your ſociety, and that of my friends, the remainder of the day; and tell them, I am as well and as chearful as they can hope to find me. She then gave me a little caſket, ſealed down, and directed for her brother.—I put this into your hands, Miſs Brilliant, ſaid ſhe, becauſe it might convey ſome unpleaſant ideas, if I were to depoſit it with my afflicted relations, deſiring them to conſign it to my dear Frederick, after my deceaſe: the ſolemnity of the requeſt would be too affecting; therefore, this mark of friendſhip I claim, dear Miſs B——, from you—Give it, I charge you, yourſelf, into his

his hands, the firſt time you ſee him after he arrives in England.——And I gave it him to-day, Miſs Digby—I have not ſeen him before ſince his arrival. He *was* much affected, took it eagerly, and, conſidering the hand-writing attentively, exclaimed,———Unfortunate Clara!

But, to return to Miſs H——. Having made the depoſit, ſhe continued——Do not think me nearer my diſſolution, Miſs B——, for what I have juſt done—Why do you ſuffer yourſelf to be overwhelmed with regret? I ſhall not leave you yet, perhaps: indeed, I feel much better; but it is not right to leave affairs of moment to the laſt.—Come, my dear friend, ſaid ſhe, ſuſpend your tender compaſſion, and let my relations again come to me—poor, dear Suſan will think I neglect her: ſhe will think I prefer Miſs Brilliant before my ſiſter—kind, tender friend, I do not—I love her moſt affectionately; but I could not aſk ny

ſiſter

ſiſter to be the guardian of the caſket: it would have broke her heart.——I love you, Miſs B——, with all the ſincerity, all the warmth of friendſhip; yet you will allow there ought to be a difference; and I can aſk that favour of you, which (though I know it wounds you) cannot be ſo piercing as it would be to *her*.——I took the caſket, promiſed faithfully to follow her direction, locked it up in my packing-caſe, and went to invite her three relatives, who, with me, ſat and converſed chearfully with her till the evening, when ſhe begged to go to reſt ſooner than uſual. As her ſiſter and I were aſſiſting her to undreſs, ſhe was very jocular, and ſaid to Miſs Heartfield —I was ſuch a rake laſt night, Suſan, that I am glad to go to bed early this evening; and I have hope that I ſhall ſleep well; for I am uncommonly weary. ——We both kiſſed, and left her. At ten o'clock, Miſs Heartfield went to her, where it was her turn to remain. Clara

was

was in a fine, ſerene ſleep; and we rejoiced in the hope that ſhe was better.—Miſs H—— informed us, ſhe waked but once in the night, talked affectionately to her a few minutes, turned, and ſlept again till morning, when her parents went in to enquire after her health. *That* morning, Miſs Digby, I have before deſcribed.——She was raiſed up in the bed, her mamma ſupporting her; and, in a ſhort time, taking, as it were, her third ſleep, Clara, the dear, beloved Clara, ſpoke no more.

Miſs B—— was frequently prevented, by tears, from continuing her account; and at this paſſage ſhe was greatly diſtreſſed.——I begged her to ſuſpend any farther relation; however, ſhe ſoon went on again:

That was a day of melancholy confuſion, continued Miſs B——. All were incapable of acting, except myſelf, who was obliged, by turns, to adminiſter conſolation to the three afflicted relatives—

latives—ſtanding in need myſelf of comfort—Clara Heartfield was univerſally beloved; and every ſervant was in tears. Their ſorrow was not feigned—I know ſeveral, continued Miſs B——, (and Mrs. Freeman is one,) who condemn the conduct of Clara for ſeeing O'Hara, and ſay, ſhe *ought* to have been more diſtant with the huſband of another woman; but thoſe who condemn her, never loved as ſhe did, and have no right to judge.—— Clara acted as Nature directed: ſhe was all that was amiable, without being perfect.—But I was going to add, that on Sunday morning, I thought it beſt to ſend a line to O'Hara.——Clara had not hinted to her parents her deſire to have another interview—ſhe deferred it to the laſt—therefore, I took no notice to them, but wrote theſe words:

SIR,

The interview propoſed by the tender, injured Clara, death has now prevented —That

—That beloved, lamented lady, heaved her laſt ſigh, yeſterday morning, in the arms of her diſconſolate parents.

S. Brilliant.

I know not how he was affected at the news; but I heard, that, in three hours afterwards, he ſet off poſt for Scotland; and whether he is yet returned, or gone back to France, I cannot tell. Some ſay, he was ſeparated from his wife before Clara's death; but of that I am not certain. I am told ſhe is very high in her notions, and in her principles not unlike Miſs Wingham; therefore, with her fortune (for I find ſhe had large ſettlements), ſhe will ſoon conſole herſelf for the loſs of her huſband, if the report is true. As to love, ſhe could have none: it was mere infatuation. He was gay and handſome: ſhe was young and thoughtleſs: both were rich; and ſplendour was the delight of each: even at the time he was true to Miſs Heartfield,

Heartfield, he would often tell her, ſhe was too humble, and hoped, when ſhe ſhould marry, her ideas would be rather more exalted, that ſhe might command reſpect from her inferiors.—But, I believe, he would afterwards have relinquiſhed all his poſſeſſions to have been once more placed within hope of ever calling the humble Clara his, and would gladly have modulated his own principles by her more prudent ſtandard.

When my dear friend's funeral was over, Mrs. and Miſs H——— left their melancholy abode, and came to reſide, for a few months, with Mrs. H———'s ſiſter, who is lately married, and is become a neighbour of ours. Suſan had always a poor ſtate of health, and, I fear, is advancing to a decline. They have lately been to Margate, for the benefit of the ſea air; and Suſan tells me, they returned here but yeſterday.———The Major was on his paſſage for England when Clara died; and, on his arrival, came

came immediately to his father, having heard on his journey the news of his ſiſter's death. The meeting muſt have been very affecting. Frederick was the joy of his father; and his return had been looked forward to, with the moſt ſanguine hopes, by all the family; but by none more than Clara. Till this morning, I have not ſeen the major ſince the happy time I paſſed at Bath, when I firſt made an acquaintance with his ſiſter. He uſed to be my partner at every ball we attended; and Mr. O'Hara and he were as brothers.—— I greatly fear, all the exhortations of his ſiſter, given to O'Hara (which by letter I communicated to him) will not be ſufficiently perſuaſive to avert his revenge; and perhaps his enemy, in an unguarded moment, forgetful of his promiſe, may attempt to defend himſelf; and then all is over. My earneſt hope is, that he may not be found till the Major's reſentment is turned aſide.——

Mr.

Mr. Heartfield comes here ſometimes; but I am in pain when he is preſent.—— He uſed to be the life of his company, but now ſeems totally loſt in the retroſpection of his daughter's fate.

I ſhould have ſuſpended the relation of this melancholy ſtory, Miſs Digby, ſaid Miſs B——, till ſome more diſtant period, had not the accident of this morning excited your curioſity, by drawing forth the feelings of a friend, who has not yet ſurmounted the loſs of ſuch a charming companion. I never lead intentionally to the circumſtance.

I thanked Miſs B—— ſincerely for the relation of an event in which I was ſo much intereſted, that my ſpirits ſtill remain depreſſed and agitated. Miſs Pelham obſerved, that, when we were ſummoned to dinner, ſhe was going to tell me, that, if Major and Miſs Heartfield had accepted Mr. B——'s invitation, I muſt have abſented myſelf; for every one here agree, that I am ſo much like the deceaſed

ceaſed Miſs Heartfield, that her relations could not have ſat at table with me, without the moſt painful recollections. Miſs Brilliant, after her melancholy recital, made ſome juſt obſervations on the vaſt difference between Miſs Pelham's ſituation, and the unfortunate Clara's; and ended with ſome friendly admonitions to the former.——I own, all your remarks are juſt, ſaid Miſs P——; but they cannot draw my thoughts from the virtues of Linus; his merit is enhanced, when compared with O'Hara: Had he wedded me, Miſs X, who ſtood in the way of my happineſs, would perhaps have been reduced to the fate of Clara; and *I* ſhould have been miſerable as the cauſe; but, how noble were the principles of Thanet:—he loved—I know he did;--yet, when he *married*, he did not deceive me.—The laſt letter I ever received from him, ended with the moſt generous ſentiments—" Though Thanet can never be the *huſband* of Caroline, he

he is her *friend* for ever."——But, Miſs Brilliant, continued Miſs Pelham, ſurely it is very late: I think it is time for us to ſeparate. I believe, my dear, ſaid Miſs B——, it is rather early; for I hear the twittering of awakened birds.—We opened the ſhutters, and were bleſſed with the heavenly ſight of the orient ſun, juſt beginning to tinge with gold the verdant robe of Nature. There is a ſolemnity in the ſtill hours of Prime, that at once depreſſes and exhilerates the ſpirits.——After the ſtory juſt related, it more particularly impreſſed our minds with reverential ſolemnity, even while it cheer'd. We contemplated the ſublime ſcene for a conſiderable time, and then affectionately parted, to take a few hours refreſhment.

The affecting ſtory of Miſs Heartfield had ſo fully engaged my mind, that I found it impoſſible to ſleep. I meditated on various circumſtances, but moſt on Miſs B——'s obſervations reſpecting

the Major's reſentment.—His expreſſion in the garden recurred to me, and I at once reſolved, Maria, right or wrong, to addreſs him on the ſubject. If it has no effect, thought I, it can do me no injury; if it has a happy one, I ſhall rejoice in the conſequences. I did not heſitate, but roſe in an hour, and wrote the following lines:

To Major HEARTFIELD.

THOUGH almoſt a ſtranger to Major Heartfield and his family, Miſs Digby takes the liberty of addreſſing him on a ſubject too diſtreſsful to dwell on.

She has heard, with heart-felt ſympathizing ſorrow, the wounding hiſtory of his amiable, hapleſs ſiſter's fate, and the conſequent family diſtreſſes. But, in order to enter at once on the cauſe which impels her to obtrude her advice, and impart her apprehenſions, ſhe muſt inform him, that ſhe heard, with pain, the ve-

hement, but natural, reſolutions of revenge, vowed yeſterday by the Major againſt the enemy of his domeſtic peace, —the deſtroyer of his lamented ſiſter— He vowed to *Heaven* he ſhould not live!

Let me now, Sir, more familiarly, not as a ſtranger, but as an intereſted friend, addreſs you——Let the admonitions of one who can have no intereſt, but the welfare of your family, have ſome degree of influence, and calm, if ſhe cannot entirely turn aſide, your juſt reſentment. Reflect but a moment on the conſequences of fulfilment, and you will own the propriety of breaking that vow! Raſh vows are not regiſtered in heaven as right to be performed; and raſh indeed muſt thoſe be, when the performance brings extenſive ruin!—The performance of your's, Sir, would perhaps give the final blow to your already too much afflicted parents; and what end could it anſwer? ——Your ſiſter's cauſe needs no perſonal reſentment!—Her pardon and tenderneſs have left a wound more deep than her

her brother's ſword can give; and the remembrance of her virtues, regretted and loſt, will be to him a laſting puniſhment!——Should he fall, Sir, by your victorious arm, already accuſtomed to brandiſh the ſword with ſucceſs, would it give pleaſure to Major Heartfield, that he had made the innocent "Child of his enemy fatherleſs, and his wife a widow?" —I think it would not!—Emulate then, Sir, the greatneſs of Miſs Clara's mind; and, if you cannot *forgive*—ſeek not the *deſtruction* of him, whoſe grief and remorſe are already a ſufficient infliction! —Heap not miſery on the mountain of calamity which preſſes on the hearts of your relations; but adminiſter comfort and conſolation to the mourners of your regretted ſiſter!

If I have taken too great a liberty, the cauſe only muſt be my apology.

I remain, Sir, with reſpect, &c.

ELIZABETH DIGBY.

When I had finiſhed the letter it was near ſix o'clock; I put on my hat, and, without diſturbing any of the family, took a refreſhing walk for an hour. At my return my young friends were not riſen; and as I was fixed in my reſolution, I ſent one of Mr. Brilliant's ſervants with my letter to the Major, without conſulting any one.—I found ſo much pleaſure in what I had done, that I almoſt aſſured myſelf of ſucceſs; and that aſſurance cauſed me to expreſs my joy as well as grief, when I began this recital, which was as ſoon as I returned from walking. I wrote till nine o'clock. When Miſs Brilliant entered my room, ſhe was amazed when I told her what I had done, and though ſhe did not diſapprove, told me ſhe feared it would have no weight. —My two friends looked much indiſpoſed;—*my* walk had been more ſerviceable than *their* lengthened ſleep.—They ſat to their work with me the chief of this day. I expreſſed a deſire to inform

dear

dear Miſs Eglantine of the intereſting ſtory, while the incidents were recent in my memory.

It is now late in the evening—I have parted with my companions;—but could not encourage an inclination to ſleep, till I had finiſhed the melancholy narration.

My joy, Maria, is now changed to uneaſineſs!—No anſwer from the Major has arrived the whole day!—He is then determined on revenge!—I feel hurt that I wrote!—Our ſex are enthuſiaſts!——We think we have power to turn aſide the fixed reſolves of *Man*;—but we are deceived. They treat with indifference our womaniſh fears and ſcruples;—they laugh at, or diſdain, our advice. Yet ſurely military politeneſs ought to have inclined Major Heartfield, at leaſt, to have *anſwered* my letter.——With grief, vexation, and diſappointment, I now, dear Miſs Eglantine, bid you adieu.

Your's ever,

ELIZABETH DIGBY.

Sunday, Two o'clock.

Maria! dear Maria! I have received an anſwer from Major Heartfield!—A ſervant, with a cockade in his hat, followed me as I was going to church this morning with Miſs Pelham, and, aſking if my name was Digby? put a letter into my hand, with Major Heartfield's compliments. The bell was tolling; and neither time nor place, as we were juſt entering the church-yard, allowed me an opportunity of reading it.—An unuſual agitation ſeized me, nor could I collect myſelf as I wiſhed to have done during divine ſervice; and indeed I thought Mr. Caſſock's ſermon unuſually long!—The moment I entered the private avenue, in my return, I broke the ſeal, and read as follows:

Sunday Morning.

THE various emotions of grief—revenge,—admiration,—gratitude,—and innumerable contending paſſions, which, from

from yeſterday morning, have continued alternately to agitate—ſoothe—and *engage* the heart of Major Heartfield, will be an excuſe for the delay of his anſwer to the amiable, the lovely ſtranger he had the happineſs, or, perhaps, the misfortune of ſeeing at Mr. Brilliant's!

Such a letter as he received, was not to be anſwered ſuddenly.——A brother's reſentment, againſt the deſtroyer of his ſiſter, was to be averted!—His vows of revenge revoked!—His duty and affection for his parents more forcibly engaged!—His humanity for the wife and child of his enemy excited!—And,—perhaps—a deſire to preſerve his own life, with a flattering hope, that he may one day be ſo far diſtinguiſhed by the bleſſing of Providence, as to meet with a companion who may render it happy,—was not the leaſt powerful conſideration!—All theſe reflections were to be revolved in the mind, before ſuch a letter could be anſwered!

Permit

Permit me now, Madam, to return, in a degree, that conſolation to your tender boſom, ſo extenſively humane, which you have ſo largely adminiſtered to mine!—A lady of your extreme ſenſibility, who can make the woes of a ſtranger her own, muſt have ſuffered many hours anxiety, while the ſucceſs of her exemplary endeavours remained doubtful!

Allow me, therefore, Madam, to relieve your ſolicitude, by aſſuring you, that your repellent admonitions have for ever blunted the ſword of revenge!—It is ſheath'd—nor ſhall it ever more be drawn but in defence of my King and Country!—I will follow, implicitly, the direction of my fair adviſer, and leave my enemy to repentance!—And to HIM who has ſaid,—"VENGEANCE IS MINE!"—"*I* WILL REPAY!"

How prevalent is beauty!—How entirely beyond our power to reſiſt its force!—But how far more prevalent, when animated by every virtue that can adorn the

the female mind? It then renders weak the arm of the warrior;—it fills the breaſt of the intrepid with awe and fear!—We *reverence* the victor, and *fear* to offend!—*That* fear, Madam, prevents me from expreſſing to you what has paſſed in my mind ſince the moment I ſaw you on Thurſday; but more particularly ſince the receipt of that letter;—that bleſſing which has reſtored me to my honour,—to myſelf,—and ranked me again in the ſociety of Chriſtians, from which I muſt ſhortly have been diſcarded!—for, unworthy the honourable title of *Chriſtian* is the man who plunges his ſword in the boſom of the penitent!——C'Hara, then, ſhall never die by the hand of Major Heartfield; and may remorſe HERE, be *all* his puniſhment!

Yet the remembrance of my beloved ſiſter frequently recurred to my mind, ere I could deciſively determine; and at intervals almoſt defeated the intention of the amiable admoniſher!—Yes, beauteous

reſemblance of my deceaſed relative, (whoſe mild countenance, and expreſſive features, brought more immediately to my recollection, and pleaded the cauſe of dear departed Clara); I have had a ſevere conflict!——but the criſis is paſt —and Miſs Digby is *completely victorious* over the heart of her moſt grateful and obedient,

Humble Servant,

FREDERICK HEARTFIELD.

P. S.—If it is not too great a liberty, Madam, may I ſolicit the favour of an interview with you at ſeven this evening? will it be improper to appoint the Chineſe Temple, on the riſing of the hill? —This is not a romantic aſſignation; the feelings of a brother, after a misfortune ſo recently paſt, preclude all imputations of gallantry.

Mr. B——— has this day a circle of friends, amongſt whom I cannot mix without pain, and to withdraw from

from them would appear ſingular, and create obſervation. I beg the favour of you, Madam, to preſent my regards to Miſs Brilliant; her affectionate attention to my late ſiſter entitles her to every mark of friendſhip in my power to diſcover. Perhaps, Madam, it may be more conſiſtent with your ideas of propriety, to acquaint her with my requeſt, but I muſt intreat you not to invite a companion; if you do me the honour to attend at the place and time appointed.

When I came to the concluſion, I folded up the letter.

I have been almoſt forced to interrupt you, Miſs Digby, ſaid Miſs Pelham, ſince you began the peruſal.——The varying of your complexion has told me, that ſomething, either happy or fatal, has been the reſult of your letter to the Major.

O! it is *happy*! dear Miſs Pelham, ſaid I. Revenge has at laſt ſubſided!—

I am

I am not at liberty to communicate the full contents of the letter; but at ſome other time you will know more on the ſubject. She bowed, and kindly joined me, as I involuntarily thanked Heaven for my ſucceſs.

I have not yet ſeen Miſs Brilliant;—I ſhall ſee her at dinner, but you may be ſure I ſhall diſcover nothing more of the contents of the letter, than the Major's compliments, &c. and his invitation, —which I ſhall certainly accept, and have ſent him a note of acquieſcence!— What can he poſſibly have to ſay, that he could not have expreſſed in writing?

You will be ſurpriſed that I have mentioned nothing of my mother; ſince I came, I have had ſo many ſubjects for my pen, that indeed I forgot to tell you ſhe was ſent for home the next day after we came.—My aunt, Harley, arrived at Bath, laſt Sunday, and has been a week at my Father's; ſhe was to return home laſt night.——This evening I expect

pect my Papa and Mamma to fetch me; and to-morrow I leave Stourton and its very agreeable inhabitants. *How* I regret it, Mary!—how I *do* regret it!——But Miſs B——— will accompany me, and I ſhall ſoon after make another pleaſureable excurſion to Ramſbury, and enjoy the loved ſociety of ſweet Miſs Eglantine, and her worthy parents.———

Sunday, Five o'Clock.

I was called away at the laſt ſentence, to welcome my father and mother, who, beyond hope, came to dinner;—the latter gave me your kind letter, for which I ſincerely thank you. I am happy to find you have heard from Mr. Campden. Why did you not tell me the contents of his epiſtle; but you write in ſpirits, and I will be contented.

Yours,

E. Digby.

LETTER XII.

Miſs Digby to Miſs Eglantine.

Stour-Head, Thurſday, June, 1791.

I AM here ſtill, my dear Mary, and do not now expect to leave theſe rural ſhades till Saturday.——Mr. and Mrs. Brilliant prevailed on my parents to remain with them to the end of the week. —How rejoiced was I, when my father agreed !—But let me now relate what you are of courſe anxious to hear—the interview with Major Heartfield.

When tea was over, on Sunday evening, Miſs Brilliant propoſed a walk with me and Miſs Pelham. Mr. B——— had a large company; but as there were no young people but ourſelves, our abſence was not conſidered as impolite.—

We

We walked a quarter of a mile together, when Miſs Brilliant, taking another path, ſmiled, bade me adieu, and deſired me not to run away with the *officer!*—She is apt to launch out into mirth on the moſt ſerious occaſions; but on *this* I certainly expected a little *raillery*.

Miſs Pelham ſaid, All good attend you! and we parted.

My heart ſunk, and roſe again alternately, as I drew near the temple, where I ſoon perceived Major H——— ſitting oppoſite to the weſt entrance.—I could go no farther, and ſtopped, as if contemplating the fading landſcape.—He ſaw me, and, to my relief, came to meet me.

This is moſt obliging, Madam, ſaid he, offering his hand, which trembled as he took mine!—He handed me to the Temple, and to a ſeat.—I never felt ſo uncomfortable; I neither knew what I came for, nor what to ſay!—He drew a chair near mine, and, in the moſt elegant attitude,

attitude, ſeated himſelf by my ſide !—I can never ſufficiently teſtify my gratitude, Madam, ſaid he, for the intereſt you have taken in the welfare of my family ! ——I heard, with regret, that you leave this village to-morrow.—For reaſons hinted in my letter, I could not wait on you at Mr. Brilliant's, and the great reſemblance your countenance and features bear to my unfortunate ſiſter, prevented me from ſoliciting the favour of your company at our dwelling, leſt the ſurpriſe ſhould overpower the ſpirits of my ſtill diſconſolate mother !

I was anxious to put into your own fair hands ſome trifling memento of gratitude, from the man who muſt ever conſider you as the guardian of his honour, and the preſerver of his life !

I have here, Madam, continued the Major, a little caſket left me by the tender Clara, and given me laſt Thurſday by her friend, Miſs Brilliant.——

You

You will imagine the opening this packet filled the breaſt of a brother with the moſt painful recollections!—I felt at that moment ſuch vindictive rage againſt the author of her woe, that had I known where to have ſought him, I ſhould inſtantly have called him forth to anſwer my reſentment; or, had he refuſed, I fear I ſhould have drawn, and—— but, Madam, I beg your pardon, for touching on a ſubject ſo ſhocking to female tenderneſs!—Permit me only to add, that I paſſed the night in turbulent emotions.——This gentle admonition, (ſaid he) written by the dear ſufferer (taking a letter from the caſket), and meant to *calm*, did but *increaſe* my fury. I wrote circular letters to his relations (on Friday), that I might know by ſome of them what route he had taken!—— He then put the letter in my hand, requeſting me to read it.

I ſoon found it was written by Miſs Clara, after her interview with Mr. O'Hara.

O'Hara.——I did not return it that evening, and tranſcribed it for your peruſal. It contained theſe words:

Deareſt FREDERICK!

BEFORE you receive theſe lines, which I write with difficulty, you will have learned the fate of your unfortunate ſiſter, Clara!——Avenge not her death!—He who in ſome degree cauſed it, knew not the extent of her love!—He thought ſhe might be happy with another!—He thought ſhe could conquer her weakneſs—therefore he was leſs culpable!—— He did not *wiſh* to be the cauſe of her deſtruction.—He did not *expect* her diſſolution;—and if he did—*he* has *repented*, Frederick,—and *I* have *forgiven* him!—therefore do him no injury!——Continue to be the noble-minded brother—the firm friend—the dutiful ſon—the forgiving adverſary!—ſo may you *live* to be the affectionate huſband—the tender father—the generous hero!——It is the laſt

laſt requeſt of a fond ſiſter, who again repeats to Frederick Heartfield—Seek not the death of Rainsford O'Hara—*He* will not injure *you*—He has pledged his honour that he will not—then leave him to himſelf, and may *he* be comforted—and *you* appeaſed.

In the little packet which contains this letter, you will find the picture given at our parting.—I wore it till this day, nor ſhould have removed it now; but my *lamp* is almoſt extinguiſhed, and I wiſhed to fill up my caſket while I have ſome *light* remaining!——Keep the picture, my dear brother, till you meet with one who will preſerve it with more than a ſiſter's care,—for one whoſe merit may entitle her to a place in your heart!—When you find ſuch an one, preſent her with the contents of the caſket; ſhe will find ſome jewels worth her acceptance—dear Suſan will not deſire to have them; ſhe knows I kept them with a hope of one day preſenting them myſelf to the object of your

your regard!—Sincerely do I wiſh Miſs Brilliant may be the perſon. I have innumerable obligations to her; I know her worth; and had life been lent me a little longer, ſhould have rejoiced to have called her ſiſter, and thoſe little tokens would have been expreſſive of the love I bore her!—Yet I fear her heart is already diſpoſed of. I greatly fear it; I have heard her ſpeak of a Mr. Eglantine, with a degree of pleaſure which always damped my hopes for you;—however, be it as it will, I hope and truſt ſhe will be happy;—but, Frederick, you will not meet with many like Miſs Brilliant; therefore,—if *ſhe is not engaged*, let not the treaſure eſcape you!—I put the depoſit in her hands for many reaſons, and with a hope that it will never depart from her.——However, if ſhe marries another, your picture will not then, nor ought to be prized by her, as I wiſh it; therefore, dear brother, where you give your heart, there give the picture and caſ-

ket

ket alſo; tell her, to whom you preſent it, to receive them as from one who would gladly have ſeen her brother happy.—How fervently, deareſt Frederick, does Clara lift her heart to Heaven, in hope that you may one day meet with a companion entitled, by her worth, to the valued portrait, and little legacy, which Clara leaves her. May her ſuperior virtues be the conſolation of thoſe who mourn for a daughter and a ſiſter!—And may joy once again viſit, and dwell under the roof of my father!

Let the calm hope of domeſtic felicity engage your thoughts!——Turn aſide the ſpirit of enmity!——and incline your mind to ſofter contemplations, more ſuited to your nature,——than meditated revenge!—May Providence hear the prayers of your ſiſter!—Direct you to virtue!—And bleſs you with beauty, united in one amiable woman, who may deſerve your name!

I have only to add, that my joy was extreme

extreme when I heard of your promotion, and the merited increaſe of your fortune. ——You have my warmeſt thanks for the generous ſhare intended for me;——let that now, if you think proper, devolve to Suſan;—or be preſented to my parents, as immediately from *you*.—I have left Miſs Brilliant ſome teſtimonies of friendſhip, according to my little poſſeſſion; ſhe will think them ſufficient; but they are nothing to expreſs the obligations I owe to ſo dear, ſo amiable a friend!——I have no need to direct you in any department; continue, dear Frederick, to act as heretofore, and honour will attend on, or purſue, you for ever!

Adieu, my beloved—my amiable brother!—May the bleſſing of Heaven continually await you, as you abide by the earneſt requeſt of,

Your affectionate, unfortunate,
Yet not comfortleſs, Siſter,

CLARA HEARTFIELD.

It

It is impoſſible, Maria, to tell what various ideas aſſailed me, while I peruſed the affectionate Clara's letter!—Silent tears ſtole down my cheeks;—I could not reſiſt them!——I turned to give the epiſtle to the major, but he was gone;—— I went to the window, and ſaw him walking in a thoughtful poſture, along the ſerpentine laurel walk, which ſometimes concealed, and ſometimes diſcovered him. —I looked at him, Maria, with a degree of pleaſure that cannot be expreſſed. I had ſeen him but for a few minutes before; and if at firſt he appeared engaging,—could he be leſs intereſting after our correſpondence on ſuch affecting ſubjects, and after the peruſal of his deceaſed amiable ſiſter's depoſit?

He turned—ſaw me, and haſtened his ſteps, which at every movement added a double grace to his elegant manly perſon!——He entered the temple, and we ſeated ourſelves as before.—— I returned a great many thanks for his

his friendſhip, in juſtly ſuppoſing me intereſted therewith.

I owe you a thouſand obligations, Madam, ſaid he, which can never be in my power to return; and I fear even to acknowledge them in part, by any thing, more than words, leſt the pain of refuſal ſhould awaken me from that dream of happineſs which, ſince yeſterday, has lulled the moſt anxious cares;——and all my hopes ſhould evaporate in air, or end in the certainty of laſting regret!

You have no obligations to me, Sir, ſaid I; and if you ever had, they are far more than repaid—by your condeſcending goodneſs, that did not diſdain to attend to the admonitions of a ſtranger, and a woman!—I deſire no return!—what occaſion for reward, when I did but obey an irreſiſtible impulſe; and am highly gratified in the reflection, that the reſult is *Peace!*

That, Madam, ſaid he, is yet to be decided.

How,

How, Sir, ſaid I, amazed!—Have you not given your honour?

I beg your pardon, Miſs Digby, ſaid the Major; I have not properly expreſſed my ſentiments, and, indeed, I am quite incompetent (through painful apprehenſion) to the taſk of explanation!—Do not ſuſpect me, Madam, of prevarication, O'Hara is ſafe.—I am no longer his enemy—yet his ſafety does not afford peace to the breaſt of Major Heartfield, whoſe future happineſs, or misfortune, depends on the diciſion of one amiable lady, to whom he would gladly offer, on the terms preſcribed in hapleſs Clara's letter, the caſket and picture, bequeathed by a beloved ſiſter, anxious for the permanent felicity of a brother, whom ſhe valued beyond his merit!

He ceaſed, Maria!—I certainly underſtood his meaning;—but could not reply!—He looked at me earneſtly, and, finding I did not anſwer, reſumed the ſubject—Pitiable, ſaid he, is the man, who

having paſt the meridian of life on the tempeſtuous ſea of diſappointment, or confined to misfortune by a chain of events, from which at laſt he is releaſed, —returns joyful again to his native ſhore, explores with rapture, (from ſome lofty ſummit,) the vaſt expanſe of earth—of valley--hill and dale—where he, at liberty, may fix his future peaceful habitation!—He views each beauteous object with delight, yet one only, already finiſhed to his taſte, can, on every examination, determine his choice!—There, ſays he, I will paſs in ſweet domeſtic tranquillity the evening of my days, and forget the ſorrows of my morn and noon-day life! —He travels on, yet fears he is too late, and delays when he ſhould haſten!—He at length arrives—The portal opens—He is diſappointed!—another yeſterday engaged the little paradiſe,—and to-morrow takes poſſeſſion of the citadel!—But how much more pitiable is the man whoſe mind, though inured to public life

and

and dangerous enterprize, has yet a taſte for ſoft enjoyments and domeſtic peace —who has ſought, among the gentler ſex a companion to ſolace misfortune, and animate heroiſm—Who has ſought in vain,—till at laſt one object, one lovely object, ſuddenly appears before him, with whom his heart (before his judgment has been conſulted) aſks to form an alliance?—Two days elapſe,—his judgment is convinced, her beauty captivates,—her virtue predominates above that beauty,—and he is impelled to acknowledge her ſole miſtreſs of his fate!—His apprehenſions, leſt another more happy than himſelf has already engaged "his heart's whole treaſure," torment him with the moſt painful emotions; and his ſuſpenſe, till ſhe relieves him, is worſe than the cruel certainty that his hopes muſt periſh;—and that her virtues are already conſigned to a favoured rival!—If the tender Miſs Digby could compaſſionate O'Hara, ſhe cannot refuſe compaſſion to a man ſituated as I

have deſcribed; and ſuch an one ſhe now ſees before her in the perſon of Frederick Heartfield, who profeſſes himſelf her ardent admirer;—and, with an anxious hope to be admitted openly as her lover, earneſtly requeſts her acceptance of the caſket!

Now, my dear Mary, what do you think of my ſituation; if you was afraid to converſe with Mr. Campden, how do you imagine I could anſwer the Major?—I own I thought his letter conveyed an oblique hint of regard, and his invitation to the Temple excited my ſuſpicions; but I had no idea of ſuch an open attack!—I little ſuſpected to have the queſtion ſo ſuddenly aſked me, and was quite unprepared for an anſwer!—I own, Maria, the Major's accompliſhments, mental and perſonal, had taken a powerful effect on my mind;—I was unwilling to return an abſolute refuſal,—and to have taken the caſket would have been an immediate encouragement!—He held it to me,—I

was

was in a tremor,—I put it aſide with my hand!

The ſubject on which you have been converſing, Sir, (ſaid I) has aſtoniſhed me!—I am not equal to a proper reply to your cloſing ſentence!—I ſhall always be grateful for the high opinion you have entertained of me.—The honour you do me in offering the caſket, is conſiderably above my merit, and I muſt beg to decline the acceptance.

He looked hurt——made no reply——placed the packet on the table——leaned back in the chair—and attentively conſidered my countenance!——I aſſumed courage, and went on :—

In the happy completion of your deceaſed ſiſter's ardent wiſh, Sir, ſaid I, in conquering your revenge—in the amiable enthuſiaſm of your heart, on gaining the victory over turbulent paſſions—you forget to do juſtice to yourſelf.—You aſcribe to *me*—what is due to your own rectitude.—I only *gave* advice for which you

you are too grateful.—It was the heroiſm, the true magnanimity of a ſuperior mind that led you to *follow* that advice; and Major Heartfield is an honour to the military and to ſociety!——Give me leave, Sir, to ſay, that the eſteem you profeſs for me, is the effect of a diſpoſition highly generous; and your *friendſhip* will be conſidered by me as an honourable acquiſition!——But to admit as a lover, a gentleman whom I have ſeen but three days, would be taking a very imprudent ſtep; neither can I think, Sir, that in ſo ſhort a time it was proper for *you* to decide in *my* favour.——My family is unknown to you, my fortune inferior, and there are many unpleaſant, &c. &c. with which you are unacquainted.——*you* are rather *leſs* a ſtranger to *me*; your character, and the merits of your worthy family, have been placed before me in the moſt pleaſing light;—yet, allowing the ſame advantages on my ſide,—love, at

firſt ſight, is rather romantic; and I fear not always permanent. We ſhould be well acquainted with the mental endowments of a favourite, before we take a companion for life!

If ſuch are your only objections, Miſs Digby, ſaid the Major, (who ſeemed revived) I am not entirely hopeleſs.—— I will allow, that the virtues of the mind muſt firſt be acknowledged, before we can hope for happineſs in the conjugal ſtate; yet were I to live whole years, under the ſame roof with Miſs Digby, I could have no farther proof of her merit than what ſhe diſcovered in that letter, that amulet againſt the power of every fair one, but *her* to whom it has attached my heart! I however acknowledge, Madam, my vanity was great, when I, as a ſtranger, offered myſelf to you;——I certainly, *then*, did an injuſtice to your prudence, and I will no more urge my ſuit, till, on ſtrict inquiry, Miſs Digby may approve,

as

as I hope ſhe will, the character of him who aſpires to the honour of her hand!

Love, at firſt ſight, you call romantic, I take the liberty of diſſenting from your opinion!—We *muſt* form *ſome* opinion of every perſon, the firſt time we meet; and that opinion is generally true, except the character is very deceitful.

When a judge of muſic touches the keys or ſtrings of an inſtrument, he can ſoon diſcover whether diſcord or harmony prevails; and when a lady, whoſe amiable perſon has attracted, utters but a ſingle ſentence, in uniſon with the ſentiments of the liſtner, he feels an indeſcribable ſomething in his boſom, that tells him there is concord between them! ——Such pleaſing vibration trembled on my heart when firſt I heard the affecting cadence of Miſs Digby's voice! expreſſing pity for my fainting ſiſter, for whoſe ſituation I was much diſtreſſed, and left the room!——I dwelt with pleaſure, Madam, on the expreſſive tender-

neſs

neſs viſibly diſcovered in your countenance, and the ſenſibility of your diſpoſition ſhone forth indiſputably, when you honoured me with your gentle admonitions!—What I felt at that period, is not to be deſcribed!—— it was Nature's ſympathy, according with the cogency of your ſentiments!——I bleſt the influence—felt the impreſſion—and called it love!——All powerful love!—that ſubdued the vindictive rage——— which the remonſtrances of a father, the tears and intreaties of a mother——and even the laſt requeſt of dear unhappy Clara, did but the more increaſe! Deareſt Miſs Digby, ſaid he, can it be requiſite that I ſhould be longer acquainted with you, in order to know your worth, when I have already experienced the full *power* of your exemplary merit?——Permit me again to aſk,——Will you, Madam on hearing a ſatisfactory account of me, from the friends you think proper to conſult, will you then make me happy

by

by accepting the caſket, and the heart of him who offers it?

Indeed, Sir, ſaid I, you are too *importunate*———I am not at my own diſpoſal!

He ſtarted—Is it then true, (ſaid he) am I at laſt unfortunate!—Is Miſs Digby really already engaged?—Then England ſhall not long detain me!

What reply could I make, Maria?—to have explained myſelf would have been recalling him to the ſubject.——I was ſilent.

He ſeemed, indeed, diſtreſſed,—and walked two or three times round the temple, while I ſat, leaning on my elbow, at the window!—He took up his hat, and with a ſerious air, approached me.

I am ready to attend you, amiable Miſs Digby, ſaid he, when you pleaſe.—I have taken too great a liberty in detaining you ſo long;—but my happineſs depended on this meeting, and the deciſion of

of our converſation makes me unhappy *indeed!*

I roſe to accompany him!—He looked at his watch;—it is early, Madam, ſaid he, and I would yet willingly requeſt your company five minutes longer.—Oblige me, therefore, by at once ending, or reviving, my hopes; a moment's reflection has rendered doubtful your laſt expreſſions.

"You are not at your own diſpoſal."——May imply there is a neceſſity for paternal approbation, I will admit hope again, and truſt to your candour for an ingenuous confeſſion!——Do you, then, Madam, mean, that you are already engaged to a lover; or is it the conſent of your parents that you hint at?—I own I *am* too importunate; but you leave this village to-morrow, and ſuſpenſe is painful!—Forgive me, Miſs Digby, and eaſe my anxiety!

Dear Maria, how he confuſed me?—I replied, I will anſwer you ingenuouſly,

ouſly, Sir, as you deſire.——It is the conſent of my father, which muſt be obtained before I agree to any propoſals on the ſubject of matrimony.——I was indeed quite unprepared for ſuch an invaſion, and perhaps Major Heartfield is a conqueror!—Gain then, Sir, the approbation of your own and my parents, and I will not refuſe my hand to him whoſe manly virtues have been as much diſcovered, in the incidents already paſt, as a number of years could diſcover!——I ſhall enquire no farther, Sir, into the merits of your character;—he who has ſhewn himſelf a dutiful ſon—an affectionate brother—a loyal ſubject—and a true friend, can need no farther demonſtration of his worth; and the woman who obtains his favour is *honoured* by his diſtinguiſhing approbation!

I left my chair, as if to go—but Major Heartfield kept his ſeat. I walked to the door, and back to the window.—

He

He viewed me with attention!——He did not fly into raptures; he ſeemed affected and ſurpriſed!——After a few minutes ſilence, he came forward, and again preſented the caſket.

Then, ſaid he, Miſs Digby will accept the ſiſter's legacy.—She will at leaſt keep it till we know the reſult of my application to her friends!——Words are by no means adequate to my feelings, therefore, let it ſuffice, that by your generous determination I am the happieſt of men; and it ſhall be the ſtudy of my life to ſhew my gratitude, and deſerve your eſteem!

As I took the little ſacred treaſure, I burſt into tears.

It is *too* much for *me* to receive, Sir, ſaid I! your ſiſter has enjoined you to conſider cautiouſly, ere you parted with it, and there is a ſolemnity in the occaſion of your offer, which affects me ſenſibly!—However, I take it, with an earneſt hope, that, when I look thereon, it may

may incite me to an emulation of the virtues of her who once poſſeſſed it!—And may Providence aſſiſt me in fulfilling the wiſh of Miſs Heartfield, in reſtoring conſolation to her friends, as a daughter, and in making happy the brother ſhe loved!

Major Heartfield embraced me tenderly; and indeed, Maria, I am half afraid I returned it—at leaſt I did not repulſe him!——I could not—he ſeemed overpowered with joy—ſoftened by the recollection of his ſiſter—called me once—dear Clara!—then, guardian of his life and honour!—tender, condeſcending, amiable Miſs Digby!——I was obliged to re-ſeat myſelf for a little time, and give vent to the fullneſs of my heart!——I will not ſay he did not accompany me. He applied his handkerchief to his eyes.——Is it a diſgrace to a man to ſhed tears, when painful recollections aſſail him, or when a variety of cirumſtances draw forth tender ſenſations?

—if

—if it is, I *honour* a man for ſo diſgracing himſelf.——The church clock ſtruck nine—I thought of you and Mr. Campden, and propoſed to return. He roſe, and we quitted the temple—the ſacred temple where our firſt vows were mutually exchanged!——He offered his arm, which I accepted, and felt no more ſelf-accuſation of impropriety than if I had been acquainted with him from my infancy.—He aſked my father's addreſs; I told him; but informed him my parents were both at Mr. Brilliant's that evening, and would take me back next day to Bath. He was rejoiced that our habitation was within a few hours ride of this retreat, and aſſured me, it would not be many days ere I ſhould ſee him again.—In our way we overtook Miſs Brilliant and Miſs Pelham. The moſt friendly ſalutations paſſed between Major H—— and the former, and many kind compliments he paid to the latter.

Miſs

Miſs B——— invited him to ſupper, telling him Mr. Freeman's family, whom, for private reaſons, he did not wiſh to ſee, always returned early in the evening. She ſaid true; we found only Mr. and Mrs. Brilliant, my father and mother, and good Mrs. Reynard, in the parlour. Major H——— ſtaid, and rendered himſelf agreeable to every perſon preſent.———The freedom with which Mrs. Reynard aſked him a variety of uncouth queſtions, and the ready affability of his replies, ſaid much for both.—I like that worthy woman better every day!—She is a proof that education is not abſolutely neceſſary to create eſteem.——She is an unpoliſhed diamond.

My father paſſed many years of his youth in America, and Major Heartfield and he were extremely ſociable; and, from Mr. Brilliant's attention to the Major, my father, in the warmth of his heart,

heart, gave him a general invitation to the Creſcent.

I'll bring him, Sir, ſaid Mr. Brilliant! *We'll* come and demoliſh your Severn ſalmon! and my father, whoſe *un*ceremonious manners you are well acquainted with, was quite in glee!

When the Major left us, my father enquired who he was?—ſaid he was a clever fellow, and he liked him.——— He is none of your Jemmy-jeſſamy ſcarlet-jacketed, ſkip-kennel, umbrella, fly-flap gentry, ſaid he—he has got a good weather-ſeaſoned, copper-coloured face of his own, and looks like a ſoldier, from head to foot!

Mr. B——— told him, in brief, the ſtory of Miſs Clara; mentioned many circumſtances of the family in general, and did honour to the Major, in the courſe of the account.—My father was affected—my mother wept!

I tell you what, friend, Brilliant, ſaid my father, don't bring him to my houſe,

if

if he is ſuch a good fellow, don't bring him to my houſe, I ſay!—If he had been one of the tribe that are here to-day, and gone to-morrow;—that can run to Brighton, and fly to Newmarket, and here and there and every where, and care for nobody—he ſhould have been very welcome, as long as he was an honeſt jovial companion; but if he is really a ſteady true-hearted young man—let him keep his diſtance; I ſhall have my girl fall in love with him, or he with her, perhaps; and I would not let her marry an officer upon any account, though he were the beſt in England.

Mr. B—— laughed at my father, who would not admit him to his houſe, becauſe he was a *good* man;—but his words grieved *me* beyond expreſſion!—I ſhould not have imparted my mind to the Major, had I not depended on my father's aſſurance, (at an early period, when I was addreſſed by a worthy youth, who

who afterwards died of a fever, and on whoſe account, Maria, I reſolved never to marry a man younger than myſelf.) that he would never oppoſe my inclination, provided the character of a lover would bear ſtrict ſcrutiny; therefore, with the Major I thought myſelf ſafe.

Mr. Brilliant made many juſt obſervations on every ſide the queſtion; ſaid it was better to marry a worthy officer than an unprincipled private gentleman; and as to danger, every one muſt ſubmit to their profeſſion. There are as many orphans and widows, Sir, ſaid he, in private life, as there are left by military and naval officers.

All you ſay, Sir, ſaid my father, may be very right; but I aſſure you I would as ſoon ſee my girl carried to her grave, as married to an officer—and there the ſubject endeed.

I paſſed the night in anxious, reſtleſs perturbation!—I knew Major Heartfield would

would not want courage to aſk me of my father, and dreaded his determination; from which I was firmly reſolved not to ſwerve.

In the morning I roſe early, and when breakfaſt was over, requeſted my mother to accompany me in my room, and give me her advice on an affair of importance. ——I related to her every circumſtance, from the obſervation of Major H——— in the garden, to the concluſion of our interview.——She rather diſapproved my acceptance of the caſket; ſaid, I ſhould have left that proof of regard till I had conſulted her, or he had diſcloſed his mind to my father.

She did not, on the whole, condemn my conduct; applauded me for writing to the Major on ſuch an occaſion;—rejoiced that my admonitions were productive of ſuch happy conſequences;—wept over the letter of Clara, which I borrowed of the Major, and concluded with aſſurances

aſſurances of her intereſt with my father; and hoped Providence would guide us to happineſs!

The afternoon was appointed for our departure; however, after much perſuaſion, Mr. B—— prevailed on my father to ſtay the week out. Major H—— called at one o'clock, to take his leave of me; he was happy when I told him we ſhould ſtay till Saturday.——Mr. Brilliant invited him to dine, he excuſed himſelf; but promiſed to come to tea, and to bring his ſiſter. They came. —Miſs Heartfield is much better than when ſhe left Margate.——After the firſt introduction, ſhe, by degrees, was chearful, and talked to *me* particularly.——In the cool of the evening we walked round the pleaſure ground, all except Mrs. Brilliant and my father. Major H—— took an opportunity of converſing alone with me a quarter of an hour; informed me that he had ſhewn my letter, to his friends; and that Mr. and Mrs. Heartfield

field were anxious to preſs me to their boſoms. —— I hinted my apprehenſions from my father's remark; told him his profeſſion *only* was what I feared would be a bar to our union.

I am not diſmayed, Miſs Digby, ſaid he; ſuch a prize is not eaſily ſurrendered; however I truſt Mr. Digby will not withhold it, if I take the right method to unlock his heart, where his lovely daughter, his treaſure, is yet ſecured!

When we parted, Miſs Heartfield took my hand!—no one was very near, and, as ſhe preſſed it with ſiſterly affection, ſaid, Heaven for ever bleſs you, dear Miſs Digby; ſecond Clara, adieu!

By that expreſſion, I knew ſhe was alſo informed of the letter, and I thought it an injuſtice to keep the ſecret any longer from my two kind friends, but particularly from Miſs B——, who was Clara's firſt favourite, and to whom the caſket (had her brother's inclination been coincident)

coincident) was aſſigned!—When we retired to the dreſſing room, I took out the letter, received on Sunday, from the Major, and gave it to Miſs Brilliant, who read it to Miſs Pelham. I am not at all ſurpriſed, Miſs Digby, ſaid ſhe, returning it—I told Caroline my ſuſpicions, and we began to think you very ſly, I aſſure you, that you had yet made no diſcovery; but I beg your pardon, you did very right.

I then ſhewed her the caſket, and Miſs Heartfield's letter, which affected her extremely!—The hand-writing of her friend recalled her immediately to her mind, and ſhe kiſſed the letter with a ſiſter's fondneſs!

This muſt have been written, ſaid ſhe, on the very day ſhe gave the little treaſure into my hands—the day before ſhe died!—When her emotions had ſubſided, ſhe rallied me again, told me I had robbed her—taken all the trinkets—ear-rings, brace-

bracelets, &c. that were deſigned for her—and ſnapped up the officer, who might probably have been her humble ſervant!—However, ſaid ſhe, I don't much care.——Frederick's a charming ſwain, that he is to be ſure, but every one to their taſte; and if I can have eggs and ſpinnage for ſupper, as *ſomebody* had, let ham and fowls be left for thoſe who like it better.

Miſs Pelham reproved Miſs B——— for her mirth.——If we did not know you ſo well, ſaid ſhe, we ſhould think you unfeeling; it is but a few minutes ſince you was grieving for Clara!

My dear little Prude—entia, ſaid Miſs B——, what is the matter with *you?*—Don't you know my tranſitions are very ſudden.——I *did* love dear Clara,—and I *do* love Eliza!——I ſhed a tear for Miſs Heartfield;—I rejoice for Miſs Digby;—and poſitively, Caroline, if you ſcrew up your mouth ſo, and look ſo grave, I muſt, in ſpite of your rebuke, laugh

heartily at *you!*—which made poor Caroline's features change to the riſible directly.

Well, dear Miſs Digby, continued Miſs B——, you have ſeriouſly my earneſt wiſhes for ſucceſs!——Nothing on earth would give me more real happineſs, than to ſee the place of Clara ſupplied by you, in the wife of Major Heartfield!

I thanked her for her tenderneſs, and we parted.

On Tueſday, at eleven o'clock, Major Heartfield called again, begged the favour of Mr. Brilliant to walk back with him, and ſee ſome alterations which his uncle was making in his garden; he ſolicited my father alſo, who accompanied them. They had been gone two hours, when the Major came back, and informed Mrs. Brilliant, that Mr. Digby deſired his daughter's attendance at Mr. Somerville's; and he kindly waited till I dreſſed.——I trembled when Mrs. Bril-

liant delivered the meſſage; and Miſs Pelham, who was with me, helped me to pin my clothes, for I could ſcarce, from apprehenſion, aſſiſt myſelf!—— My Mamma was walking in the garden when I went down.——Major H——— begged I would aſk her to go with us—— She put on her bonnet, and we went together.

As we were going along, I was aſtoniſhed to hear my mother enter on the ſubject with the Major!——Without any pre-conſultation with me, ſhe told him what I had imparted to her; and that ſhe feared it would not be eaſy to gain my father's approbation.

I am unhappy myſelf, Sir, ſaid ſhe, that my daughter has made this unfortunate viſit, and hope you will both have philoſophy enough to abſent yourſelves from each other, when Mr. Digby (as I am almoſt ſure he will) has pronounced his refuſal. As to your fortune, Sir, it is ſomething more than equal to Betſey's;

and

and from the character you bear, in every department of life, we might be aſſured of our daughter's happineſs *with* you, but *from* you, what would be her ſituation?—The more amiable her huſband, the more dreadful the ſeparation;—and the life of an officer is never ſecure.

The ſame protecting Providence, Madam, ſaid the Major, watches over the life of the world;—and, without leave of the Omnipotent, not a ſparrow falls to the ground!——Our profeſſion is called dangerous.—We know not, Madam, where danger lurks.—We are ſurrounded at all times by an hoſt of foes. We may ſhun the battle, and meet the peſtilence:—We may elude the perils of the ocean, and on land be ſwallowed up by an earthquake!—Or if indeed an officer is more than another expoſed to danger, toil, and fatigue, muſt he, of all other men, be excluded from the tranquillizing joys of domeſtic life, nor, at

intervals, look forward to the ſoothing enjoyment of femenine endearments !— To the time when the amiable partner of his heart—will hail his return—lull the ſorrows of his ſoul to peace—or bind up his wounds with her tender hand !— To him whoſe lips are parched with fever, ſhall we deny the moiſtening cup ! and to him who has marched, in various ſeaſons, amidſt legions of enemies—o'er mountains of ſnow, or deſarts of ſcorching ſand — ſhall the recompenſe of his toils—the invaluable bleſſing—the tender friend—the companion of his heart, be withheld from him ?

Such toils and dangers, Madam, I have by turns ſuffered and eſcaped !—— We are now at peace. Many years *may* elapſe, before I may again be called forth to the field ; is it unnatural that I endeavour to make the interval happy ? —And where ſhall I find happineſs, if not bleſſed with the hand of Miſs Digby,

Digby, the reſtorer of my ſtraying principles, the preſerver of my honour!

My Mamma was affected—and I diſtreſſed. I did not ſpeak the whole way; I leaned on the arm of my mother, and the Major walked on the other ſide of her!——She ſaid but little more to him, and we reached the houſe.

Major Heartfield addreſſed his ſiſter, who came to the gate to meet us; begged ſhe would entertain me in the picture-room a few minutes, while he politely handed my Mamma to the expecting company.—I ſhould have told you, that in our way, he requeſted me to give him his ſiſter's letter, which I had taken from the caſket the day before, but forgot to return it.

You may imagine I did not attend to the paintings!—I had never ſeen Mr. and Mrs. Heartfield. The idea of meeting them affected me;—but moſt I dreaded my father's refuſal!——The Major was become very dear to me; and I found

found my happineſs was centered in his! I thought it long before a ſummons was brought for my attendance. Half an hour elapſed; yet, when the Major opened the door, and ſaid,

Now, will Miſs Digby give me leave to introduce her to my friends?

I heſitated, and would have deferred it longer; that morning was to decide my fate with the Major, and I was unuſually agitated.

Be not ſo much alarmed, my love, ſaid Major H———, your father, indeed, has not conſented; he has been proof againſt the concurrent intreaties of *my* relations, and *your* friends; yet I have hopes!

He ſat with Miſs H——— and me ten minutes; then riſing, took me by the hand, ſaying,

Permit me now, Madam, to attend you. Mr. Digby has, by this time, read my ſiſter's letter.

I accom-

I accompanied him, with trembling ſteps; and muſt, I am ſure, have ſunk upon the carpet, on entering the room, had not Mr. Heartfield, who roſe to receive me, caught me in his arms in a paternal embrace.——He wept ſome minutes on my ſhoulder!—then preſſing me ſtill cloſer to his boſom, called me his beloved child!——Picture of his darling Clara!——Poſſeſſor of her virtues!——Preſerver of his ſon!——He freed me from his embrace, and led me to Mrs. Heartfield, who laviſhed on me the tendereſt careſſes, but could not, for a long time, articulate a word!——At length, in broken accents, ſhe addreſſed my father:

Is it poſſible, Mr. Digby, ſaid ſhe, that you can ſtill with-hold this bleſſing from an afflicted family?——Muſt the ſon ſhe has reſtored to us, be driven from his friends by your refuſal?—And muſt they alſo mourn *his* abſence, when ſhe might be the ſoother of his paſt diſ-

aſters,

aſters, and, united to *him*,—the ſupport and ſolace of our declining years!——Reflect, Sir, on the extenſive comfort your conſent would give, and you cannot ſurely be unmoved!

My father ſat ſilent, ſtill holding Clara's letter in his hand, which at intervals he looked at.——We were all ſilent!——I was in dread of my father's reply?——I found myſelf extremely ill!——Major Heartfield perceived I was, and haſtily left his ſeat!——He ſupported me under his arm, and led me into the garden.—The air revived me, and we again returned.

My father roſe, took my hand, and regarding me with extreme affection, —bade me be comforted!

For your ſake, Betſey, ſaid he, I have hitherto refuſed what my heart wiſhed to grant!——The life of an officer is expoſed to danger; and he is ſometimes, for years, a ſtranger to his country.—I am not hard-hearted, Betſey; but you

are

are my *only* child; and to ſee you deſerted, or, in the prime of life, left an unprotected widow, would deſtroy me—it would break my heart!—But if, as your mother tells me, you have already interchanged mutual vows—received the picture of this gallant youth;—and if, *indeed*, your happineſs depends on him, God forbid that I ſhould deſtroy the happineſs of my child!———Take her, then, Major Heartfield, from the hand of a fond father!——Be tender to her, as ſhe deſerves; and may the Almighty ſhield you both from peril and danger; and bleſs you together!

I ſhall not attempt to deſcribe the ſenſations of my boſom, as my father ended;—nor the grateful joy of the Major! ——He embraced (as an own ſon would have done) the parent of Eliza!——He embraced my mother alſo, while I was careſſed by all the Heartfield family, and by good Mr. Brilliant, who joined the general joy!——Suſan's affection was warmly

warmly ſincere; ſhe called me her own, true—real ſiſter!

Mr. Brilliant roſe to take leave, but Mr. Heartfield intreated his ſtay: he had an engagement, and could not comply.

My father moved to accompany him. —No, Sir, ſaid Mr. Heartfield, I muſt at *leaſt inſiſt* on having the company of *your* ſmall family; and again claſping me in his arms, ſaid, "We will make ready the fatted calf, for ſurely my daughter was dead, and is alive again!—She was loſt, and is found!"

Mr. Brilliant ſeemed anxious to impart the happy news to his family, and, with many polite apologies, took leave.

We did not dine till four o'clock, and a ſumptuous entertainment was prepared!—This meeting, I am ſure, was planned by the Major; he told me he ſhould ſucceed, if he took the right method to unlock my father's heart; and moſt certainly he found the ready key!—Had he, in a formal manner, waited

on

on my father,—or written to him on the ſubject, he had ſurely failed; he would at once have received a peremptory denial, and no future invitation to Mr. Heartfield's would have been accepted; but, by drawing him to his uncle's, and managing the affair with ſo much caution, leaving no room for his viſitors to ſuſpect his deſign, he gained, by degrees a complete conqueſt over the feelings of my revered father;—by bringing to his preſence every object that could affect his ſenſibility, engage his humanity, or oblige him to yield!——He acted like a true military hero;——for while he *conquered*, he *won* the *heart* of his *opponent!*

The remainder of the day was ſerenely chearful; mirth, you know, Maria, on ſuch an occaſion, muſt have been diſcarded; rational, friendly ſociability prevailed, and returning happineſs began to gleam on the countenances of Clara's revived parents!—Mr. and Mrs. Somerville are at Briſtol; Mr. H—— preſides, in their abſence,

abſence, as maſter.——He entertained my father, after tea, in the garden; my mother and Mrs. H——, who were ſoon acquainted, had a *tete-a-tete* in the parlour, while myſelf, Miſs Heartfield, and the Major, took an agreeable walk.——We returned to Mr. Brilliant's at eleven, and received the friendly congratulations of the amiable party. On Wedneſday I ſaw nothing of the Major; he went to Bath on buſineſs; his ſiſter paſſed the whole day here, and to-day my father, Mr. Heartfield, and my *lover*,—are gone on a little excurſion (but where I know not) on horſeback.——I have had a comfortable leiſure day for writing. Miſs Pelham has been walking with my Mamma all over the pariſh, which, by the bye, is but a ſmall one.—Miſs Brilliant has been preparing abundance of good things for to-morrow, when Mr. Heartfield and family are to dine here.—Mrs. Reynard is not to be forgotten.—It is a high gratification to

me

me to hear her diſpute with the Major, who humours her curious enquiries! —— She is highly delighted that he is to be here to-morrow, and is now with her god-daughter, as buſy as a bee!——I thought Miſs Pelham was particularly penſive this afternoon, and as ſhe came to the dreſſing-room, with Miſs B———, for her bonnet, to take a ſecond walk, I aſked her if ſhe was indiſpoſed?

I am very well, Miſs Digby, I am obliged to you, ſaid ſhe, but my ſpitits are drooping. On Saturday you are to leave us, and Miſs Brilliant accompanies you. —I ſhall have no companion left!—retirement will then be perfect ſolitude,—and I ſhall more than ever feel my forlorn ſituation!—happineſs ſeems to await all but me!—Miſs Digby, and the Major, are now as married!—Miſs Brilliant may aſſure herſelf of Mr. Eglantine, for many reaſons! Miſs Eglantine's love is returned

returned by Mr. Campden, and Caroline alone is ſolitary!

I pitied her, and invited her alſo, with Miſs B———, to Bath; ſhe heſitated a little, yet ſeemed more deſirous to comply, and, at laſt, agreed.—I have promiſed them both a viſit to you; your houſe is large, and your friends are hoſpitable; therefore, I am ſure they will be welcome.—Miſs Brilliant inſiſts that Major Heartfield ſhall come for one day, if it is only to march round Miſs Wingham's houſe, and put her heart in a palpitation!—Miſs B——— teazed Caroline for ſaying ſhe ſhould be ſolitary!

Why, ſaid ſhe, you ambitious little vixen, do you refuſe to liſten to the addreſſes of a worthy mechanic, who loves you as *dearly* as Linus did; you deſerve to be *deſerted* for your pride and obſtinacy!

Love, on one ſide, is not ſufficient, ſaid Caroline, and I do but barely eſteem Mr. Craftſman.—Let me aſk you, why you

you paid ſo little attention to your weekly inſtructor, your ſpiritual paſtor?—Why did you, unfeelingly, refuſe and affront Mr. Caſſock?—I always behaved *civilly* to Mr. Craftſman, and you deſerve to be *ſlighted* for your haughtineſs and flirtations.

O! well done, Caroline, ſaid Miſs B———; you have ſilenced me now to be ſure!——Ah, poor little Caſſock, it was a cruel ſtroke, I own, to down with him quite, while he was ſinking with terror at the recollection of the ghoſt!—but he is as light as a cork, he'll ſoon ſwim again, and ſome kind damſel will draw him out of the pool of deſpondency, dry his clothes from the muddy water of ſorrow, ſmooth out his poor locks, twiſt up his curls, and ſet him off again as briſk as ever!——But, come along Caroline, ſaid ſhe, Miſs Digby has enough now to ſay to Miſs Eglantine, and wiſhes us gone, I am ſure;—ſo let us take leave of *young Mrs. Heartfield*

Heartfield—that is to be;——and with a low curteſy laughed and left me!——and for the preſent, dear Mary, I bid *you* adieu!

Creſcent, Bath,—Wedneſday Morning, Six o'Clock.

We left the rural ſhades of Stour, Maria, on Saturday, as was appointed.—I have been too much engaged ſince my return, even to take one half hour to finiſh my letter.—Mrs. Heartfield, &c. &c. dined at Mr. Brilliant's on Friday; I do not particularize any event of that day, it was full of delights!——Mr. Mrs. and Miſs H—— parted with me next morning, with every demonſtration of affection——The Major was tenderneſs itſelf. He came to Bath on Monday, and went back this evening.

He invited us to a review on Tueſday, on Marlborough Down. Major H—— keeps a phaeton, and brought his ſiſter, who was to have ſlept at an acquaintance's; but we made room for Suſan, who was

was glad to ſtay here.—My father drove Miſs Pelham and Miſs Heartfield in the Major's carriage.—Miſs Brilliant and I went on horſeback, attended by our martial conductor; and Captain Skirmiſh, a brother officer, but not a favourite of Major Heartfield. He is as much diſliked among the military as Mr. Caſſock is among the Clergy!—talks inceſſantly of his own exploits, is extremely attentive to the ladies, and not a little vain in ſuppoſing himſelf admired by them!—Miſs Brilliant ſhone forth in all her radiance; the Captain ſeemed captivated;—but ſhe likes him not.

We were elegantly entertained in Colonel Cannonade's marquee, erected for his friends. The Colonel and the Major met like brothers; the latter introduced *me* particularly; and I obſerved a ſignificant look, that told the Colonel I was ſomething more than an acquaintance!

How

How amiable was the conduct of my beloved Major!—How elegant his deportment!—How reſpectful to my father!—I looked at him, Maria, as he rode through the ranks, patting his well-taught ſteed;—converſing with one officer, or bowing to another, till my heart rebounded with pleaſure!——Ah, deareſt Frederick! ſaid I, inwardly, what would have become of Eliza, hadſt thou not conquered her father's prejudice?—Yet, much as I love him, Maria; much as he deſerves to be beloved, I will never follow the example of ſome of my ſex, who having wedded an officer, perſuade him to forſake the army! —My conduct may perhaps be condemned, but I ſhould think myſelf diſloyal to my king, were I artfully to draw ſuch a man as Major Heartfield from his ſervice; and not a lover of my country, if my tears ſhould prevent him from defending it.—What would become of his Majeſty's dominions, if every gallant officer, on

on marriage, was to ſell his commiſſion? —And how can a woman be ſatisfied with her conduct, who robs her huſband of honour?—The heroiſm of the great Alfred's conſort, as recorded by Thomſon, in a beautiful, nervous, comprehenſive ſpeech, I always read with peculiar pleaſure!—Her ſublime affection for him is manifeſt; nor is it leſſened when ſhe incites him to a more vigorous attack of the enemy!—He meets the enemy, is a glorious conqueror, and returns in triumph to his Queen!—Had ſhe ſuffered weakneſs to predominate,—hung weeping on his boſom, and prevented, or retarded, the engagement, England had been laid in ruins by the Danes, and even her King—her huſband—inſtead of being ſaved by her detaining careſſes and terrors, would have been expoſed to an inglorious, ignoble death, by the hands of exulting enemies!—What woman would, or indeed what woman *could*, have kept the victorious General Wolfe from the battle?

battle?—Even in death he rejoiced in the ſucceſs of his valour, and cloſed his eyes in peace, in the cauſe of his country!

Sweet ſmiling *Peace!* with all thy tranquil train, continue to gladden our happy iſle, with thy bleſſed influence!—Plant thine own olives round the dwelling of my love, and let the branches bend to him as he walks, or the ruſtling leaves, waving with the ſummer breeze, fan him while he ſlumbers ſerenely on the daiſied graſſy couch, or, ſeated by Eliza, pour forth his gentle ſoul in ſtrains of love!——But if the thundering cannons roar, and daring foes, from diſtance, threaten—when England wants a hero, and the daughters of our iſland a protector,—then go forth, my beloved, my warlike Major, armed with the ſpear and ſhield;—Eliza will ſend up her prayers—her fervent prayers, for thy ſafety!—and, with confidence in the protection of Heaven, and thy undaunted

ed courage, aſſure herſelf of thy bleſſed return, crowned with honours, and branches of laurel!—Or ſhould my ſanguine hopes, for his victory and ſafety, end in airy viſion—Should he—(juſt Heaven avert it!) ſhould he fall, like the brave Wolfe—! I will bedew his ſacred urn with tears of conſtancy and tried affection, lament his death, and the terrible occaſion—*War!*——Yet I ſhall not be comfortleſs!—I will not repine that he *went* to the battle, but I ſhall for ever repine that *Battle called* him!——Then let me remember the cauſe in which the hero fell!—the recollection of his virtues ſhall be my conſolation!—*that* ſhall aſſure me the departed huſband will *above* be rewarded, and his widow *ſhall* be *comforted!*

We had a happy day.—Colonel Cannonade is about forty; he is a widower; his manners are very polite, and the Major tells me his intrinſic merit is more than accordant. He has loſt one finger

finger in the ſervice, yet he never, like Captain Skirmiſh, boaſts of the dangers he has encountered, or the enemies he has vanquiſhed!——However, the Colonel has no ſmall degree of military gallantry in his behaviour; he at once paid the Major and me a very elegant compliment, in an eaſy alluſion to Milton, on whoſe works he was, after dinner, converſing.

I have always admired, ſaid he, that author's beautiful deſcription of our firſt parents; and once in my life, Major Heartfield, I have ſeen it verified in their deſcendants.

> For contemplation He, and valour form'd;
> For ſoftneſs ſhe, and ſweet attractive grace!

I was ſimple enough to bluſh, Maria, which ſhewed I underſtood the compliment was pointed. The Major made no reply, but ſmiled at me. I fear you will think me vain, in recording thoſe flattering little ſallies of politeneſs; do

do not imagine I think myſelf deſerving of them, very far the reverſe, I aſſure you; but, Mary, the above is a proof of a former obſervation, that a polite man uſually compliments at diſtance, and in a way that will not admit of reply; it is peculiar to the military gentlemen, and I know not how it is, but they have a method of finding the way to a woman's heart in much leſs time than gentlemen in more private departments!——No one at table underſtood the compliment but thoſe to whom it was intended; and Captain Skirmiſh, carrying on the diſcourſe, ſaid, there is alſo another beautiful paſſage, Colonel, in the ſame author; and, catching faſt hold of Miſs Brilliant, who ſat by him, ſaid,

Grace was in all her ſteps, Heaven in her eye,
In every geſture dignity and love!

Come, come, Captain, ſaid the Major, you muſt not think to lay ſiege

there; that lady is invulnerable, at leaſt from your attacks, I aſſure you.

Take care, Skirmiſh, ſaid the Colonel, I fear there are dangerous batteries againſt you; the lady *frowns!*—Remember, Captain, *remember* the ſtorming of Tilbury Fort!

Colonel, ſaid the Captain, your alluſions are ungenerous, and degrade your character!—I was unfortunate in that engagement!—It occaſioned me a ſevere fit of illneſs.

Unfortunate, ſaid the Colonel!—I think you was particularly favoured by the miſt that concealed you from, or prevented purſuit;—and by your ſwiftneſs of foot that carried you out of the reach of Farmer Tilbury's bullets.

Pray, what is all this about, Captain, ſaid the Major?—I never heard of this encounter.

O!—Nothing at all, Sir, ſaid the Colonel; only Captain Skirmiſh fell deſperately in love with a farmer's pretty daughter,

daughter, who lived in an obſcure village in America.—He had talked to her occaſionally, and told her many fine ſtories; but he was not ſucceſsful.——I I think, Captain, ſhe told you, ſhe liked Corporal Trueman better than the fineſt General of the Engliſh army.——Well, Major, he watched an opportunity in her father's abſence; had a chaiſe ready at a little diſtance, and went one evening in the month of November, to carry off the prize!——But her father, contrary to his uſual cuſtom, had returned from market early, and was at home when the Captain knocked at the door. The unſuſpecting damſel opened it; and the Captain, ſuppoſing there was no one in the houſe but the maid ſervant (for Nancy Tilbury had no mother) caught her in his arms, and carried her a few yards from the houſe.

Take me from the wicked Captain, father, ſaid ſhe, ſcreaming; which brought the farmer out with his blunderbuſs!—

He threatened to fire immediately, and did at random, as ſoon as the poor girl was ſafe by his ſide!——The ſhot did no harm. The Captain happened to take a different direction; the night was dark, and all ended well.

Upon my honour, Sir, ſaid my father, if it had been *my* daughter, I ſhould have purſued you up hill and down, until I had finiſhed you!—I ſhould never have forgiven ſuch an outrage.

O, Sir, ſaid the Colonel, that was in the Captain's juvenile days; he knows better now, I hope.——Don't be offended, Skirmiſh; you are not the firſt that has been obliged to ſound a retreat.

While Colonel Cannonade was relating the circumſtance, the Captain endeavoured continually to interrupt him; but he raiſed his voice the louder, nor would ceaſe till he had finiſhed the ſtory.

Major

Major Heartfield, and the Colonel, laughed at him.—The Captain looked ſimple—my father ſtern—and *our* countenances diſcovered ſympathetic contempt!

Nothing more material happened during the day; we quitted the Downs in the evening, and returned as we went.

Major Heartfield did not ſup with us; he was engaged with a party of officers at the Parade Coffee-houſe, where he ſlept.—When we entered the drawing-room, Miſs Brilliant caſt her eyes on a letter on the table, directed for her.

Here is great and wonderful news from Papa and Mamma, good folks, ſaid ſhe; —and here is great and wonderful news for Miſs Caroline Pelham, from nobody knows who (finding another letter under her's, which ſhe gave to Miſs Pelham.) —Caroline ſtarted, as ſhe read the direction:

Gracious Powers! ſaid ſhe; what can this mean? and left the room.

My dear Miſs Brilliant, ſaid I, what can be the reaſon of Miſs Pelham's emotion?—Her face was crimſon, and death-like paleneſs in leſs than a minute!

I have a ſtrong ſuſpicion, replied Miſs B———, the letter comes from Linus; yet I think he would be very imprudent to write to her.——Miſs P—— did not return till Miſs B——— went to tell her ſupper was ready. I ſaw ſhe had been diſtreſſed by ſomething extraordinary!—She ate little, and converſed leſs; and as ſoon as ſupper was over, apologized to my Mamma, and, complaining of the head-ach, begged to retire.

As ſhe was now *my* viſitor, I thought it but civility to attend her, and, with real anxiety, enquired the cauſe of her ſolicitude?

You are acquainted with the ſecret of my heart, Miſs Digby, ſaid ſhe, and I may, with confidence, impart the ſubject of my letter to you.——It comes from the amiable Linus!—His wife is dead!—

It

It has affected me extremely, for various reaſons.

Miſs B—— joined us, and ſhe ſhewed us his letter, which you, Maria, may here peruſe.

DEAREST CAROLINE!

THOUGH, from the day of my marriage, I have never ceaſed to think of you with all the ſincerity of an intereſted friend, and have done violence to my feelings, by obſerving a profound ſilence! —Yet principle and duty withheld me from recalling painful recollections to your mind, by troubling you with tokens of remembrance from a wedded lover, and from doing injuſtice to an amiable wife, by attentions to one who was ordained, as it were, to be her rival!—— Yes, deareſt Caroline, you have rivalled *all* in the opinion of Linus, who could never love but you!——It is no longer an injuſtice to a wife!—it is no longer a departure from principle, to tell you I ſtill love you, with all the ardour of a

firſt affection, which can never end but with life!——My *eſteemed* companion, worthy Mrs. Linus, after a long and lingering illneſs, left me a widower the 11th of laſt month.——Caroline will not think I love *her* leſs, when I tell her I lamented the loſs of a worthy partner! —She was a woman of noble ſentiments! —I hope I have nothing to reproach myſelf with on my conduct towards her!—She knew of my attachment to Miſs Pelham—ſhe heard of it by ſome envious acquaintance, who, (as is a common method) told her, with pretended eſteem, what was meant to have been a thorn in her boſom!—but Mrs. Linus had a ſuperior mind,

> A judgment undeceiving, undeceiv'd,
> That nor too little nor too much believ'd.
>
> LYTTLETON.

She was ſatisfied with *my* conduct, and *I* ſtudied to make *her* happy!—I have an engaging little ſon, three years old, and a lovely

a lovely daughter, ſtill younger.——It was the laſt requeſt of Mrs. Linus, that if I again entered the ſtate of matrimony, I ſhould addreſs the woman who would be a kind mother to her children, for the ſake of their father!—Few women poſſeſs ſuch liberality, and my beloved Caroline will ſurely think I do honour to her memory, by ſeeking, as the protectreſs of her children, the tender Miſs Pelham!—Perhaps I have too ſoon imparted my ſentiments; but the dread, Caroline, that you ſhould be engaged to another, muſt plead excuſe. I wiſh only to know if you are ſtill free?—If you ſtill have a heart for the man who adores you?—And if his family is not an inſuperable bar to his happineſs?—Thanet, who has never ceaſed to be the *friend*, may yet be the *huſband* of Caroline!——I ſhall not ſolicit to ſee you till a more diſtant period; in the mean time, delay not to impart the preſent ſtate of your

your heart and ſentiments towards your ever faithful and affectionate,

Grove Houſe,
Ivy-Lane, Shropſhire.

THANET LINUS.

Miſs Brilliant and I congratulated Miſs Pelham on the pleaſing proſpect of ſhortly receiving, from the man ſhe loves, the little golden emblem of *endleſs* love, and the reward of conſtancy.

I know not how to determine, ſaid ſhe.

O, in favour of Linus, to be ſure, ſaid Miſs Brilliant; let us have none of your prudiſh ſcruples; go to bed now, Caroline, and meditate before morning what you wiſh to ſay; and if you are wiſe, write him an anſwer to-morrow; I know, if *I* don't anſwer letters as ſoon as I receive them, they are never anſwered to my mind. All rapture—all ſentiment—all pathos—all pathetic tenderneſs—ſublimity—elegance of expreſſion——

Pray,

Pray, Miſs Brilliant, ſaid Caroline, don't be ſo wild! How can you run on in ſuch a ſtyle?—Really this is not a ſubject to jeſt upon——

Bleſs the child, ſaid Miſs B———, I am not jeſting! I only ſay I like to follow the firſt impulſe on theſe occaſions; I hate to hear young girls ſet themſelves up for ſages, and commune with themſelves for a week about what might he ended in an hour.—Now if a body was to indulge you, it would be——

O dear, Miſs Brilliant, what can I do in this affair?——I think I had better conſider a few days before I return an anſwer.——If I write in a gloomy ſtyle, it will look as if I had forgot to love!—and if I write in ſpirits, it will ſeem as if I was glad the man had loſt his wife! ——And again, if I admit him as a lover, too ſoon after her death, the world will be cenſorious, and——

O, mercy on us, Miſs Digby, you have no idea what a parcel of difficulties

culties there is with that girl, before ſhe determines on any thing!

Too much reflection, I believe is wrong, ſaid I, but I don't agree with you, that it is beſt to follow the firſt impulſe, except in a very few caſes—We ſhould reaſon, compare, and weigh deliberately, every circumſtance, before we determine on affairs of moment.

But this is not an affair of *moment*, ſaid Miſs B——; ſhe has known this man theſe ſeven *years*, and now wants to play the coquette with him, and keep him in ſuſpenſe——

I *do not* mean to keep him in ſuſpenſe, Miſs Brilliant, ſaid Caroline; I ſhall write in two or three days.——But why do you ſay *this man*, when you ſpeak of Mr. Linus?

My dear, I heartily beg your pardon, ſaid Miſs B——, I quite forgot myſelf; but I'll call him an angel next time!——Upon my word, I think you have plucked up a ſpirit ſince you received

ceived the letter; it has rouſed your feelings, I find!—However, ſay what you pleaſe, I'll tell you my ſentiments——If you don't write to this *angel* to-morrow, I wiſh you may have the cramp in your fingers for a month!

I thank you for all favours, ſaid Miſs P——, and for the friendſhip conveyed even in your ſarcaſms!—We ſhook hands and ſeparated. Adieu, my dear Maria, for this day;—Breakfaſt waits, and Major Heartfield will dine here; therefore you will ſuppoſe my time is precious!—I hope to finiſh my letter to-morrow, and ſhortly after to preſent myſelf, and two or three friends, at the gate of your father's hoſpitable manſion.—Miſs B——— always deſires a great many greetings to you and friends; Miſs Pelham longs to ſee you, and Miſs Heartfield is anxious to be acquainted with the friend of her ſiſter, as ſhe now conſtantly calls me?—What a happy ſociety,

deareſt Miſs Eglantine, we may form among a ſelect number of choſen friends! ——Major H——— already conſiders Miſs Brilliant as a ſiſter. Should your brother determine in her favour, he will be eſteemed by my Frederick on her account and mine.

The youthful matron, Miſs Pelham, will be often with us; Mr. Campden will return to Maria, and domeſtic joys will flouriſh around our habitations;—once again, Adieu!

Thurſday Evening.

I HAVE a little circumſtance to relate, vexatious and ridiculous, it interrupted the harmony of yeſterday, or I could have laughed at it.——Miſs Brilliant and I were dreſſing between twelve and one o'clock; my friend ſtepped to the window, and ſkipping back again, told me Captain Skirmiſh was that minute coming to the door.

How

How very provoking, ſaid ſhe, that I am not ready!—let him be what he will, he is well enough to talk to, and I would give the world to have juſt ſuch another harangue as we had yeſterday, while we were riding, when you was half a mile behind!

She dreſſed herſelf with expedition, and by a little after one was juſt ready to go down, when Miſs Pelham came into the room, bringing a ſheet of paper in one hand, with the pen and ink in the other.—What, now, Caroline, ſaid Miſs B——, why you look ſcar'd?

Not much ſcared, ſaid Miſs P——, but I am angry, and I think with reaſon. —Captain Skirmiſh is below. I wonder how long Major Heartfield has ranked *him* among his acquaintances; I am ſure he does not ſuſpect his impertinences!—Very well Colonel Cannonade might ridicule and expoſe him, *he* deſerves it, *I* am ſure!

But

But my dear girl, ſaid Miſs B——, let us know for why! don't put yourſelf in this flutter for nothing—What is it all about?

I took your advice, ſaid Caroline, and while you were all engaged, embraced the leiſure opportunity to anſwer the letter received laſt night.—I ſat with my back to the door, and had written a few words, when ſomebody came behind me, pulled me back in the chair, and covered my eyes with his hands; I pulled one hand away, and, ſeeing the ſleeve of a ſcarlet coat, thought it was Major Heartfield, as I knew he was expected to dinner.——He has ſerved me many tricks when he was in England ſome years ago, before his ſiſter's misfortune, and I at firſt laughed; pray Major, ſaid I, don't blind me—and I tried in vain to move his hands.—At laſt I was rather ſerious, and in half joke told him, I thought he had left off all ſuch playful tricks now, and if he did not

not give me my liberty, I would tell Miſs Digby.—He then came round to the ſide of my chair, and, to my amazement, I found it was Captain Skirmiſh!—I ſtarted with ſurpriſe.

I hope I have not frightened you, Miſs, ſaid he.

I am not frightened, Sir, ſaid I; but muſt own I am aſtoniſhed at your ——I am ſurpriſed at ſuch a ſalutation from a ſtranger.

A ſtranger, Ma'am, ſaid he, and paſſed the whole day with me yeſterday!—I never think myſelf a ſtranger when I have been an hour in an agreeable lady's company; and that you are both agreeable and engaging, I have too much reaſon to acknowledge!

That ſentence is extremely ambiguous, Sir, ſaid I——

Is it, Ma'am, ſaid he, then I will take away the ambiguity, by aſſuring you, that the gentleneſs of your manners, the unaffected affability of your behaviour, and the

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the

the faſcinating beauty of your perſon, have taken a very ſerious effect on me! I never ſaw a more angelic creature, and ſhould be happy, beyond expreſſion, if I could make you ſenſible of my ſincerity!

It is rather a myſtery to me, Sir, ſaid I, that *my* perſon or manners ſhould have captivated you ſo;—I thought your attention was rivetted to the young lady who accompanied you on horſeback!

Very far from it, ſweet Miſs Pelham, ſaid he, that lady has too much acid, too much acrimony of ſpeech; too much repartee, to be pleaſing to men of refined taſte!——" I flatter myſelf I am a judge of female merit, and I have ſo much ſkill in phyſiognomy, by making it my ſtudy, that I generally form a very correct judgment of the mind in an hour or two.—Your's, Madam, I am well aſſured, is all that's feminine!——Is it poſſible then that I can eſcape danger in your company?"

I muſt

I muſt beg you not to compliment me in this way, Sir, ſaid I; I neither merit, nor am pleaſed with it!

That you *merit* all I can ſay, lovely Miſs Pelham, ſaid he, I am well aſſured is true; that you are not *pleaſed* is my misfortune;—your affections, I fear, are engaged!—I could not help ſeeing the beginning of your letter,—and *Dear Sir*, —perhaps is an addreſs to a lover!——I would willingly have flattered myſelf it might have been to a father or a friend; but your coldneſs proves the worſt!—— then ſnatching my hand, he kiſſed it with well-feigned rapture, which rouſed my reſentment.—I roſe from my ſeat, ſaid, *rude man!* took up my letter, and was coming away; but he held me faſt till I would ſay I forgave him, and enjoined me to promiſe not to take any notice to the Major.—I aſſured him I would not, and came away.

"Cheating play never thrives," ſaid Miſs B——, and that bit of a captain will

will be found out ere long, never fear.—Why didn't you give him a pat on the cheek with the judgment of a Cleopatra Wingham, I think ſuch a favour might *there* have been beſtowed with propriety; or even had you pinched his crooked noſe with the tongs, I am ſure you would have done him no injuſtice. Suppoſe you tell Miſs Heartfield, and let her *ſet her brother at him?*

By no means, Miſs Pelham, ſaid I, for *my* ſake ſay nothing to Miſs H——, let it be concealed from the Major, whatever you do.

Don't be alarmed, dear Miſs Digby, ſaid ſhe; I ſhall ſay no more to any one; of what indeed can I accuſe him? his behaviour was not like a gentleman, but it would ſound very trifling if related as an affront; and, indeed, I think, when a lady receives an indignity from a man, ſhe muſt, in a degree, expoſe herſelf when ſhe expoſes him; let her reſent it privately

vately and effectually—I ſpeak of this only among ourſelves.

But he deſerves to be expoſed, ſaid Miſs B———; I am ſure he is a dangerous man; he is one who will make love to every woman he ſees; and, by his artful flattery, may lead many an innocent damſel into a real attachment to him, for his perſon is rather pleaſing. Had you heard his converſation, when he came home with me laſt night, you would have ſuppoſed him quite ſmitten!——I humoured the gentleman, and, with ſeeming pleaſure, liſtened to his artful tale! —I ſaid nothing to either of you; I had a deſign to ſee how far he would carry the joke. I ſhould like to act a ſcene in Miſs Wingham's Tragic Comedy with him very well; and if you will not take any notice, I will carry it on ſtill. I ſhall be attentively polite to him, by which he will think I know nothing of Caroline's rencounter.——I only hope Mr. Digby will aſk him to dinner.

I am

I am ſure my father will not, ſaid I; the ſtory of Nancy Tilbury has barred *his* doors againſt him, except as to a call or ſo on the Major's account.

Well, ſaid Miſs B——, I'll juſt go and *ſpeak* to his honour, however.

Opening the door, the voice of Major Heartfield, louder than uſual, made her ſtand ſilent a while to liſten; ſhe came back.

Something's amiſs, ſaid ſhe, I am ſure; there's ſome ſtrange vagaries going forward below!

Miſs P—— and I came to the top of the ſtairs; I was apprehenſive my father had heard ſomething falſely of the Major; for I heard both their voices.—Major H—— was vehement; but I was convinced to whom his anger was directed, when I heard him ſay:

You are beneath the notice of the meaneſt foot ſoldier in the regiment, who has courage and principle!—Let me

no.

no more be diſgraced, Captain, by the leaſt attention from you, nor ever dare to ſet your foot in the houſe of my friend again!

You had better go to Miſs Digby, ſiſter, ſaid Major H——, in a lower tone, to Miſs Heartfield.—Miſs H—— came up ſtairs.

How long have you been returned, Suſan, ſaid Miſs B——? What is all that riot about?

I don't know *what* it is about, ſaid ſhe, very well; but it is ſomething that has put my brother in an ungovernable fury!—However I believe it would have been ſuſpended, had it not been for a ſlight compliment or two that the Captain paid me, which Frederick heard as he entered the room. I have not been in the houſe more than a quarter of an hour; Mrs. Digby was ſitting with the Captain when I came in; ſhe then excuſed herſelf. I know ſhe had ſeveral matters to tranſact, and

and begged me to ſtay.—The Captain converſed very agreeably; and to tell you the truth, I thought him very agreeable.—He flattered too much, I own, but that is ſuch a univerſal error, that I conſidered his fine ſpeeches only as words of courſe, and entered freely into chat.

What a happy fellow is Major Heartfield, ſaid he, who has the honour of calling ſuch an angel his ſiſter!—But how ſuperlatively happy will be the man who makes her his beauteous bride!

My brother at that inſtant entered. The carpet on the ſtairs, and the door ſtanding open, prevented us from hearing him, till he was quite in the room. He heard all the Captain's laſt ſpeech, and, with a countenance as fierce as you can poſſibly conceive (for he terrified me), looked at the Captain with ſilent indignation for ſeveral minutes!

Why, Major, ſaid the Captain, don't you know your friends?——You look amazed!

I believe

I believe I know my *enemy*, when I look at you, Captain, ſaid my brother! He who is an enemy to ſociety, is, of courſe, mine; and I ſhall henceforth treat you as one!——*Suſan*, *how* could you ſuffer a man, of whom you know ſo little, to flatter you ſo groſsly, without reproving him?—You have *diſpleaſed* me, Suſan!——And for *you*, Captain, if you ever have the inſolence to inſult, with your deceitful compliments, a ſiſter or friend of mine, expect to receive chaſtiſement!

The Captain ſtrove to laugh it off, but Frederick was reſolute.—Mr. Digby then came up; my brother took no notice of him, farther than bending to him; but continued his rebuke.

A circumſtance has come to my knowledge this morning, ſaid he, which entirely excludes you from my future notice, nor will I let you reſt till you have this day ſurrendered your captive!

I know

I know not what my brother meant; for he told me then to come to you.

Mr. Digby ſaid but little; Frederick told him he ſhould know the whole affair in the evening.

But I think, continued Suſan, my brother had no occaſion to be diſpleaſed with *me:* had I been inclined to reprove him, I had not time. Frederick came in the minute he had done ſpeaking.

Poor Suſan, ſaid Miſs B———, how I rejoice the traitor is diſcovered; her boſom was not guarded by a pre-engagement; and the ſmooth tongue of the ſycophant, was not ſo ſoon detected in its deceit!—He was laying baits for us *all!*—I hoped to have entrapped and tormented him a little; but he is in better hands. Come, ladies, continued Miſs Brilliant; let us go down and hear how they go on.——We all went together.

Major H——— ceaſed ſpeaking to the Captain, immediately came up to me, and, with an affectionate ſmile, took my

my hand, hoped I had caught no cold at the Review; paid his compliments to the ladies, and ſat down by me.

Captain S—— roſe, ſaid, with an air of pretended careleſſneſs,—good morning to you, Major; perhaps when I ſee you again, you will be cooler.

I ſhall be *cold* to *you*, Captain, whenever we meet after this day, replied the Major; but at preſent I am rather too *warmly* intereſted in your affairs, to ſuffer you to go back alone; you muſt permit me to accompany you; or, rather, I ſhall go with you, without permiſſion.

I looked at the Major with apprehenſion. I could feel the colour depart from my face!——He preſſed my hand, and kindly ſaid,

There is nothing to fear, Miſs Digby; I ſhall have the pleaſure of ſpending the evening here.—Mr. Digby, good morning; I ſhall take the liberty of bringing a friend to ſup with you.

Half a dozen, if you will, ſaid my father, and ſucceſs attend you!

The Captain had made his bow, and was already gone.

What is the matter, father, ſaid I?—We have all been in aſtoniſhment and terror!

There's no miſchief going forward, replied my father; ſtay till your mother comes, and then you ſhall know.

My Mamma was no leſs anxious, at dinner, to hear the news; and though James was waiting, my Papa did not heſitate; for the Major had not ſpared the Captain, even while the ſervant was laying the cloth.

You muſt know, ſaid my father, there has been a ſtrange hue and cry, this morning, after Jenny Rennet, the milk-woman's daughter; ſhe went out with her milk, and is not returned again!——Her poor mother has been piteouſly lamenting, and has been wandering from houſe to houſe, enquiring for her in vain.—At laſt

laſt ſhe met Major Heartfield, as he was coming here; ſhe knew him when he uſed to walk to her cow-houſe with his ſiſter Clara, to drink new milk in a morning. He remembered Jenny Rennet, and compaſſionated the mother.—— She expreſſed her fears, leſt ſome of the officers had ſtolen her away: ſaid there was one, who often walked by her houſe; and, two or three days paſt, brought ſome ladies to drink ſyllabub; ſhe ſaid the price of what they drank was five ſhillings; her daughter waited on the company, and he gave her half a guinea, refuſing the change; told her ſhe was a neat, little, induſtrious laſs, and deſerved to be rewarded.——Now, Sir, ſaid the woman, I am ready to die with fright, for fear he has *took* her away, and I don't know where he lives,—nor I don't know what his name is—nor I don't know *nothing* at all about him, Sir;——only I *knows* him when I *ſees* him!

The Major aſked her to deſcribe his perſon; which ſhe did ſo exactly, that Major H—— knew it muſt be Captain Skirmiſh.——He told her, if it was poſſible to find her, it ſhould be done.

The woman ſaid, that half an hour ago, a little boy brought a pocket handkerchief to her, which he knew was Jenny Rennet's, becauſe it had a map printed on it, and many of her neighbours had taken great notice of it; the boy ſaid he found it when he went to ſchool, in the morning, at the ſteps, No. 6, Orange Grove.

This was another proof that Captain Skirmiſh had either detained, or carried away, the poor young woman.——Major Heartfield told her to go home and make herſelf as eaſy as poſſible, for he would ſet every ſoldier in the regiment to ſearch, but what ſhe ſhould be found—You may ſuppoſe *that* revived her, and ſhe left him.

He

He went directly to the Captain's lodgings; he was not at home; he then ſent his ſervant to enquire if Jenny had gone her regular rounds, and which houſe was the laſt.——The handkerchief was dropt at No. 6, where Skirmiſh lodged, and at No. 7, ſhe had not called.—Major H—— was then convinced who was the betrayer, and came immediately here, judging the Captain had called on the ladies.—A quarrel enſued, and he is now gone to make him give up his ſtolen victim!——I long to ſee him come back, ſaid my father; I hope he will puniſh the gentleman handſomely.

We were all impatient for his return; and at ſeven o'clock, Major Heartfield, Colonel Cannonade, and his ſon, a fine boy about ten years old, came together. ——They entered in high ſpirits.

We have had a glorious conqueſt, Sir, ſaid Major H—— to my father; we have ſtormed the caſtle, releaſed the captive, and humbled the foe!

What!

What! did you find the poor girl, ſaid my father, at his lodgings?

Yes, Sir, ſaid the Major; I threatened to break open every door in the houſe, or order the ſoldiers to guard it, that no one ſhould eſcape therefrom, if he did not quietly ſurrender the helpleſs young woman.

He at laſt owned he had taken, or at leaſt ordered her to be detained at his lodging; he had directed the perſon who is in the capacity of a houſekeeper, while he is here, and who will do any thing for gain, to invite Jenny Rennet up ſtairs, and take every method to keep her till his return.—He went out early in the morning, and intended to dine at home!——I was reſolved to enter the houſe before him, leſt he ſhould, by ſigns or hints to his accomplice, have her concealed.

I went at once up ſtairs, juſt looked into the room in which he generally receives company; no one was there; I turned

turned to another room on the ſame floor, a kind of library, more retired than the laſt, and where his friends are not expected to go without invitation.—There I was ſucceſsful.—There ſat poor Jenny, unſuſpicious of deceit, aſſiſting the houſe-keeper in making a gown.—I looked back immediately for the Captain; he was not behind me.——I ran down again, and was time enough to ſee the ſkirt of his coat, as he whiſked round the corner, that leads to the North Parade—had he once got to the Coffee-houſe, I had loſt him.

He was ſoon overtaken, and I aſſured him if he did not quietly go back with me, I would expoſe him in the public ſtreet and force him to obey me.——He, could not refuſe,—bluſtered a little, but returned.—I walked by his ſide up ſtairs, and again entered the room.

The houſekeeper, ſuppoſing, as Jenny told me afterwards, that I was ſomebody who had miſtaken that room for another

perſon's

perſon's lodging, by my ſhutting the door again, on having juſt looked in, kept her ſeat; therefore I found them at work as before.——Jenny ſtood up when we entered, and, with a ſurpriſed look, recollected me.——She curteſied, and with diffidence enquired after the health of my family; told me ſhe was *vaſtly* ſorry to hear that good Miſs Clara was dead, and looked in reality affected! I thanked her for ſuch marks of gratitude, and ſhe turned to the Captain.

Sir, ſaid ſhe, I have been waiting here, by your order, from nine o'clock.—This lady tells me you intend to do my mother an honour, by ſettling her in a better houſe, and by giving her a ſalary to make her latter days comfortable!——I am ſure, Sir, I cannot ſufficiently return my thanks for your good intention; and was deſirous of going to fetch my mother, that you might ſpeak to her on the ſubject.—And, indeed, Sir, I was uneaſy at your ſtaying away ſo long; but this

good

good lady was kind enough to ſend about eleven o'clock, to inform my mother on what occaſion I was ſo long abſent, and has permitted me to aſſiſt her with my needle!

The Captain looking piqued—fooliſh—and ſtupid!—replied,

Very well, very well, it's no matter now; you may go home.——I ſhall ſpeak to you, or your mother, another time.

She curteſied, and was going.

Stay a few minutes, Jenny, ſaid I; I am going to your mother, and will walk with you; but, firſt of all, a word with you Captain.——I was unwilling to leave him, or to truſt Jenny from his houſe alone;—and knew not properly how to act. I had an intention to inſiſt on his attendance likewiſe,—however a lucky incident aſſiſted me;—for as we were adjourning to the lower room, in ruſhes this young gentleman (putting his hand on maſter Cannonade's head). Papa ſends his compliments, Captain, ſaid

he

he, and deſires you will ſend a doctor to the corporal, who was ſo ill this morning when you made him go through the manœuvres, that he was obliged to be put to bed; and Papa ſays, if you don't make him amends, you muſt abide by the conſequences.—Papa intends to call upon you after dinner.

Tell him he may call when he likes, ſaid the Captain,—and tell him, I ſhall *not* ſend a Doctor!—The fellow's as well as I am; he is only lazy, a—hypocrite!

Henry was going, when I deſired him to ſtep to Mrs. Rennet's, and tell her to come to No. 6, and fetch her daughter; then call on the Colonel, with the Captain's meſſage, and another from me, deſiring his preſence immediately at the ſame place.

Away flew Henry, delighted with ſo much buſineſs; and I returned with the Captain to the library, where Jenny ſtill remained!——But the houſekeeper was gone!—She knew it was in vain to ſecrete

the

the young woman, and had taken care of herſelf.——They had overheard part of our diſcourſe, even though we had deſcended one ſtory lower; and poor Jenny looked terrified when we returned.

I ſaid not a word on the ſubject before her.—The Captain alſo was ſullen,—and we ſat ſilent till Mrs. Rennet came.

She fell down at my feet, without ſeeming to know what ſhe was about.

Oh! if you had but ſeen her, Major, when I told her to fetch her daughter, ſaid Henry; I declare, Papa, ſhe begun kiſſing me, and ſaid, God bleſs you, Maſter Cannonade!——God Almighty bleſs Major Heartfield! and away ſhe ran like *wildfire!*

She came in haſte, indeed, ſaid the Major, without either hat or cloke!——Jenny was in amazement at her mother's behaviour, and claſping her round, begged her to be comforted!—She ſoon learned, by her mother's expreſſions,

preſſions, that ſhe had been kept there by artifice—and cried piteouſly!

Mrs. Rennet took no notice of the Captain (who ſat ſilent and ſullen) and quitted the houſe, when the Colonel came.

What extraordinary event, Major, ſaid he, renders my preſence neceſſary? ——I have left a party of friends, who were that moment ſat down to dinner with me, when my ſon came in!

It was *my* fault, Major, ſaid little Henry, that obliged my Papa, to come in ſuch a hurry; for I told him I believed there would be ſome miſchief done, becauſe I heard you ſwear ſo, as I ran along the paſſage.

Be ſilent, Sir, ſaid the Colonel.

Indeed, Papa, ſaid the child, I thought there would be a fight, for you know my Mamma uſed to ſay, that Major Heartfield muſt be in a *monſtrous, monſtrous* paſſion, indeed, before he would begin to ſwear!—and ſhe always told

me he was a charming good young man, becauſe he never ſaid wicked words, if he could help it.

Pray let me have no more of your *monſtrous* clever remarks, young gentleman, ſaid his father, whoſe waiſtcoat lapel roſe and fell as he ſpoke!—Perhaps a *ſigh* occaſioned the movement.

Well, Major, ſaid my father, and how then?

Mrs. Rennet left us, Sir, ſaid dear Frederick.

I promiſed to ſee her in the evening; and I informed my friend of the whole circumſtance. My reaſon for deſiring his preſence, was to aſſiſt in obliging Skirmiſh to make a handſome return to the poor woman for his unmanly behaviour; and I had expoſtulated, threatened, and quarrelled in vain. I ſtipulated for twenty pounds; he has a large fortune.

No, nor twenty *ſhillings*, ſaid he; ſhe's gone home, and that's enough.

The

The Colonel was no more ſucceſsful in ſeconding me.

Will you ſend a doctor to the Corporal? ſaid he.

No,—I will *not* ſend a *doctor* to the *Corporal*, neither, ſaid the Captain—— if you are ſo charitable, ſend one yourſelf.

Enough, ſaid the Colonel.—Then (as I ſent word by my ſon) abide by the conſequences.

The Colonel left us, making a ſign for me to ſtay.

The Captain had his cloth laid, and, with obſtinate unconcern, went to dinner.—He did not aſk me, and you may be ſure I ſhould have refuſed, had he paſſed the compliment.

By the time he had dined, it was ſix o'clock, and in a quarter after the Colonel returned.

And I too, Sir, ſaid Maſter Henry, (ſhrugging up his ſhoulders) with a laugh on his countenance.

Well,

Well, Captain, ſaid the Colonel, have you changed your mind?—Is Mrs. Rennet to have the money, and the Corporal a doctor?

No—*no*—I tell you, ſaid he, vociferouſly, when I chuſe to give away my money, I ſhall give what ſum I pleaſe, and to whom I pleaſe.

Then call up the Corporal, the Serjeant, and their two friends, Harry, ſaid the Colonel.

Up came Corporal Downman, and Serjeant Stout, with a couple of Drummers.

How are *you* to-night, Corporal, ſaid my friend?——I am ſorry to have you called from a ſick-bed; but I am in hopes I have ſomething for you to take, that will do you good.

I am very much obliged to your honour, ſaid the poor fellow.—I am very ill, and I have had no advice yet!——I am ſure whatever you will pleaſe to give me,

me, I will take it, if your honour thinks it will do me good.

Then do *take* that Captain, ſaid the Colonel; let your friends aſſiſt you;—carry him down ſtairs, and do as I ſhall direct.

Let them touch me at their peril, ſaid the Captain; they ſhall ſuffer for it if they do—and, taking out his purſe, flung it at me!——Take the money, ſaid he. Devil take the girl and the money too; and as for you all——*march* this inſtant!

They ſhall *not* march, ſaid the Colonel, nor ſhall *you* eſcape!——You have given your money through fear *now*.—Why did you not ſubmit before you was expoſed?——I will have my frolic, I aſſure you; therefore, my lads, follow my orders, and you ſhall have a crown a piece the minute you have performed it.——Take the Captain; value him not, boys.——When you come to the paſ-

ſage,

ſage, you will ſee Richard Rennet, who has brought, by my order, a pail of new milk.—Souſe the Captain's head well, in the milk, and the buſineſs is done; then come to me, and I will pay you.

They heſitated—*he* inſiſted—and the Captain, ſtorming, was carried off!

Yes, ſaid the Colonel, and *we* followed.——*I* gave the word of command while he was dipped, and then had him carried up ſtairs again.

But what was it all for, Papa, ſaid Maſter Cannonade?—Why did you dip the Captain?

Becauſe he is a coward, Harry, ſaid the Colonel! and when you are a man, you will be dipped if you are a coward!

I did not think him a coward, Papa, ſaid the child, when he threatened one day to run the drummer through, for ſomething or other, I don't know what.

Yes

Yes, he was, my dear, ſaid his Papa, becauſe the Drummer could not defend himſelf.

O, but you know, ſaid Henry, he could have gone behind him ſlily, and knocked him on the head with his drum-ſtick!—Could he not Major?

Then the Drummer would have been a coward, Henry, ſaid the Major, ſtroaking his hair.—When you learn to fight, you muſt never go ſlily behind, but always boldly face your enemy!

Well, I don't know much about it, replied Maſter Cannonade, but I think it was very odd that my Papa had him dipped in milk inſtead of water!—What, with the powder and the pomatum, there was a fine haſty pudding in the pail.

We were all diverted at the child's various remarks during the recital, and as it ended ſo well, it was altogether a laughable circumſtance. I rang the bell for tea.

Mr.

Mr. Digby, ſaid the Major, I muſt be free enough to requeſt ſomething more ſubſtantial than tea; I have touched nothing ſince ſeven this morning, and I believe the Colonel is in the ſame craving ſituation; he left his dinner to come to me.

I am heartily glad you have ſpoke, ſaid my father; I never thought to aſk you; but, upon my word, the ſtory has vexed and pleaſed me ſo by turns, that it has given *me* a ſort of *ſecond appetite!* therefore I will take a bit with you.

They remained in the dining-room, and we drank tea below.—Loud laughter, at intervals, informed us they were merry at the Captain's expenſe, and Maſter Henry diverted us as much.

Dear, dear, ſaid he, what diverſion it was to ſee the milk run down the Captain's new regimentals! And then, when his head was taken out, how he did ſpit, and ſplutter, and ſhake his hair about!—

My

My *goodneſs*, how *I did* laugh!—And to ſee the old milk-woman, how ſhe ran about when I told her——Major H—— had found Jenny!——She ſnatched an apron off a line.

A-lack-a-day, ſaid ſhe, this is as wet as if it had juſt come out of the tub; ſo then ſhe put on a blue one, gave the border of her cap two or three pulls, as ſhe went along, and ran off as faſt as ſhe could ſet her feet to the ground!

O dear ladies, ſaid he, I wiſh ſomebody elſe may be loſt to-morrow,—and juſt the ſame joke come over again!——

We encouraged him in his chat, and found him very entertaining.

When the gentlemen had dined, they joined us again, and requeſted our company to Mrs. Rennet's, to whom the Major was going to deliver the contents of the Captain's purſe, which he found contained a twenty pound note, two or three

three guineas, and ſome ſilver.—However, before we ſet out, James announced Captain Scruple, who wiſhed to ſpeak with the Colonel.

Deſire him to walk in, ſaid my father.—Colonel, there is a private room, you know.

The Captain entered.

I ſhall make no apology, Colonel, ſaid he, for ſo abruptly entering on the buſineſs which brings me here———I have juſt been with Captain Skirmiſh, who is going this very evening with me on a tour for a few weeks to Dublin, and different parts of Ireland. I have found him ſo ill, from the treatment he received, by your orders, that he is ſcarce able he ſays, to undertake the excurſion!——Indeed, Colonel, I am hurt that you have behaved ſo to a brother-officer!

If *you* are *hurt*, Captain, ſaid the Colonel, *he* is not, I aſſure you; and I ſhall never repent the puniſhment I cauſed to be inflicted!

Not

Not repent it, ſaid the Captain!—I think it is of material conſequence; I feel it, Colonel!—A Captain will have no more influence, *now*, over the ſoldiers, than the very Corporal or Serjeant you ſo unjuſtly rewarded!—You could not have treated the meaneſt fellow in the regiment worſe; and, *poſitively*, Colonel, he talks of a *Court Martial!*

As to the influence of a Captain, it is not in the leaſt weakened by the example of this evening, ſaid the Colonel. Act with honour and humanity, and the ſoldiers will not be diſobedient!—You are not accountable for the faults of another, and *his* puniſhment cannot degrade *you*, unleſs you have correſpondent principles, and fear the like chaſtiſement!—I hope it is not "congenial paſſions," Captain, that makes you ſo warmly eſpouſe his cauſe; and, with regard to your obſervation, that I could not have treated the *meaneſt fellow* in the regiment worſe, let me tell you, I think him

him below the level of the *very* meaneſt!——Yet that baſe Captain, who could cauſe to be conveyed, from an aged fond parent, the blooming prop of her declining years—abandon the one to ceaſeleſs anxiety and grief—the other to infamy and deſtruction—is called the *defender* of his country, and the *protector* of the fair ſex!

The ladies of our Iſland, have long honoured us with the glorious title of PROTECTORS, and ſhall we baſely turn to the ſide of their enemies, deſert the title, and be their betrayers?—Let an officer be an honourable officer, or let him, whether General, Colonel, Major *or* Captain, receive military chaſtiſement, or (laughing) be ſopped in a milk-pail!

You know beſt, Colonel, ſaid Captain Scruple, *why* you have acted as you have.—I never knew any great harm of Captain Skirmiſh, and I have been acquainted with him a conſiderable time.

Some

Some months, I think, ſaid the Colonel; and in that time you have taken ſome tolerable ſums of him at the EO table, he has a good income, and no doubt you hope to realize a little!—I not ſurpriſed that you are ſo diſpleaſed with me, you probably fear my correction may leſſen your intereſt, in obliging the monied Captain to go into diſtant quarters, for I much miſtake if he retains his commiſſion!

You are very ſevere, Colonel, ſaid Captain S———, and as I find I cannot ſerve my friend, by my remonſtrances, I wiſh you a good evening.——Major H——, your moſt obedient; *you* had a hand in the affair, too, I find; but the Captain agrees with me, that you are more of a gentleman than the Colonel!

He has equal ſpirit, ſaid the Colonel, and if ever he ſhould become a father, his feelings, on ſuch an occaſion, will make him more rigid!——*He* reſcued Jenny as he would have done a ſiſter!—*I* inflicted

puniſhment, as if ſhe had been my daughter; but with leſs rigour!—therefore go now, Scruple, and comfort Skirmiſh!——Tell him to be a good boy in future, that he may no more be teaſed with new milk for ſupper; and, alſo, conſult with him about a court-martial.—I ſhall take the conſequence.

The Captain decamped, heartily vexed, I believe, that he had interfered!—Colonel Cannonade, and his pretty ſon, ſtaid but a quarter of an hour longer; and the Major, myſelf, and three friends, went to the dairy, to diſtribute the purſe.—Miſs H——— knew the good woman, and her daughter, well——Clara was vaſtly pleaſed with Jenny Rennet, ſaid ſhe, and I ſhall like to ſee her.

Poor Mrs. Rennet again teſtified her gratitude to the Major, in heart-felt expreſſions, the language of untaught nature!—She would not, however, on any

 conſi-

conſideration, accept the money, as it came from Captain Skirmiſh!——Had a quarter of that ſum, ſhe ſaid, been given her by a *friend*, ſhe would have received it with joy and gladneſs; but was afraid, if ſhe took *that*, it might, ſome day or other, bring him back again, eſpecially as it was in his purſe; he would have an excuſe to aſk for that, and when no good Major was near to defend her, might take her daughter again!

Major H——— aſſured her, the Captain would ſoon be at a diſtance, and her fears were groundleſs!—But no argument could prevail with her to take the money!——Her child was all ſhe wiſhed to have from the wicked Captain, ſhe ſaid, and his money would afford her no comfort; therefore begged the Major would return it.——He promiſed he would, and giving her five guineas from his own purſe, ſhe took it with a thouſand thanks—and we returned.

Miſs

Miſs Brilliant and Miſs Pelham were delighted with the ſimplicity and neatneſs of Jenny Rennet. She is genteel in her behaviour, though in a mean ſtation.—— She does not carry pails, or cry milk, but goes only to particular houſes with cream or freſh butter.—She was dreſſed in a green ſtuff jacket and coat, hooped round the bottom with two rows of white ferret. —The edge of the jacket was trimmed in the ſame manner.——She had a white Scotch bonnet on, with two rows of pink ribbon, and a coarſe muſlin ſhaul on her ſhoulders, worked with crewels.—Her auburn hair flowed careleſsly over her neck, and her countenance beamed with ſenſibility. She is not quite ſixteen;— her complexion is dark, ſo are her eyes, which are expreſſive, looks remarkably healthy, and is reckoned by moſt people a brown beauty.

It was nine o'clock when we were at the dairy-houſe, and Major and Miſs H——— were to go home that night;

he had promiſed his father, and we could not prevail on him to ſtay. He went directly to Captain Skirmiſh, and was juſt in time to ſpeak to him before he ſet off. ——Captain Scruple was with him; they were going no further than Briſtol laſt night. He returned the money, &c. exchanged but a few words, and came for his ſiſter, whom we would willingly have detained, leſt ſhe ſhould be fearful at that hour.

Fearful, ſaid ſhe, and my brother with me!——No, no, ladies, I am not afraid of any thing when he is by!—However, I ſhould be very happy to ſtay, but you know my Mamma wiſhes me to return.

We parted with regret on all ſides. ——My father and mother beſtowed a bleſſing on the Major, who may now do as he pleaſes in the houſe.—I think they love their intended ſon as well as they do their daughter!

We

We did not ſit up late, and this morning had ſubject enough to converſe on, and I think for me to write on;—but I might have abridged many paſſages for your peruſal, and my own eaſe. However, excuſe all improprieties, and, by way of reſt, leave off, Maria, at this paſſage, for I can write no longer; my letters are ill-ſhaped, and my pen quite ſpoiled!——Adieu,

Monday, July ——.

This day I have nothing to prevent me, and this day, Maria I will, if no accident happens, finiſh my long letter.—I have received your's dated 29th June, and return thanks in the name of my two viſitors, for your warm aſſurances of ſincere welcome!——We ſhall certainly be with you on Friday, if nothing interferes.

I am delighted that you have expoſed Miſs Wingham to your brother; more ſo, that you have repreſented Miſs Brilliant

liant to him in ſuch an amiable light; am delighted to find he always thought her *a high-poliſhed jewel*; and that he can with ſo much eaſe ſtyle Cleopatra *a ſilver-winged butterfly!*—Miſs B——— is in tip-top ſpirits on the occaſion, and I have ſanguine hopes in her favour.—I wiſh Leonard was at Ramſbury now—but we muſt be patient.

The Major dined with us yeſterday.——What do you think of his character, Maria? but you have congratulated me. I am no longer envious of Miſs Eglantine; and Mr. Campden is ſafe from Miſs Digby's net!——I had half a mind once to endeavour to become your rival;——but I have no occaſion; my *Lover* is as fierce as your *Lion*; and I am ſure he has a heart formed for tenderneſs!—I will never forgive *Leo*, if he does not write a handſome rebus from the Major's name; or, if he cannot find out ſomething moſt *militarioufly* beautiful in it, tell him I ſhall think his genius

nius is departed! I have made twenty compariſons myſelf, but I leave it to him to alter or amend them.

Miſs Brilliant is very fond of reading Miſs Wingham's letter ſtill, and borrowed it yeſterday morning, for the ſake of dwelling on Leonard's manners.——I think I have prevented you a long time from ſhewing your Mamma that epiſtle, by detaining it in my own poſſeſſion;—but I am very glad you have yet been ſilent on the ſubject; it will be quite time enough when I come.

Who could it be, Miſs Digby, ſaid Miſs Brilliant, that bluſhed like a *fool* at Mr. Eglantine's aſſembly?——Miſs Wingham here ſays, Miſs Eglantine paid more attention to a young ruſtic of nineteen, than to *her* ſmart partner Singleton!

I always thought, ſaid ſhe, that bluſhes diſcovered ſenſibility!——Did you ever read Keate's Pelew Iſlands, where Captain

tain Wilſon was ſhipwrecked?——I ſaid I had.

Did you think Prince Lee Boo a fool, ſaid ſhe, when the viſible change, even in his dark complexion, proved his ſenſe of impropriety, in offering the fruit with his hands, inſtead of a ſpoon, on Mrs. Wilſon's gentle reproof?

I thought it a mark of native ſenſibility, ſaid I, in the higheſt degree!——Indeed there was a *je-ne-ſcai-quoi* about that amiable youth, according to the deſcription, that has often made me think if an European woman could have forgot his colour*, ſhe might have been happy with ſuch a man; and, even as he was, in his uncultivated ſtate, forbidding colour, untaught language, and a variety of &c. &c's.; yet, adorned as he was with native ſimplicity and gentleneſs—ennobled by honour, dignity, courage, and

* The writer obſerves, *if* ſhe could have forgot his colour; and again, comparing the two characters, Le Boo was preferable to the Captain.

true

true humanity, I am ſure, Miſs Brilliant, for my own part, I ſhould have preferred him for a partner, far before ſuch a deſpicable, handſome, artful enſnarer as Captain Skirmiſh!

Lee Boo might have ſaid "I am black, but comely; O ye daughters of England!" And the faireſt of the land need not have bluſhed if her heart had owned his merits!—Why ſhould we deſpiſe a man, "becauſe the ſun hath looked upon him?"—His manners were ſimple, and his language *ſincere;* but the words of that hateful Captain, are ſurely "ſmoother than oil, yet are they very ſwords!"

I am now, Maria, falling into my old failing, making ſentimental remarks, when I ſhould carry on my diurnal account.

I have been telling an incident of yeſterday morning, when I ſhould firſt have given you the account of laſt Friday, which was ſpent very agreeably

at

at Clifton, with Miſs Brilliant's aunt, who was ſo tender of charming Clara!

Miſs B——— took care to publiſh to the good lady, that I was called *Clara the Second*, and would ſoon be Mrs. Heartfield!——Every friend is ſo good to rejoice in the proſpect of that event, which will certainly take place ſoon after my viſit to you, who muſt promiſe to come back with me, nor return to your friends again, till you have loſt Miſs Digby!—Miſs Pelham did not go with us; ſhe would not defer any longer her letter to Mr. Linus.——She conſiders me now as one of her firſt friends, and permitted me to copy the contents for your peruſal. I thought it a favour, and aſſured her of your integrity, in every ſenſe of the word, before I could obtain a copy of Mr. Linus's letter to ſhew you.—Miſs B—— will ſhew love-letters, by dozens, to thoſe on whom ſhe can depend; but Caroline is more cautious,—thinks it an injuſtice to divulge the ſentiments of a lover,

lover, and vanity to diſcover her own!—but my intreaties got the better of her ſcruples, therefore I indulge you, Maria, with the following:

To THANET LINUS, *Eſq.*

DEAR SIR,

THE well-known characters of my ſincere, my valued friend, ere I opened, told me that ſomething important would be the conſequence of his letter!—I retired from company, to learn the tidings, but my hand, for ſome time, refuſed to break the ſeal!——I looked again on the direction, and at length read the contents!———Can I deſcribe my ſenſations?—Can *you*, Thanet, conceive them?——Impoſſible!——I find it a difficult ſubject to write on. You will ſuppoſe it difficult, but I ſhall write as nature directs, and tell my beloved Linus—I rejoice in the happineſs that awaits me—not in the death of his wife!

I honour

I honour you for your generous ſentiments of her—ſhe deſerved to be eſteemed—ſhe deſerved to find a friend!—her children have a kind father, yet they want a friend!—*I* will be a *mother* to them!

No, deareſt Thanet, your family will be no bar!—your children have my compaſſion, and *thou* haſt my *heart*, my undivided heart, which none could gain but you!

Since your marriage, I have loſt my honoured father!——I have ſeen many days of ſorrow—but they are paſt!—I have made an acquaintance, lately, with an amiable young lady at Bath, at whoſe houſe I am now on a viſit. Miſs Brilliant, and her worthy parents, have been my protectors! yet, with all theſe comforts, I felt a chaſm, an "aching void," that neither friends, nor friendſhip, could ſupply!—But I will ſay no more of paſt anxieties!—Linus will be mine!—It is well for me that I have known adverſity—I ſhall know how to prize my happineſs!—Had you, Thanet,

wedded me a few years back,—we might have been—we muſt have been—wretched now as the enemies of your amiable departed companion!—Sorrow may aſſail us for a while, and adverſe fortune diſtreſs; but if we keep the path of ſteady principle and conſtancy, as nearly as human weakneſs will allow us, we ſhall have reaſon to ſay, in the event, "Whatever is, is right."—I have not delayed to impart my ſentiments, as they have ever been affected towards you; and, when a convenient or proper time has elapſed, the amiable Thanet, may expect to receive the hand of

His faithful

CAROLINE PELHAM.

I think you will be happy, Maria, to hear her conſtancy will ſoon be rewarded with the only man ſhe ever did or could love!—Caroline ſeems conſiderably altered ſince the event;—ſhe does not appear overjoyed, but looks placid and happy!

We

We were very buſy at home all day on Saturday, at our needle; and yeſterday, as I told you, the Major paſſed the day with us. He was here by nine in the morning, and attended Divine Service at the Abbey, with all our family.——My Mamma is *ſo* tender of him, Maria!—He has hurt one of his fingers, and ſhe would look at it this morning, and apply a freſh dreſſing of lint, &c. before we went to church!—How much every mark of regard ſhewn him by my parents intereſts me: how happy are lovers under the ſanction of parental approbation; how diſtreſsful thoſe, who, departing from duty and principle, enter into clandeſtine engagements, elope from their protecting friends, launch into diſſipation and folly; grow tired of each other, mutual accuſations enſue, and ſeparation,—melancholy ſeparation, ends at once their happineſs!

This reflection again leads me to a former ſubject, that no love can be permanent,

manent, but that which is founded on the virtues of the mind!

In Miſs Heartfield's Story, I began to loſe ground, with Miſs Brilliant on that ſubject.

Where were the virtues of O'Hara's mind? ſaid Miſs B——; but, Maria, O'Hara was amiable before ambition enſnared him; and his repentance, at laſt, ſhewed that he had "the ſeeds of honour in his ſoul!"—A fine perſon may, and muſt pleaſe; but virtue only can fix the ſtandard; true affection dwells chiefly on the mind!—It was this aſſured me that your heart was caught before you ſuſpected it. You ſaid not a word of Mr. Campden's perſon, nor ſhould I know what ſort of man he is, had not Miſs Wingham, in her letter, ſaid he was *not* handſome—which, however, I conſider as nothing!——It is impoſſible to ſee a very handſome perſon without admiring; but it cannot alone make a laſting impreſſion!—It muſt be mental

and

and intellectual endowments only, that can gain a complete victory over the heart!——Mr. Collins, a favourite poet of mine, gives the following advice to the ladies:

Self-flattering Sex! your hearts believe in vain,
That love ſhall *blind*, when once he fires the ſwain:
Or think a lover, by your *faults* to win,
As *ſpots* on *ermin* beautify the ſkin!
Who ſeeks ſecure to rule, be firſt her care,
Each ſofter *virtue* that adorns the fair:
Each tender paſſion man delights to find,
The lov'd perfections of the female *mind!*

Such lines as theſe would make no impreſſion on Miſs W———, if they were ſhewn to her; ſhe is too fond of her own way, to attend to inſtruction, direct or indirect, and, to ſpeak in the language of ſchool-miſtreſſes, it is in vain to tell a child to mind her P P's and Q Q's, when ſhe is determined to go no farther than A, B, C!——I think it is a pity that Mrs. Precept does not know of Mademoiſelle's kindneſs, who has

has taught one of her ſcholars more than her parents agreed for.——I own, I am ſorry it has happened, becauſe I could never like perſonal, national, nor profeſſional prejudices; and think one of our country might have acted the ſame!

Virtue's confin'd to no one ſpot!

It is inherent in our nature, throughout the world, if not ſupplanted by vice! and I am ſure this foe to ſociety, Miſs Wingham, bids fair to be as complete a coquette, as any French Woman I ever read of. Should our fortunate diſcovery be a means of ſtocking up the root of her vanity, ſhe may yet become a worthy member of community; and *you*, as well as *I*, ſhall rejoice in her converſion!——If not, let her go on in her own track, dazzled by, and mixing in, (yet not enjoying) all the grandeur and allurements of faſhion and diſſipation—while my gentle Mary, ſecure in her own innocence, and the conſtant protection

protection of her future huſband, retires to dwell with him in ſweet ſeclu-ſion, and may enter even the *Lion's Den* in peace and ſafety!——With unfeigned affection, I am,

Deareſt Miſs Eglantine,

ever your's,

ELIZABETH DIGBY.

LETTER XIII.

Miſs Eglantine to Mrs. Eglantine.

Bath, July, ——.

MY DEAR MAMMA,

IN obedience to your kind command, I take an early opportunity to inform you of our ſafe arrival at Mr. Digby's. We had a moſt delightful journey. Major Heartfield met us at the Bear, at Devizes, which my Papa will inform you, for he left us there; having, as he told the Major, reſigned us all into ſafe hands.

hands.——Miſs Pelham, and Miſs Briſliant, ſend a thouſand regards for your kind entertainment of them. I am vaſtly happy in the hope that Leonard will give me an agreeable ſiſter in the latter. What a comfort it is that my Papa and you like her ſo well; but I think you always did.

I have no time to write more, than what duty immediately obliges me to, as Mrs. Digby has juſt ſent to inform me ſupper is ready. I muſt, however, tranſgreſs a moment, to tell you, that next Saturday is fixed for the marriage of Major Heartfield and Miſs Digby; *then* you ſhall have a long letter.—— Mr. and Mrs. Digby preſent their beſt compliments; and Eliza, you know, is almoſt as much yours, as

Your affectionate and

dutiful Daughter,

MARY EGLANTINE.

LETTER XIV.

From the ſame to the ſame.

WELL, dear Mamma, the day—the important day—is over; and we have, for ever, loſt our dear Miſs Digby!——*She* is gone indeed——but we have not loſt *Eliza!*——No! ſweet *Eliza* is juſt the ſame as before, and ſhe will recommend to our affections the amiable *Mrs. Heartfield!*

I am at a loſs where to begin; but think I muſt firſt deſcribe Eliza's dreſs, which was all (at leaſt what ſhe was married in) made by the hands of her friends. *I* was reſolved, as her firſt favourite, that all the *head* pieces ſhould be performed by me, therefore I made her cap and bonnet—Miſs Brilliant her gown and petticoat—Miſs Heartfield trimmed and made up her ruffles, handkerchief, &c.—and Miſs Pelham embroidered her ſhoes.——The reſt of her wedding-garments were made by Mrs. Digby and Mrs. Heartfield. Eliza had enough

enough to do to work the Major's waiſt-coat and ſword-knot.

I could not reſt all night on Friday, for the thought of aſſiſting in the prepa-rations next morning, when at five o'clock, I went to Eliza's room, ſhe roſe at my requeſt, but ſhe roſe in tears! —I ſtrove to joke them away, and ſhe embraced me with chearful ſadneſs!— We had a comfortable chat, and I had juſt finiſhed dreſſing her hair (for I would not allow her maid to dreſs it); when Miſs Brilliant, &c. came in to act their parts. All aſſiſted in dreſſing the beauteous bride; and I aſſure you, Mam-ma, we were forced to ſcramble on our own clothes almoſt any how.——Ten o'clock was the appointed, important hour, and we had not finiſhed our lady till nine; then, you know, there was break-faſt to come; *that*, however, was mere form. Various cauſes took away all our appetites. Eliza begged to breakfaſt in the dreſſing-room.—The Major drank coffee,

coffee, in the library, with Mr. Heartfield, who came to be preſent at the ceremony. Mrs. Heartfield declined!——She ſaid the ſcene would be too much for her.——Mr. Digby preſented his daughter with £.9000 on the day of her marriage. The Major would receive nothing from Mr. Digby but the hand of his daughter; and Eliza would not allow a ſettlement to be made on her by the Major!

Major H——— had previouſly taken an elegant houſe at Bath-Eaſton, where we now are.——He had a new coach built for the occaſion, ſaying Mrs. Heartfield would wiſh ſometimes to accommodate a friend when a phaeton would not be convenient; ſo he retains both.

He has, by the death of relations, a very large fortune, and kindly gave his ſiſter Suſan £500. before his marriage.——His father ſays he has amply made up to him the loſſes he had ſuſtained; but, after all, Mamma, I have not deſcribed the

the dreſſes.—Eliza's mantua was white muſlin ſprigged; it was made ſhort, and flounced round the bottom. She wore a ſaſh of the ſame, fringed at the ends with ſilver fringe. Her ſhining, pale brown hair, without powder, hung in curls on her well-ſhaped ſhoulders; very ſmall curls alſo appeared through the deep veil which hung from her white gauze bonnet, and half concealed her bluſhing countenance!—Her cloak was ſpotted muſlin, her ſlippers plain white ſilk, with ſilver roſes!——Thus habited, ſhe walked, with trembling ſteps, to the library, where the amible Major was impatiently waiting for her!—He roſe, at her entrance, and both looked at each other with delighted ſurpriſe!—Miſs Digby had never ſeen the Major but in regimentals, and he appeared ſtriking!—He had on a light coloured coat, but not a white; it rather inclined to dove-colour. His waiſtcoat was white ſilk, beautifully embroi-

embroidered by his fair bride! His hair neatly dreſſed, plain cambrick ruffles, &c. The Major did not wear a ſword. The Major's coach, pheaton, and Mr. Digby's chariot, conveyed us from the Creſcent to the Abbey. Mr. Digby preſented his daughter's trembling hand to the Major. Miſs Heartfield and myſelf, were the chief attendants on the bride.—Miſs Brilliant, and Miſs Pelham, deputy-bridemaids.—Mr. Heartfield was preſent, but much affected at the ceremony! He thought of his unfortunate Clara, and, with difficulty, reſtrained his feelings! Eliza had aſſured us ſhe would not ſhed tears before the Major, but ſhe broke her promiſe!—She ſaid they *would* fall at laſt in ſympathy with thoſe of her dear huſband's venerable father!—The bridegroom gave ten guineas to the ringers, and thirty to be diſtributed among the ſoldiers, chiefly under his command. We were ſurpriſed, on coming out of the Abbey, to ſee twelve little girls,

ſoldiers

ſix on each ſide, ſtrewing flowers! they were the children of ſome of the ſoldiers, who had received tokens of favour and humanity from the Major! He dropped half a crown into each little baſket, and received the liſping bleſſings of the children!

It was one o'clock when we returned, and, after a genteel refreſhment, Mrs. Heartfield retired to dreſs for dinner. —Her gown was then changed for celeſtial blue, ſtarred with gold ſpangles! ——She wore a ſuit of very fine Bengal muſlin, trimmed with beautiful lace.——Her cap, which I made, was a mixture of blue and white crape; it roſe very high on the left ſide, above the hair, leaving a vacancy for a ſmall ſprig of diamonds——part of the legacy of the deceaſed Clara!—From her neck hung, by a gold chain, the Major's picture, which ſhe had not worn before.——Her hair was dreſſed again, by her own woman, and plaitted behind. The childiſh curls were changed

to a plainer dreſs, and the ſhining locks were obliged to ſubmit to powder!—Cuſtom ſometimes claims our compliance with faſhion. Mrs. Heartfield wore white ſilk ſhoes, embroidered by Miſs Pelham; diamond buckles, preſented by the bridegroom, glittered at every ſtep. The bride was obliged to go to dinner without her veiled bonnet; how beauteous ſhe looked!——Her varying lovely complexion, and ſky-coloured ſtarry robe, made me think ſhe looked alternately

> Reſplendant as the blaze of ſummer noon,
> Or the pale radiance of the midnight moon.
>
> POPE'S ODESSY.

Major Heartfield, alſo, changed his apparel to full dreſs regimentals; the white beautifully ornamented ſword knot drew admiration. I think the Major the fineſt man I ever ſaw!——*indeed* I do Mamma!—I do no injuſtice to Mr. Campden when I aſſert my opinion!—Mr. Campden is equal to the Major, in every intellectual accompliſh-

compliſhment; in perſon only he is ſomewhat inferior: but of what conſequence is that, when the mind is ſo very fair?——Dr. Chainer, who married our friends, dined at Mr. Digby's ——no other company was invited, except Mrs. Harley, an aunt of Eliza, who is very fond of her. We did not ſeparate till after ſupper, which was ſerved at nine o'clock, and at ten Major and Mrs. Heartfield went in their new coach to Bath Eaſton. An elderly perſon, who was Eliza's nurſe, lives with her now, and had, with other ſervants, been in the houſe ſeveral days, to have every thing in readineſs.——Mrs. Digby, myſelf, and Miſs Heartfield, went in Mr. Digby's chariot, which returned.—ſo did the coach, in order to bring Miſs Brilliant and Miſs Pelham, next evening, when Mrs. Digby went home. This ſcheme was kindly contrived by the Major.——No doubt Eliza was much obliged to him.

I ſhall write again as ſoon as the amiable couple have made their appearance, which will be in three weeks.—You are going to Windſor, ſo will not expect a letter till your return; pray tell me, when you anſwer this, how long you mean to ſtay.—What will my Papa do in your abſence, now Mr. Wingham and he are at variance?——Pray be ſo good to tell me if Cleopatra ſtill keeps up her haughtineſs.——I could have forgiven her if ſhe had ſubmitted; but her determined continuance in her fault, has quite eſtranged me from her.

I am,

Dear Mamma,

Your dutiful, &c. &c.

M. EGLANTINE.

Bath Eaſton.

LET-

LETTER XV.

Mrs. Eglantine to Miſs Eglantine.

Ramſbury July, 179[illegible].

MY DEAR CHILD,

I THANK you kindly for both your dutiful letters; but particularly the laſt, which contained the account of an event in which I am ſo much intereſted.—Pray give my ſincere love to the amiable Mrs. Heartfield; tell her I congratulate, and wiſh her as much happineſs as this world can afford to mortal; and long life to enjoy it!—Mine, and your father's beſt compliments attend the worthy Major; —and preſent, as you know how, my reſpects, &c. to thoſe to whom they are due.

It has been an unſpeakable happineſs to me, Mary, that you met with and loved Eliza!—I think her friendſhip has done more, in forming your young heart to virtue, than even my inſtructions!—— There is a ſomething that young people

ple acquire from an acquaintance, which mothers cannot give!——I hope I have always deſerved your confidence; yet in matters of affection, where the oppoſite ſex are concerned, the heart ſeeks one of more congenial ſentiments to unboſom itſelf to!——I knew Eliza's tried integrity; therefore imparted all my hopes, relative to you and Mr. Campden, with intereſted motives, that by her means I might find out the movements of your mind.——She acted as became her character; ſhe kept your ſecret, yet told me her ſuſpicions!

The misjudging part of the world, Mary, would ſtyle Eliza a prude, *that* is a deſpicable, becauſe unnatural, character; but I hope, my dear, you will always be able to diſtinguiſh between *Prudery* and *Imprudence*. Eliza has ſupported her character with honour. She is equally remote from *Prudery* and *Coquetry!*—How dangerous, how deteſtable, the latter is, Miſs Wingham's conduct has ſufficiently ſhewn!—I ſcarce know

know how to account for the vaſt difference between Eliza and Miſs Wingham!——We ſay that miſplaced indulgence on the part of Cleopatra's parents did the miſchief with *her*;—but were not Eliza's as indulgent to their only child?——And were not both educated by the ſame inſtructreſs, good Mrs. Precept?—How then can we account for it?—I muſt not ſay vice was in Miſs Wingham, innate or born with her; that would be laying the fault on Nature, who would direct all her children right, were they to follow her dictates. Good and evil are equally placed before us, and Providence has endowed us with reaſon, to diſtinguiſh right from wrong; as the brute creation, with inſtinct, to keep them from ſuch things as are hurtful.——In many parts, abroad, the traveller is directed to ſhun poiſonous fruits, by obſerving that the birds eat not thereof; and as thoſe little animals partake of the care of Heaven, can we ſuppoſe that our all gracious Protector would

would ſuffer us to run into danger, or to be the ſlaves of vice, without giving us a guide to point out the right path, and to know the tyrant?—Conſcience is an unerring guide!—Her admonitions begin as ſoon as reaſon dawns!—It is a ſimple way that many parents have of excuſing the errors of young children (and I fear poor Mrs. Wingham will repent it) by ſaying, "Poor things, what can you expect! they are but babies; they will know better as they grow older!"—Thus an infantine fault is ſuffered to mature itſelf, till it becomes too predominant to be eraſed; and the parent then declares, it would have been of no conſequence to have reſtrained the child at any time, becauſe ſhe is ſure it was quite in its nature. In my opinion, little children are full as capable of judging on ſuch ſubjects as they underſtand, as thoſe of a more advanced age. A child who has once been told it is cruel to tear off the wings of a fly, knows it is wrong, and if he afterwards attempts it, it is from

from obſtinacy,—not that it is his naure to be cruel!——The all wiſe Creator certainly never formed a human being *naturally* wicked!

We are ſituated as it were between Virtue and Vice who are co..inually at variance, and ſtriving to gain us to their opinions; there is no the moſt trivial occurrence in our lives, in which they do not both exert their power. To one or other we muſt incline, and though Virtue has Conſcience to plead her cauſe, yet Vice too frequently prevails. Such has been the caſe with Miſs Wingham. Kind Nature had done her part, and gave to Cleopatra, Senſe, Judgment, and Beauty;—but ſhe has made a wrong uſe of ſuch liberal yet dangerous preſents, and muſt ſuffer for the perverſion.

I could not reſiſt giving you my opinion, Mary, on this ſubject, though, I thank Heaven, I have no fears on your account. I never praiſed you much, my love, while I thought it poſſible for

your

your young heart to ſtray from my precepts, but now I think your principles are fixed, I may with as much ſafety as joy, aſſure my dear child, that ſhe is the delight and comfort of her

Fond Mother, and

true Friend,

ANNA EGLANTINE.

P. S.—I wrote to dear Leonard yeſterday, and informed him of Miſs Digby's marriage; therefore, as I ſuppoſe you are much engaged, you will have no occaſion to ſend him a fuller account at preſent.

I ſhall go to Windſor next week, my ſtay will be a fortnight. Do not trouble yourſelf to write to me again till my return, except you have any thing particular to relate. You know my addreſs.—Adieu, my dear girl.

A. E.

LETTER XVI.

Miſs Cottrell to Miſs Eglantine.

MY DEAR MISS EGLANTINE,

Ramſbury, July, 1791.

PURSUANT to your Mamma's requeſt, and my own inclination, I employ my pen, in her abſence, to relate a circumſtance which will ſurprize you. Miſs Wingham is married!——You ſtart, no doubt, at the news; it has aſtoniſhed us all, and more ſo from the manner of it. —It is now a fortnight ſince ſhe called on me one evening, and, in a confidential manner, related the diſpute which had happened between your family and hers. She intreated me to accompany her on an excurſion to Brighton, where ſhe was going with a party, who were to ſtay a few nights in London; and as their town-houſe was then painting, they were

to

to ſleep at the Adelphi Hotel; Mrs. Wingham was of the party; I cannot account for Cleopatra's civility to me, and was much aſtoniſhed at the invitation! In the courſe of converſation, Miſs W——— ſaid, that much as ſhe had always declared againſt matrimony, at an early age, ſhe was then determined to accept the firſt elegant man that ſhould offer, if it was merely to be revenged on Miſs Eglantine, who, ſhe ſuppoſed, thought ſhe would now be quite deſerted!——Your Mamma had told me, that ſhe wiſhed to make you think I had rivalled you in amiable Mr. Campden's affections, though I never ſaw him till the evening you was ſo good to invite me.——Oh, my dear Miſs Eglantine, how greatly indebted are my mother and me to that generous gentleman, and to your bountiful father and brother!——How earneſtly I wiſh the return of my brother, to tell the intereſting circumſtance!——But I was going to inform you, that Miſs Wingham aſſured me

Mr.

Mr. Campden ſpoke highly in my praiſe, and ſaid ſhe ſhould by no means think me wrong to keep up a conſtant intimacy with you, that I might with propriety viſit you, when that gentleman returns from Italy, adding that he had a fine fortune, was very ſuſceptible, and that ſhe had an idea his attentions to you were more in conſequence of his friendſhip for your brother, and reſpect for your parents, than love!——In ſhort, it would take up too much time to recount the directions ſhe gave me how to act, in order to ſupplant my amiable friend in the affections of her lover!

I told her, in a few words, that a young woman, in my humble ſituation, and who had lately loſt an indulgent, tender parent, had other views to conſider than how to become a coquette; and that I muſt entirely depart from the principles inculcated by my fond father, before I could become the enemy of an amiable acquaintance, and eſpecially of her who had proved herſelf my benevolent and zealous

lous friend!—And, in regard to her invitation, I told her it would not be ſhewing much affection for my grief-worn mother, if I could accept it.—You will think I did not behave politely;—how could I, when I knew of her conduct to my dear Miſs Eglantine? My kind and generous friend!—She left me in diſpleaſure, ſaying, Miſs E——— and myſelf were much of a piece, and ſhe was ſorry ſhe had condeſcended to invite me!—They had been gone a week, when Mrs. Wingham returned to Ramſbury, the day before your Mamma ſet off for Windſor.—Mrs. Wingham wrote to my Mamma;—ſhe uſed to be intimate with us before my dear Papa's death, though ſince ſhe has taken but little account of either my Mamma or me! her letter was full of ſorrow, on her daughter's account, and ſhe then ſhewed, in words, ſome compaſſion for my Mamma's ſufferings, ſaying, that as ſhe was a ſiſter in ſorrow, it gave her ſome comfort to impart her grief; informed her that Cleopatra had eloped,

eloped, on the fourth day after their arrival at the hotel, with a gentleman who made an acquaintance with them the firſt day.—He had been twice to Ranelagh with her daughter, once to the Italian opera, and once to an exhibition of paintings in Pall Mall!—She truſted, ſhe ſaid, to her daughter's prudence, and, as the gentleman bore an excellent character from the miſtreſs of the hotel, ſhe had no ſcruples concerning him! On the day Mrs. Wingham ſet out for Ramſbury, which was the morning of Cleopatra's elopement, ſhe found a letter from her daughter, on her dreſſing table, ſuppoſed to have been laid there the night before. —She opened and read, with aſtoniſhment, that her daughter was gone off early that morning for Scotland, with the gentleman before mentioned!—Mrs. Wingham has not diſcloſed his name, nor family, but ſays, according to his own account, he is a man of large fortune, very inſinuating in his manners, and very handſome!——Mrs. Wingham would, I

ſee,

ſee, ſoon be reconciled to the match, but Mr. W——— is inflexible!—He has received a letter from his daughter, ſince her marriage.—She is ſtill in town, and he has replied to her with the utmoſt ſeverity;—declares he will never ſee her more, and that every ſhilling deſigned for her, ſhall now be will'd to his nephew! ——What will become of her, Miſs Eglantine, if her huſband's love ſhould cool? —She will at laſt, perhaps, become the object of pity, even by thoſe ſhe would have injured!—Time will not allow me to write more; therefore, dear Miſs Eglantine, do me the favour to preſent my reſpectful regards to all the ladies who honoured me with ſo much attention, during their viſit to you; but particularly to Miſs Heartfield, who ſo tenderly condoled with my mother.—She having loſt an affectionate friend, knew how to feel for others! It was remarkably fortunate, I think, that Major Heartfield ſhould bring his ſiſter, juſt on the very day you paſſed at our houſe, otherwiſe it might have

have been long 'ere I had ſeen either him or his gentle ſiſter!—How I rejoice in Miſs Digby's happineſs! She is fit for the wife of an officer; becauſe ſhe has an heroic mind!—You and I, Miſs Eglantine, are more calculated for private life.——I don't think you could have ſaid of Mr. Campden, had he been in the army,—" Go forth my warlike Major!" I fear I could not part with a huſband eaſily, if I were married to an officer. I know I ſhould wiſh him to ſell his commiſſion, and live with me; but, I muſt own, I think Miſs Digby's heroiſm is much more praiſe-worthy, and deſerves to be imitated!—Once more, my dear Miſs Eglantine, I bid you adieu, and that all happineſs may await you, is the earneſt wiſh of your

Moſt obliged,

and ſincere friend,

LAVINIA COTTRELL.

P. S.—We have heard nothing yet from my dear brother.

LETTER XVII.

Miſs Eglantine to Miſs Cottrell.

Bath Eaſton.

I AM heartily glad, my dear Miſs Cottrell, that I have behaved impolitely to you, in not anſwering your friendly and obliging letter ſooner, becauſe the delay has given me an opportunity of inſerting a circumſtance with which you will be infinitely intereſted; but I will not tell you, at the beginning of my letter, becauſe if I do, you will probably omit reading any farther. Now don't be impatient, but read on regularly, and you will ſoon come to the end.——We are all amazement on Miſs Wingham's altered ſtate. Mrs. Heartfield rejoices. —Miſs Brilliant, who is partial to my brother (which I believe I told you) is in extacy, as ſhe thinks now her hopes have a ſtronger foundation.——I ſhall be glad too, if ſhe has met with a huſband who will reform her; but, ill as ſhe has acted, it would grieve me to hear ſhe was married

married unhappily, and exiled from her father!——However, I think ſhe was, while ſingle, ſo dangerous a young lady, that it may perhaps be a fortunate event, both for herſelf and acquaintances!—— I cannot imagine who ſhe has married! —I ſhould have gueſſed Singleton; but, by your letter, it appears he is a ſtranger!——If you hear any thing farther, pray, *charming* Lavinia (I ſhall always call you *charming*) let me know immediately.———And now let me give comfort to you, and your excellent mother, by telling you, that your worthy brother, dear *Leo*'s friend, Lieutenant Cottrell, is now in the ſame room with me, and deſires me to inſert his moſt dutiful and filial love to your mother, and brotherly regards to you, though it is probable his letter and mine will arrive at once, for he has juſt ſealed his; but I will aſk him to defer ſending it till to-morrow, that I may be the firſt relater of the glad tidings!———Now, pray, Lavinia, do not be in a fidget to know how

how he happened to be at Major Heartfield's; what does it ſignify *how* it happened?—He is here, and will ſoon be ſomewhere elſe, then he may tell you all himſelf; however, as I have time, and am juſt in the humour for it, I will be before-hand with him, and firſt aſk you, if you think it any thing ſurpriſing that a Major in the army, and a Lieutenant in the navy, ſhould be acquainted?—If it is, juſt ſuch a ſurpriſing circumſtance has happened between Major Heartfield and your brother, who it ſeems met together in the ſame ſhip, when the former laſt went out; they were one month on the ſea together, and in that time contracted an intimacy. It is remarkable, that on the day Major H—— dined at your houſe, your brother was not mentioned; and I do not remember that your Mamma was particularly addreſſed by her name; or if ſhe was, the Major did not obſerve it. I know when he came in with my Papa and Miſs Brilliant, we were juſt ſeated at dinner, ſo that no particu-

particular introduction paſſed on either ſide, my Papa ſaying, Madam, I have brought you another viſitor, excluded all ceremony, and you was every time addreſſed by the ladies as Miſs Lavinia, becauſe they are all admirers of Thomſon, and like your name. But I keep you too long in ſuſpence.——Attend then, and I will tell you all.——It is now a week ſince Major H——— received a letter from your brother, dated from Holyhead. He had read in the papers of his marriage, and wrote to congratulate him.——When the Major gave the letter to Mrs. Heartfield, ſhe ſaid to me, with amazement, after peruſing it,

Oh, Maria! how you will rejoice, ſweet Lavinia's brother is at Holyhead! ——Then, turning to her huſband, ſaid, My dear Frederick (ſhe calls him Frederick when no one of conſequence is by) the very gentleman, who writes to you in this friendly manner, is the ſon of the lady at whoſe houſe you dined with me and Miſs Eglantine, when I was at Ramſbury.

Ramſbury.——I know it is the ſame, ſaid ſhe, becauſe he laments a father's death! —And in another place ſays,—How happy he ſhould have been to have given the hand of his ſiſter Lavinia to you, and to have called you *Brother!*—When I ſaw you paſs Mr. Brilliant's, ſaid Mrs. Heartfield, Miſs Brilliant deſcribed your character to me; and to enhance my opinion of your merit, told me you was juſt ſuch an amiable man as Lieutenant Cottrell!

Miſs Brilliant did me too much honour, Eliza, ſaid the Major; Lieutenant Cottrell is almoſt faultleſs!

Major Heartfield anſwered the letter immediately, and gave him a preſſing invitation to his houſe; he has been here three days. His intention was to have come directly to Ramſbury; but buſineſs among the ſhipping has prevented him, and accounts for his not writing. He will be with you, Lavinia, before this day week, and for particulars you muſt ſearch your brother's letter.——

With real joy for your approaching happy meeting, I ſubſcribe,

Dear Miſs Cottrell,

Your very ſincere and affectionate Friend,

MARY EGLANTINE.

P. S.—My reſpectful compliments to Mrs. Cottrell, and be ſo good to call on my Papa with my duteous greetings; tell him I will write to him in a few days. —Adieu!

LETTER XVIII.

Miſs Eglantine to Mrs. Eglantine.

Bath Eaſton, Aug. 91—

MY DEAR MAMMA,

AS I imagine you are by this returned to Ramſbury, I reſume my pen to welcome your return, and hope you have had a pleaſant excurſion. I have been much obliged to Miſs Cottrell, for her polite attention in your abſence. How unexpected

unexpected, and ſudden, was the news of Cleopatra's marriage; but how much more unexpected a circumſtance, you will think it, when I tell you, her huſband and ſhe are already parted!—Yes, Mamma, it is indeed true, that ſhe is now an unfortunate, widowed, wife!—You will be ſurpriſed that the knowledge of this event has ſo ſhortly reached me!—Incloſed is a letter I received from her yeſterday morning, about nine o'clock, which I beg you to read here, and then proceed to peruſe my letter.

Cleopatra writes as follows:

Briſtol Hot-Wells.

MY DEAR MISS EGLANTINE,

TRUSTING to the compaſſionate gentleneſs of your nature; your early ſchoolmate, late enemy, and unfortunate acquaintance, the unhappy Cleopatra, now ſues to you for advice, protection, and conſolation!——Too late, amiable Maria, I repent my paſt unjuſtifiable conduct towards you, and your moſt worthy family!——I know you could always feel

for the penitent, whatever the fault; and have hope that you will "quite forget *my* vices in my woe;" for woe, moſt keen, is now my lot, and I fear will be permanent! My thoughtleſs proceedings—my marriage is now no ſecret!—You have probably heard it from my mother, or my angry father may have publiſhed it, or you may have read it in the papers!——Alas, Maria, it was a fatal ſtep!—I was on the brink of a precipice, without a guide; my foot ſlipped! I was caught in the arms of a military officer!—We wandered about, a ſhort time, pleaſed with each other! Our manners ſeemed to correſpond! He was gay, rich, and handſome; he ſaid he loved, and I believed him!—I told him my expectations, as an only daughter, were conſiderable; and that my parents were indulgent to my every wiſh!—He viſited us at the Adelphi Hotel; my Mamma liked him, and likewiſe confirmed what I had ſaid relative to my fortune!—But we were reſolved to be ſure of each

other. He propoſed a trip to Scotland; I agreed.——We left Mamma, went off poſt for Gretna Green, and were married!—I had plenty of clothes with me, as I had prepared for a long ſtay at Brighton.——We returned to London, and, for a fortnight, revelled in all the gaiety of the metropolis!——My huſband introduced me to perſons of the firſt faſhion, and ſeemed charmed with my behaviour to them!—We were in elegant lodgings near St. James's Park.—Lucy, who lived with me at Ramſbury, went with me to Scotland, and has been my beſt friend ever ſince.—I ſincerely wiſh ſhe had not been faithful to me, but had diſcovered, to my mother, the intended ſcheme!—then I might, ſome time or other, have taſted of joy, which now I fear is for ever fled!—At the end of a fortnight, I wrote to my father, but heavens!——What an anſwer returned!—He has threatned to leave his whole fortune to my firſt couſin, on whom he had fixed for my huſband! From the hour I

received that letter, I perceived a coolneſs take place on the part of my ſpouſe; he talked to me of Imprudence—of Pride ——of Vanity.——Diſtreſſed me with the keeneſt epithets of diſpleaſure! Keen indeed, Maria, they were to me, becauſe I loved, and do love him!——I would ſubmit to almoſt any terms to be reſtored to favour, and to live with him! —It is but three days ſince he left me at this place: he brought me here under pretence of taking me with him to Ireland, where, he ſays, his friends reſide; and where, in caſe of his recall abroad, I might find protection till my father relents! I thought this a kind offer, and gratefully thanked him. But how was I deceived!——It is no longer ago than yeſterday that I received a ſhort letter from him, after having left me the day before to dine with a large party. He did not return to me, and his letter (informing me that he had, the preceding evening, loſt his whole eſtate at a gaming table), adviſed me to conſider my ſitu-

ation, and return to my father; aſſuring me, that he could not, under preſent circumſtances encumber his family in Ireland with more than himſelf, who had too much reaſon to fear rejection!—I had a fifty pound note in my pocket, when I left my father's, which is now ſix weeks;—alas, my dear Miſs Eglantine, I have now but five guineas left!—My huſband laviſhed money on me profuſely, during our ſtay in London, and I ſpent it as thoughtleſsly!—He has not now encloſed, or conveyed to me, the leaſt aſſiſtance, and cruelly conceals from me his preſent reſidence!—Tells me it is to our mutual intereſt to ſeparate, and concludes with wiſhing he had never ſeen me!

Pity me, if poſſible, moſt amiable Miſs Eglantine; write me a line, deareſt Maria, with your own hand, and tell me what I ſhall do!—I cannot, muſt not, go to my father!—I have written to my Mamma, but ſhe has not deigned to anſwer me! O that I could hope for the interpoſition

interpoſition of your friends in my favour!—But that is impoſſible!——Why does my huſband diſcard me!——If I have been imprudent, I am his wife, and am inclined to perform, to the utmoſt, the ſolemn promiſe I have made him!—To be ſeparated from *him* is worſe than every other misfortune which follows my imprudence!——I am at the Rock Houſe, at Briſtol, and knowing you were to be two months at Mr. Digby's, I direct my letter there. I would willingly ſeek Miſs Digby's forgiveneſs, but cannot hope!—I remain,

Dear Miſs Eglantine,
Your unfortunate, &c.
CLEOPATRA SKIRMISH.

As I peruſed the recital of Cleopatra's diſtreſs, every feeling of reſentment decreaſed, till it gave way for compaſſion, which poſſeſſed me wholly!——I ſhed a torrent of tears over her letter, and heartily commiſſerated her forlorn ſituation!——I received her letter while I was dreſſing

dreſſing; I haſtened to the breakfaſt parlour; none but the Major and Mrs. Heartfield were preſent. I begged Eliza to read the Letter, without ſaying from whom I received it, and the Major politely withdrew.——She concluded, as I had done, that it muſt be the very Captain Skirmiſh, of whom mention was made in Eliza's letters to me, who had married Miſs Wingham.

I pity and forgive her, ſaid dear Mrs. Heartfield!——What can we do, Maria, to comfort her?——Give me leave to ſhew the letter to the Major, he has often heard of Miſs Wingham, and will be the beſt perſon we can fix on to gain intelligence of her baſe huſband.

I went in queſt of him; he thought, by my countenance and moiſtened eyelids, that I had ſomething particular to communicate to Mrs. Heartfield, and had entertained Miſs Brilliant, &c. in the garden.

Your preſence and counſel, Sir, ſaid I, is requeſted by Mrs. Heartfield, on the ſubject

ſubject of an affecting letter I have juſt received. There is nothing in the contents that I wiſh to conceal from your amiable viſitors; therefore, I alſo beg their attendance, and breakfaſt waits.

During the repaſt, after each had expreſſed concern for the event, the Major moſt politely addreſſed Mrs. Heartfield:

As it is not poſſible, ſaid he, for Miſs Eglantine (ſuppoſing ſhe ſhould be ſucceſsful) to bring about a reconciliation between this young lady and her friends, in a very ſhort time; and as the unfortunate beauty muſt ſuffer extreme inconvenience in her preſent deſerted ſituation, I feel myſelf inclined to become her advocate; and am ſure my Eliza will not heſitate to offer her an aſſylum here, till we concert meaſures for her future eſtabliſhment, and till I can find out the retreat of her huſband!—If it is Captain Skirmiſh, he cannot long eſcape me!

What pleaſure ſparkled in Eliza's languiſhing eyes, as the Major's humanity thus diſcovered itſelf!——I am ſure ſhe would

would have embraced him, had no one been preſent!

I expected from your tenderneſs (ſaid ſhe to him) compliance with the requeſt I was going to make, which was your permiſſion to invite the lady here; but you generouſly anticipate all my wiſhes!

I thanked the Major, with tears of joy, and begged he would allow his ſervant to take a letter to Cleopatra.

I think, Miſs Eglantine, ſaid he, it would be moſt adviſeable for you to invite her perſonally; hearing of Mrs. Heartfield's marriage, and remembering the cauſe of her late diſpleaſure, ſhe may feel more reluctance againſt meeting you here than at Mr. Digby's; therefore, allow me the pleaſure of taking you in the phaeton, and of bringing "the fair penitent" back!

I knew not how, Mamma, to anſwer this politeneſs from the Major!

I ſaid I can never, Sir, ſufficiently teſtify the ſenſe I have of your laudable intentions, in behalf of my afflicted acquaintance,

quaintance, whoſe adverſe fortune makes me wiſh to claſp her to my boſom, as when I parted with her at ſchool; and again to call her friend!—Her letter proves, that though miſtaken principles miſguided her for a while, ſhe had the ſeeds of honour and affection in her heart!——She ſtill eſteems the companions of her joyous days, and *loves* the *huſband* who has deſerted her!——Poor Cleopatra!

The Major went out to order the carriage, and Miſs Brilliant, who had attentively liſtened to the account, ſaid, with a degree of forced gaiety,

Unfortunate Cleopatra! had her name, as ſhe obſerved, been Mary, Sarah, Elizabeth, or Ann, ſhe might not have had a turn for ſuch enterpriſing love intrigues as ſhe has *really* put in execution, and overturned, by this laſt *Skirmiſh*, all her former intentions!——Indeed, Miſs Eglantine, ſaid ſhe, I am heartily ſorry for her ſufferings, therefore, do not think me unfeeling, if I aſſure you, I

muſt

muſt ſtill rejoice, that this trip to Scotland was not with your engaging brother!

As ſhe ſpoke, the Major returned; told me the carriage would be ready in a few minutes, and I retired to put on my habit.

We ſet off at eleven o'clock, and had a pleaſant ride.——The Major did not alight; he told me he ſhould amuſe himſelf for an hour at the billiard-room, and would then call for me.

On enquiring for Mrs. Skirmiſh, the ſervant, who opened the door, ſent Lucy to me.——She knew me immediately, and looked aſtoniſhed!—Said her miſtreſs was ill, and was continually wiſhing to hear from me.

I went up ſtairs; the door of the dining-room was open. Lucy bade me walk in, and went up another pair of ſtairs, telling me Mrs. S——— was dreſſing. I, however, found my friend in the room as I entered.—She was ſeated on a ſopha, with her head reclined on her hand, and a cambric handkerchief thrown over

over her face. I thought ſhe was aſleep; ſhe had not heard me come in.——As Lucy came down again, I made a ſign to her not to come in, and ſhe underſtood her miſtreſs was there.——I retired to the paſſage, and ſat down on the ſtairs, fearing my preſence might ſurpriſe her, if ſhe ſhould ſuddenly remove her handkerchief.——I ſat ten minutes before ſhe moved, when, with a heavy ſigh, ſhe began to lament her ſituation:

Where ſhall I find a friend! ſaid ſhe; my huſband!—he who has ſolemnly vowed to be my protector—abandons me! —leaves me, young and inexperienced, to all the dangers of an enſnaring world!—My father exiles—my mother forgets me —and the tender-hearted Miſs Eglantine ſtill keeps up reſentment againſt me! ——Three days have paſſed ſince I wrote to her; ſure ſhe might, in that time, at leaſt have anſwered it, if ſhe could not forgive me!—But I deſerve her coldneſs; and perhaps Miſs Digby adviſes her to treat me with neglect and contempt!——

Ah!

Ah! where will my ſorrows (the conſequence of my folly) terminate!

I was extremely diſtreſſed at her complainings, and went down again to Lucy, deſiring her to appriſe Mrs. S——— of my arrival, without hurrying her too much.——Hearing I was really in the houſe, ſhe ran down, precipitately, and we met, and embraced with eagerneſs on the ſtairs!——She did not ſpeak for ſeveral minutes!——Tears and ſobs prevented her.—Lucy adviſed us to go up again, and ſupported her exhauſted miſtreſs, who again ſat down on the ſopha, and myſelf by her ſide, in ſilent ſympathy, and Lucy withdrew.

At length, turning to me, and taking my hand——I am overwhelmed, Miſs Eglantine, ſaid ſhe, with joy and ſhame, at this extreme condeſcenſion!—A written reply to my intreaties was all, and indeed more than I could have expected; but this perſonal attention to your enemy, exalts you to the higheſt place in my regard, and at the ſame time ſinks *me* even

even below myſelf, who am now reduced to almoſt nothing!

I ſtrove to comfort her.——Say no more of enmity, ſaid I; conſider me as your friend, and be aſſured I think you mine; I am ſure Cleopatra loves me, and I will exert all my powers to ſerve her! —I then informed her of Miſs Digby's marriage, of which ſhe had not heard.— It was with difficulty I could make her believe Mrs. Heartfield had really offered her an aſſylum, till I aſſured her the Major, her huſband, would call for us both to return with him. I apologized for not ſeeing her ſooner, by telling her, that her letter had been left at Mr. Digby's, and from thence ſent to Bath-Eaſton. The Major had deſired me to ſay nothing relative to his knowledge of Captain Skirmiſh, and I gave no hint.

Major Heartfield obligingly ſtaid half an hour beyond the time propoſed, which gave Mrs. S——— an opportunity of adjuſting affairs with her hoſteſs, and and leaving orders with Lucy to bring her

her portmanteau, &c. to her in the evening, by the ſtage.——Mrs. Heartfield had told me her ſervant ſhould be accommodated till ſhe could hear of another ſervice, or return with Mrs. S——, in caſe of her father's forgiveneſs. I was ſurpriſed to ſee Mrs. Skirmiſh diſcharge a bill of *twelve guineas*, when ſhe had ſaid in her letter, ſhe had only *five*; but ſhe told me, with grief, ſhe had been obliged to ſell a pair of very valuable ear-rings, the day before, to ſupply her empty purſe!

When all was ſettled, the Major arrived.—Mrs. Skirmiſh turned pale, and was much agitated, when ſhe deſired Lucy to invite him up ſtairs.——On his entrance ſhe attempted to ſpeak to him, but could not!—tears again broke forth!

Be compoſed, Madam, ſaid the Major, I ſhall be happy to be in the leaſt inſtrumental to your peace of mind, which I hope you will ſoon effectually recover!—With Mrs. Heartfield, the friend of Miſs Eglantine and yourſelf, you will find all,

that

that tenderneſs like hers can ſuggeſt, to render your ſituation (independent of your lamented loſs, which I hope will ſoon be reſtored) as agreeable as an amiable and ſelect ſociety can make it!——Favour me with your hand, Madam, ſaid he, and he led her to the carriage before ſhe could reply!——He handed us both in, and we returned to Mrs. Heartfield, who received her moſt kindly. The Major led her to Eliza, and left us.——Cleopatra fell on Mrs. Heartfield's neck, weeping.

How is it, dear Madam, ſaid ſhe, that an unhappy girl, who is deſerted by her huſband, almoſt diſowned, at leaſt diſinherited, by her father, and rejected even by her once too fond mother, finds refuge in the houſe of a lady from whom ſhe expected, as ſhe deſerved, nothing but ſcorn and averſion!——Amiable Mrs. Heartfield!—Affectionate Miſs Eglantine! (ſaid ſhe) how ſhall I ever requite ſuch goodneſs!—How ſhall I teſtify my gratitude

gratitude to the Major, who has granted protection to a worthleſs ſtranger!

My dear, Madam, ſaid Mrs. Heartfield, if you are determined to think more highly of our friendſhip than it can poſſibly deſerve, return the favour, (if there be any) by a perpetual ſilence on the ſubject of paſt events, which your preſent ſorrows have obliterated from the minds of your friends, who deſire no greater pleaſure than to ſee you reſtored to the ſociety you lament; and will exert their united endeavours to ſerve you.

Mrs. Heartfield then retired. Cleopatra again embraced me.

O, my deareſt Mary! (ſaid ſhe) could I but hope to be again united to, and reſtored to my huſband's love, I ſhould now think myſelf, for the firſt time, happy!

Mrs. Heartfield returned.——I have ordered dinner for our threeſelves, ſaid ſhe, in the drawing-room. We have ſome ladies viſiting here, to whom it

may be more agreeable to be introduced when this hurry of ſpirits has ſubſided.—Major Heartfield will be of their party, in the dining-parlour.

You are extremely kind, Madam, ſaid Mrs. Skirmiſh, it would indeed have been painful to me to have ſeen company, before I had recovered from this agitation; yet I ſhall be glad when I can apologize to your amiable huſband, for my ſeeming inattention. I believe I made no reply to his moſt polite and friendly offers!

Indeed you did, Patty, ſaid I; you told him, once for all, that he was ALL GOODNESS! and I think that was ſaying a great deal.

She ſmiled, as I ſpoke jocoſely, and by degrees, we made her chearful!—Her greateſt ſorrow ſeems to be the ſeparation from her huſband.

He knows not how I love him, Miſs Eglantine, ſaid ſhe (ſeveral times) or he would let me ſhare his fate, good or ill.

Major

Major Heartfield ſeems determined, if poſſible, to bring about a re-union; and I intreat you, my dear Mamma, to uſe all your influence with my Papa, to write to Mr. Wingham.—How cruel it is to abandon his child!—Why did he not uſe the authority of a parent while her principles were unfixed?—Why did Mr. and Mrs. W——— overlook all her faults, when ſhe wanted their guidance? And why do they ſo ſeverely condemn her, when their own miſmanagement has probably cauſed her error?—At leaſt, why do they not forgive her, when ſhe has, with ſo much true humility, implored them?——I am ſure *my* Papa would never have with-held his pardon from *me*, whatever the fault had been!

The Major joined us after dinner.—Miſs B———, &c. went out to tea, ſo that Mrs. Skirmiſh ſaw none but ourſelves till the evening; it was duſk, and ſhe was introduced without confuſion!—She does not ſuppoſe either of the ladies are acquainted with her paſt conduct, with regard

regard to me and Leonard, and converſes with them on different topics, but her ſpirits are very low indeed!—Miſs Brilliant is attentively kind to her; thinks her more beautiful than ever, and ſaid to me this morning,

I am ſorry for the *cauſe* on which I build my hopes with your brother, Miſs Eglantine; for, moſt aſſuredly, it is Mrs. Skirmiſh's *marriage* to which I am indebted. Had ſhe been ſingle now, and amiable Leonard had ſeen her, he could not have withſtood ſo much beauty, elegance, and engaging manners!

Had ſhe been ſingle, now, Miſs Brilliant, ſaid I, ſhe would not have poſſeſſed, in ſo high a degree, the latter qualification. Her *engaging manners* owe their birth to adverſity, which has mellowed her diſpoſition; or, if I may ſo ſpeak, annalized it, and left only the pure remains of Virtue, which Nature implanted, and of which Proſperity would have robbed her.

Mrs.

Mrs. Skirmiſh, and Mrs. Heartfield, have been alone all this morning; I told the former I ſhould dedicate my time, till dinner, to her affairs, and intreat my Mamma's interpoſition; ſhe told me to requeſt your acceptance of her beſt wiſhes, and hopes your maternal tenderneſs will prompt you to forgive her failings, and become her pleader!

I have been ſo taken up with the affairs of Mrs. Skirmiſh, that I have not had an opportunity to give you an account of Major and Mrs. Heartfield's appearance on Sunday, at the abbey.—— It was very ſplendid, and both were much admired; you know what a lovely woman Eliza is, and I deſcribed her wedding dreſs. She could not look more beautiful, therefore excuſe me if I do not enter into particulars.—Her gown was of very fine muſlin, ſprigged with very ſmall ſilver ſpriggs, and lined with lilach Perſian; the reſt of her dreſs was ſuitably elegant. The Major wore regimentals. As for ourſelves, we were of courſe

courſe inferior; yet, altogether, we made no mean appearance in Eliza's train!—I believe I did not tell you that Mrs. Digby was not preſent when her daughter was married. She, however, went with us to church.

I beg you to inform ſweet Lavinia of Mrs. Skirmiſh's misfortune.—I would write myſelf, but am at preſent, and ſhall be for ſome time, very much engaged with Mrs. Heartfield, who has a large circle of acquaintances herſelf, and the Major's connections are numerous. On the preſent occaſion, you may be ſure, they are not remiſs in their attendance. —— Perhaps Mrs. Cottrell may have ſome influence with Mrs. Wingham. I ſuppoſe the Lieutenant has paid my Papa a viſit. I ſhould not be ſurpriſed to ſee him here again, ſoon; we are all of opinion that he is ſmitten with the gentle, lovely, Suſan Heartfield; and ſhe owns he is the moſt charming man ſhe ever ſaw!—Lieutenant Cottrell had flattered himſelf with a hope of introducing Major

jor Heartfield to Lavinia; ſaying, it would have made him happy to have called him brother; ſo, if Suſan and he ſhould at laſt be united, the Major and Lieutenant may ſtill be brothers; and Lavinia will then have an agreeable ſiſter, and one whom ſhe already greatly eſteems!—I beg the favour of a ſpeedy anſwer, and may our endeavours be crowned with ſucceſs!——Pray preſent my duty to dear Papa, tell him I fully intended writing to him, but knowing you muſt be returned by this, I could not help addreſſing you; and, then as I had ſo much to ſay on matrimonial, and ſuch ſubjects, you know Mamma, I could not ſo well impart all to my Papa, and I well know he will excuſe me. I ſincerely hope you have found no ill effects from your journey, and remain, with true affection,

Your very obedient Daughter,

MARY EGLANTINE.

LETTER XIX.

Miſs Eglantine to Mrs. Eglantine.

A WHOLE week is paſt, and no letter from Ramſbury!—Cleopatra is hopeleſs, and I begin to fear; yet I ſtrive to keep up her ſpirits; write, on the receipt of this, however, my dear Mamma, and let me know Mr. Wingham's determination. Was it not for the gloom in which Mrs. Skirmiſh is every day more deeply involved, (having heard nothing yet of her huſband) this houſe would be the abode of chearfulneſs!—We have now a viſitor here, whoſe preſence gave pleaſure to the whole family!—Two days ſince, we were all at breakfaſt, and the Major, looking forward, ſaid, who have we here, Mrs. Heartfield?—There is an early viſitor, and a ſtranger to me, ſtepping out of a poſt-chaiſe.——Mrs. Heartfield, and I, looked at the window; I own I felt my colour

colour depart from my face, and involuntarily exclaimed,

Good Heavens!—My dear Eliza, it's Mr. Campden!

Mrs. Skirmiſh ſeemed agitated, and looking in her turn,

No, no, Miſs Eglantine, ſaid ſhe, that gentleman is not Mr. Campden; I ſee too plainly who it is, and immediately left the room.

The trees, and your heads, ſaid Miſs Brilliant, have deprived me of *my right* to gaze; but, by the emotions of Mrs. Skirmiſh, I have a notion it is her huſband, and ſhe has left us.

The Major had left the room to conduct the ſtranger, who was making many apologies in the hall.—I juſt recollected his voice, when the Major, opening the door announced Mr. Leonard Eglantine!

Before I could ſpeak to my brother, I juſt turned my head to Miſs Brilliant, and was ſtruck with the viſible confuſion in her countenance!—Neither trees, nor heads, deprived her *then* of her right

to

to gaze; yet ſhe did not attempt to look at Leonard; and when ſhe caught my eyes, ſhe haſtily turned aſide her own, while alternate lilies and roſes on her cheek, proclaimed outwardly the inward ſenſations of her mind! Leonard did not immediately ſee her; he addreſſed Mrs. Heartfield.

My unexpected intruſion, here, Madam, ſaid he, will, I hope, be excuſed, when I aſſure you, I could not withſtand the deſire of being witneſs to, as well as hearing of, your happineſs!—My mother and ſiſter have given me ſuch intereſting accounts of Major Heartfield's bravery and humanity, that I was alſo extremely anxious to introduce myſelf to ſo noble a character!—I fixed no time for this viſit; but having laſt night a party of my fellow-collegiates to ſup with me, we moved the bottle briſkly, and forgot that there ever was ſuch a word as *night* in our language. The morning dawned; and my companions dropped aſleep.—Egad, ſaid I, I will this morning

make no more libations to *Bacchus*, but leave him and his votaries, take a trip to Bath, and pay my reſpects to *Mars* and *Venus*.

Mrs. Heartfield welcomed him moſt ſincerely, and I ſaw the Major conſidered him with pleaſure! Leonard then turned, took my hand, and affectionately enquired after my health, your's, and my Papa's.—I was ſtanding, and Miſs Brilliant concealed herſelf behind me; as I ſat down he perceived her, ſtarted, changed colour, and bowed low!

This is an additional pleaſure, Madam, ſaid he, beyond my expectation! —I hope all your friends are well?

If ever Miſs Brilliant looked fooliſh, it was at that moment; and Leonard loſt a great part of his volubility!—He became ſerious the moment he ſaw Miſs Brilliant!

Your preſence, Mr. Eglantine, ſaid Mrs. Heartfield, cauſed great conſternation; there is a young lady, very near you,

you, who immediately declared it was Mr. Campden!—Leonard joked me.

Sure, ſiſter, ſaid he, it was not my coat that occaſioned that ſuppoſition, was it?——You muſt have thought Campden very frugal, indeed, if he had kept his old green coat till now; but, continued Leonard, a ſlight circumſtance, without the interference of our judgment, ſometimes makes us expreſs ourſelves heedleſsly! Had you reflected from whence Lionel's laſt letter to you was dated, you muſt have thought he had wings to have been here already!—I will not ſay, Mary, you ſpoke without thought, you really *thought* it *was* Campden, I have not a doubt; ſo you only ſpoke without judgment.

Love, Mr. Eglantine, ſaid the Major, often tranſports us, as it were, to diſtant countries!—Why ſhould it not be allowed the power of bringing a beloved object from an immenſe diſtance *to us?*

Mrs. Heartfield kindly checked my brother.——You proceed, Sir, ſaid ſhe,

too far on that ſubject with your ſiſter; as it happens there are none preſent who are not acquainted with her attachment to the excellent Mr. Campden, or you would have confuſed her not a little.

Leonard begged my pardon; and, to make amends, as he ſaid, for my diſappointment in not ſeeing Mr. Campden inſtead of himſelf, gave me a letter he lately received from him, telling me he knew *that* would ſeal his pardon, if he had offended!

I put the letter in my pocket, and went to Mrs. Skirmiſh, who was weeping in her chamber!——Come, my dear Patty, ſaid I, let me perſuade you to ſee my brother.—I will call him from the company, and privately inform him you are here, and of your marriage.——She could not be perſuaded!

What pleaſurable days were thoſe, ſaid ſhe, when I was the object of your brother's civility!—I do not ſay love!—he could not be inſpired with a ſteady paſſion

paſſion for ſuch a coquette as I;—yet he was tender, kind, and honourable!——How will he treat me now?——I cannot expect all the Eglantine family to be like ſweet Maria!—Excuſe me, my dear, ſaid ſhe; I cannot venture to come in the preſence of your brother, till he is properly prepared to ſee me, and inclined to forgive!

I returned and told Lucy, who is here, that her miſtreſs would breakfaſt in her own room. I ſoon finiſhed mine, and ſat with her, while ſhe pretended to take her's; but poor Cleopatra ſcarce touched any!—Indeed ſhe grieves ſo exceſſively, that I dread the conſequences, if her father and huſband continue inflexible. She appears more amiable every day, and her humility pains me!—As I left Mrs. Skirmiſh, I met Miſs Brilliant on the ſtairs.

Deareſt girl, ſaid ſhe, now come and ſet *me* to rights a bit, for this captivating brother of your's has ſet us all in a ſtrange buſtle! I am in as much confuſion

ſion as poor Mrs. Skirmiſh can be!—— I was ſo aſtoniſhed when I ſaw him come in, that my heart has *pelted* away juſt like a cherry-clack ever ſince; and when it will be quiet again, I am ſure I cannot tell.—How handſome! How chearful! How polite! How eaſy he is! How ſmilingly he bowed to the ladies, unknown to him!—Even Caroline, who has not ſaid a civil word concerning any one, ſince Thanet Linus married, exclaimed:

O, Miſs Brilliant, how happy I am that *amiable* youth is come!

I begged her to engage Miſs Heartfield, Pelham, &c. while I returned to Mrs. H——— and my brother, to relate Miſs Wingham's misfortune.—She kindly entertained them the whole morning, and I gave Leonard a full account of the affair. He was affected, and, I thought, agitated; ſaid little more, than that he was ſorry for her!

Mrs. Heartfield left me when I gave Leonard her letter; however, I find he has

has been more explicit with her. When I quitted him to dreſs for dinner, Mrs. H——— took my place; my brother renewed the diſcourſe, frankly owned to her it was his intention to have paid his addreſſes openly to Cleopatra, notwithſtanding he could plainly perceive her mind and perſon would not bear the leaſt compariſon!——He however ſaid, that the moment he heard of her treachery to me, he was reſolved that abſence ſhould diſpel the charm which her beauty only had inſpired, and that he was determined never more to appear in her preſence, except accident ſhould bring her in his way.

As ſoon as I was dreſſed, I begged Mrs. Skirmiſh to accompany me down. She reluctantly complied. I was obliged to ſupport her, as ſhe advanced to my brother, who roſe, ſaluted her cheek, and handed her to a chair!—It was ſome minutes before ſhe ſpoke to him; and Leonard ſaid nothing on her entrance, but politely, How d'ye do, Madam?—

When

When her perturbation ceaſed, ſhe began to make acknowledgments of her conduct, which Leonard prevented, by ſaying,

As the little difference between you and my ſiſter, Madam, is at an end, you have every claim to my friendſhip. I beg you to believe I ſhall join, with Maria, my endeavours to reſtore you to paternal favour.

Thus ended the ſubject of enmity, of which Mrs. Skirmiſh will never, I am ſure, be reminded by any one here—and the converſation became general.—We left the drawing-room, and met the ladies, with Major Heartfield, in the dining-parlour.

My Brother and the Major were viſibly pleaſed with each other; they are both very chearful, and we were all enlivened by my brother's arrival; even Mrs. Skirmiſh ſeemed cheared!—Yet,

Grief is heavy at her heart!

A large party drank tea here yeſterday; Mrs. Skirmiſh excuſed herſelf, and Miſs Brilliant

Brilliant ſat with her till tea; Leonard was with them reading, while they worked. I am happy to obſerve his concern for the former, and peculiar attentions to the latter. Miſs Pelham was a ſtranger to moſt of the party, therefore was ſo kind to take Miſs Brilliant's place with Mrs. S——, till ſupper, when the company withdrew.

Cleopatra, who uſed to be the gayeſt of her companions, is now dejected and ſolitary!——She would ſequeſter herſelf even from me and Eliza, if we were not careful to interrupt her, and prevent her ſitting too long alone. It is ſurpriſing that Major Heartfield has not yet found out the abode of her huſband!—He is indefatigable!——I hope we ſhall have more ſucceſs from Ramſbury. I am anxious for an anſwer from you.

Having nothing more for my pen to perform at preſent worthy your attention, I refer you to the incloſed letter from Mr. Campden, for the farther employment of your leiſure hours. Leonard

nard allows me to ſend it, and deſires me to inſert his moſt filial regards to you and my Papa. Believe me ever, deareſt Mamma,

Your very affectionate

MARY EGLANTINE.

Mr. Campden to Leonard Eglantine, Jun. Eſq.

Florence, July, 1791.

DEAR LEONARD,

I KNOW not whether to accuſe or excuſe you. Are you idle, or are you ill?—To one of theſe cauſes I muſt impute your ſilence!—Hope tells me not to believe the latter.——It is idleneſs, then, Leonard, that has benumbed your fingers, and kept the ſentiments of your mind from expanding themſelves on paper for your friend to explore.——On my honour, Leo, there is but one cauſe which withholds me from treating you with the ſame neglect.——You have a lovely ſiſter!—I cannot retain even momentary reſentment

reſentment againſt the brother of the angelic Miſs Eglantine; ſo thank *her* for my lenity!—Write to me expeditiouſly; tell me you are well, and let the reſt of your letter dwell on the ſubject of future flattering proſpects. I cannot read it through, except the ſubject of your ſiſter animates your pen!—Even *your* correſpondence, Leonard, is inſipid, except one dear name frequently occurs, and gives, as it were, life and ſpirit to the paper.——I am in raptures while the idea of her merit and her beauty are preſent to my imagination; and when are they abſent?—Never!——Day and night ſhe is preſent with me!——I may ſay, with the bride in the Song of Solomon,—"I ſleep, but my *heart* waketh!" Lovely Maria is every moment near!—The time will ſhortly arrive, my friend, when I ſhall call *you brother*, and your charming beauteous ſiſter ——— forgive this extacy; I could not check it! ——To know that ſweet Miſs Eglantine not only admits my addreſſes, but,

under

under the ſanction of parental approbation, modeſtly owns an equal attachment, is a reflection too pleaſurable to be reſtrained. My parents and ſiſters rejoice, and the reflection that Leonard, my *friend*, the moſt valued companion of my college adventures, will thereby become my *relation*, is not the leaſt of my happineſs!——You will ſay my ſpirits riſe too high. Arrive, *Leo*, at the *ſame* degree of happineſs, and *then*, if you *can* ——tell me how to make them ſubſide! If *you* are not as much intoxicated with rapture as *myſelf*, I will ever after rank you the firſt of *Stoics!*

You muſt not expect, in my letters, any very particular deſcriptions of this beautiful and luxuriant country. Were I to begin, I ſhould not know when to end, and time will not allow me many half hours from the immediate cauſe of my Tour.—I, however, keep a Journal, and, at my return, ſhall lend it you. I always honoured Petrarch for his natural love of Italy; it is a glorious country; but, with

with all its beauties, all its advantages, not to ſay ſuperiorities, I think an *Engliſhman* muſt prefer *England!*——Let us allow every kingdom and nation its rightful ſuperiority, but let the love of our country be firm and predominant!—I am pleaſed with Goldſmith, when he enforces this ſentiment; ſpeaking of ſome mountaineers, or inhabitants of the barren rocks, he ſays:

> Ev'n the rude torrent, and the whirlwind's roar,
> But binds him to his native mountains more!

This kind of regard, or inanimate love, if I may ſo expreſs myſelf, diſcovers its influence in various inſtances. Whatever we call *our own*, poſſeſſes peculiar attractions, and diffuſes peculiar comforts!—The plodding plowman returns (after the toils of the day) to his expecting family, and ruſtic home, anticipating the domeſtic pleaſures ariſing from requiſite ceſſation from labour, and beholds his ruddy offſpring ſpread the coarſe napkin on the homely board, or eats his wholeſome milk with wooden

ſpoon

ſpoon, or bacon-raſher from his trencher, with as much delight and reliſh as Majeſty enters the royal palace, and, with a train of attendants, ſits down to partake of every luxury the ſeaſon affords!—But I do not agree, Leonard, with ſome writers, who aver that the peaſant is happier than the monarch!—" Nature has very kindly (with regard to happineſs) placed all her children upon a level;" ſhe has left them all equally liable to accident and misfortune. She has given them *all* (throughout the world) the ſame guide—Conſcience!—She allows them *all* (to try their fortitude) to approach near the dwelling of Temptation, and he has furniſhed them *all* (if they will make uſe of the preſent) with the means of reſiſtance!—She has imparted to *all*, " in neceſſary degrees," a " Knowledge of good and evil;" and given them a kind of pre-ſentiment of the conſequences of each!——It is ignorance to ſay, that the Peaſant is happier than the King, or the King happier than the Peaſant;

Peaſant; " God has annexed *Happineſs* to *Virtue*, and *Miſery* to *Vice*, by the unchangeable nature of things!"—A late writer has ſaid to this effect, " That one honeſt *poor* man, is worth all the crowned ruffians that ever the world produced!"—Every perſon will certainly agree with him there, of courſe; yet what does that ſentence imply?—Nothing farther than that one good man is better than a multitude of wicked ones!—— Will he not alſo allow, that one good *king* is better than all the low-bred, illiterate ruffians that ever the world produced?—Does he confine Vice to the wearer of crowns, and Virtue to him who ſows wheat, but cultivates tares?—Has he ſeen ſo little of the world, as not to have found Pride, Oſtentation, Deceit, and Fraud, in Poverty? and Humility, Charity, Magnanimity, and Meekneſs, in Proſperity?——If he has not obſerved the former, he has never known adverſity, and therefore, according to Seneca, " has ſeen the world

world but on one ſide, and is ignorant of half the ſcenes of nature!"—Who was the writer of the above remark I have not yet learned, nor is it of much conſequence. It ſeems to be ſome partiſan by its tendency; therefore I ſhall quit the ſubject, with this ſlight obſervation:——It is ſtrange to me, Leonard, that thoſe who call themſelves *Miniſterial* gentlemen, and thoſe who are *Oppoſitioniſts*, ſhould maintain ſuch an illiberal, unmanly inveteracy againſt each other! —Can they not adhere to their own principles, without condemning, or rather *hating* thoſe who differ from them!

Do you remember, Leonard, the unnatural encounter at Oxford, between Henry and George Bicker, becauſe the youngeſt, who was fond of faſhion, would wear a white beaver hat, while his brother, offended with the harmleſs fop, choſe to appear, as uſual, in a black one!--I always reflect with pleaſure, Leonard, on your ſpirited remonſtrances to the two combatants, on that deſpi-

cable battle, which could boaſt neither courage or propriety, nor be excuſed by urging, that it was cauſed by the provocation of *pride*, which Henry always imputed to poor George. I think Henry had as much pride, in wiſhing to be thought plain and downright in his dreſs and addreſs, as George had in his various colours and volatile converſation. But Harry could not approve the leaſt reply, when he choſe to diſapprove his brother's taſte; and you know George hated *ſubordination*. I have ever ſince, diſtinguiſhed the partiſans by the black beavers and the white; you know, Leonard, to which ſide I incline; and you, who know me well, will believe me when I declare, that I have the moſt ſincere regard for ſome of my friends, who are as warmly attached to an oppoſite intereſt. They are men of underſtanding and of amiable and tranquil diſpoſitions, who oppoſe only as they think it their *duty*, and as it appears right in *their* judg-

judgment; not from malicious and ſeditious motives. I condemn thoſe of my *own* ſide, who carry their political opinions to unjuſtifiable heights. I deſpiſe the *furious* politician, even though I like the cauſe; I value the calm *oppoſer*, while I regret that he is ſo!——But I have done with politics for the preſent, to inform you that we have now at Florence a celebrated beauty, who has, I fear, drawn many lovers from their miſtreſſes, I hope not many huſbands from their wives; yet report ſays it is ſo.—She is a married lady, of immenſe fortune; beautiful beyond expreſſion or deſcription; very faſhionable; extremely witty, and of moſt inſinuating (I had almoſt ſaid) irreſiſtible manners!——For my own part, Leonard, I am ſafe—I love!—I ſincerely love Miſs Eglantine!——No beauty on earth has charms ſufficiently attractive to draw my engaged, enraptured heart from an object ſo every way formed to captivate and fix the moſt permanent affection!—O, Leonard, what a palpitation has

has this moment ſeized me!—I have reſted ſince I wrote the enchanting name of *Eglantine*, the ſight or ſound of which has a powerful influence on my whole frame!—Deareſt Mary! lovely Maria! happy was the hour in which thy worthy brother introduced me to thy loved ſociety!—Satisfactory was every moment ſpent with thee, thou pattern of feminine virtue!—Gentle conveyer of innocent pleaſures!—Ruler of my heart, and guardian of my ſoul!—When will the tranſporting hour arrive, when in the ſight of Heaven, and approving friends, I may call ſuch a treaſure *mine!*—Leonard, forgive me; I forgot myſelf, I thought I was addreſſing your adored ſiſter! I could not ſtop my pen!—However, do not ſhew her this letter; ſhe will think me aſſuming; I would have her think me more guarded!—Yet I would not neither; why ſhould I wiſh her to think me a hypocrite?

But, my friend, I was going to inform you of this *terrific* beauty—I ſay *terrific*, for

for ſhe is the dread of every faithful wife, and affectionate miſtreſs.

I ſaw her firſt by chance, as I was taking a drawing from an eminence near the Carthuſian Convent of which you have read a deſcription far more elegant than mine would be, were I to attempt deſcribing.—However I have not omitted this grand enchanting ſcene in my diurnal obſervations. The lady juſt mentioned was walking alone near the ſame ſpot. She ſeemed to have an air of dejection and languor on her countenance, and walked with ſlow and ſolemn ſtep as one oppreſs'd with ſorrow!—— She walked about twenty yards beyond me, and ſeated herſelf at the foot of a tree, and reclined againſt it, as if fatigued and faint. I diſcontinued my employment, and followed her; aſked her if ſhe was ill, and if I could aſſiſt her?—Heavens, Leonard, what a face!—What an angelic face turned to me, as I ſpoke!—I was not in raptures, but I was aſtoniſhed; and ſhe had a ſyren's voice!—

She

She told me ſhe was not ill, but an unfortunate deſerted woman, whoſe huſband, now in England, having been attached to a lady previous to his marriage with herſelf, had forfeited all engagements, departed from the ſacred matrimonial vow, and, without remorſe, had left her and a helpleſs infant, in a diſtant country, while *he* enjoyed the ſociety of her favoured rival!

Of what baſe principles, ſaid ſhe, muſt that rival be, who has endeavoured to alienate the affections of a huſband from a wife who loved him as I did; and that ſhe practiſed every coquettiſh art to allure him to her, I am well convinced; for it was in conſequence of letters from England that he left me; and who could have influence but ſhe who knew how to touch his heart, which I could never do!

At this period ſhe melted into tears!—I was concerned, yet thought it ſtrange ſhe ſhould ſo willingly impart her ſufferings to a ſtranger. I however attempted to conſole her.

Are

Are you certain, Madam, ſaid I, that it is a rival who has drawn your huſband from you?—Did you ſee the letter?—It may be ſome unfortunate family affairs, which tenderneſs prompts him to conceal from you, occaſions his abſence, and your extreme regard imputes to motives diſgraceful to him, if true, and injurious to yourſelf.

Injurious to *me* they certainly are, Sir, ſaid ſhe; I am an injured woman, indeed!—and my huſband the moſt falſe and perjured of men!——I feel myſelf relieved in having this opportunity of unboſoming my grief to a gentleman who, though an entire ſtranger, poſſeſſes, I perceive, that high degree of compaſſionate humanity, which at once excuſes me for the confidence I repoſe in him, and gives real comfort to my afflicted mind!

What do you think of this flattery, Leonard?——I did not like it. I ſuſpected her. I liſtened to her tale, but no longer

longer pitied her!—I bowed to her compliments!

To convince you, Sir, added ſhe, that my fears are not groundleſs, and that my misfortunes are great, permit me to ſhew you a letter I received about ſix weeks ago from this ungrateful huſband!

I would have declined the peruſal, but ſhe intreated, and I read as follows:

MADAM,

I have this inſtant received the dreadful news, that my ever adored angelic Clara, who ought to have been my *wife!* has breathed her laſt!—Miſerable wretch that I am; I am her deſtroyer!——I do not accuſe you; yet you enſnared my heart; you faſcinated my ſenſes for a while. Thou artful betrayer!—I forgive, but will ſee thee no more!——Your fortune will protect you from all you fear, *Obſcurity!*——It will enable you to poſſeſs all you value, *Faſhion* and *Pleaſure!*—As for *me*, if your conduct had deſerved

ſerved my conſtancy, I could no longer have been a companion for you. Clara! Heavenly Clara dwells with angels, and my eyes will for ever lift up their lids to the ſkies, and my lips vainly call on the clouds to remove, that I may again behold her!——Alas! I ſhall never behold her more!—I, who have wickedly diſmiſſed virtue from the world, ſhall I ever attain the ſtate of beatitude?—No! Clara is fled!—O, God of mercy! ſhe is fled for ever! Fled, alas! where the wicked, ſuch as myſelf, dare not hope to follow!—But Heaven knows the contrition of my heart!—hears the confeſſions, and will liſten to the prayers of the penitent!—Why did I accuſe *you* of falſehood? *I* who am the moſt noxious reptile that is permitted to crawl on the earth!—I know not where I ſhall fix my place of retreat, but I will fly from all who know me!—O, Conſcience, Conſcience! where ſhall I fly from the reach of thy ſting, thou ſwift-winged hornet; thou

thou juſt, but dreadful tormentor of guilt!

In the midſt of my affliction, the thought of my child interferes.—In what manner do you mean to educate her?—O, that I had her here, I would ſend her to the humble cottager who nurſed my Clara!—*She* would teach her to be innocent, chaſte, and feminine!—She would tell her to ſhun the vile practices of modern females.——Noble-minded, and of vaſt underſtanding, though not in affluence, was the *mother* of Clara!——"She "had prepared her early with inſtruc- "tion. She had ſeaſoned her mind with "the maxims of truth"—"So that ſhe "roſe like a cedar on the mountains: "her head was ſeen above the trees of "the foreſt."

"She had taught her obedience, and "ſhe bleſſed her parents!—She had "taught her modeſty, and her heart was "pure!—She had taught her gratitude, "and Clara received benefits!—She "taught her charity, and ſhe gained uni- "verſal love!—She taught her tempe-

" rance, and ſhe had health!—She taught
" her economy, and fortune attended her!
" —She taught her juſtice, and Clara was
" honoured by the world!—She taught
" her ſincerity, and her heart never re-
" proached her!—She taught her dili-
" gence, and her fortune began to increaſe!
" —She taught her benevolence, and her
" mind was exalted!—She had her taught
" ſcience, and her life was uſeful!—She
" taught her *religion*, and her death was
" happy!"—O, miſerable lover, ſuch was thy Clara, and ſuch was thy friend! Can'ſt thou ever forget her, or again embrace another?——Never, never!——For this cauſe ſhalt thou wander from climate to climate, unknowing and unknown, till the kind hand of death puts a period to thy ſorrows, which, while life is lent thee, can never end!

But, Madam, what is it you mean to do with my daughter?——Is *ſhe*, too, to be drawn, in a few years, into the whirlpool of faſhion and folly?—Is ſhe to become a finiſhed coquette?—Shall ſhe draw ſome lover from another Clara,

and

and be the cauſe of ſuch a fatal cataſtrophe?—But, ere ſhe arrives at an age to know the difference between good and evil, I will take her from you; ſhe ſhall be faſhioned on the model of lamented Clara, or I will pray inceſſantly to the Divine Being to take her to himſelf!—How did you dare, baſe woman, to draw me aſide from an engagement I told you I had formed!——Clara thought you had *innocently* robbed her of my heart, and exhorted me to be conſtant, and to love you!—She gave you her pity, while you derided her name, and her enthuſiaſtic, romantic love, as you called her ſublime, her chaſte affection!—Did you not tell me none could love me as you did!—Did not your crocodile tears unman me, when, in the infatuation of my mind, cauſed by your enſnaring features, I lamented the engagement that withheld me from you!—Do you not reflect, with ſhame, on the arts you practiſed to make me break that ſacred engagement! And ought you not to feel diſtraction, equal to mine, when you think of

the ſucceſs of your attempts!—Do you expect that I will ever dwell under the ſame roof with you again?——I repeat, I will never ſee you more!——I leave you to your own reflections, and to purſue your own inclinations, till their fallacy brings you to a ſenſe of your unworthineſs; and then you ſhall have the compaſſion, but not the ſociety, of

G. R. O'HARA.

My ſenſations, Leonard, while I peruſed this myſterious letter, were more in favour of the writer than the fair one who preſented it.

I returned it, without any comment.

Madam, ſaid I, you muſt excuſe me from paſſing any judgment on ſuch a letter as this. I regret that I have read it.

O, Sir, replied Mrs. O'Hara, you know not the art of the writer; he is a deceiver indeed!—I do not believe a word relative to the death of my rival; it is all pretence; I am ſure it is!—No doubt they now live together, in the full enjoyment of

of their utmoſt wiſhes, regardleſs of my ſufferings, or their future conſequences. Surely, Sir, ſaid ſhe, you will not withhold your pity from me!—I am convinced you are a gentleman of extenſive humanity; and I am an object to whom ſuch a friend, Sir, as you, might, without injury to yourſelf, be of infinite ſervice. I have not been ſo imprudent, as you may ſuppoſe, in making you a confident in my affairs.—You are not entirely unknown to me.—Your name is Campden; and from the Duke of M——, (to whom letters from yourſelf and family have frequently arrived, during a viſit I paid them, in company with my huſband, previous to his ſeparation) I have had the pleaſure of hearing your character; and ſince my reſidence, for this laſt month, at Florence, have had ſtill farther opportunity to be convinced of the truth of the Duke's aſſertions.——I am an unprotected, unfortunate woman, and ſhall encourage every hope, Sir, that I ſhall be honoured with the friendſhip of

an Engliſh gentleman, who is ſaid to be ſo much the friend of the diſtreſſed!

I informed her it would always give me pleaſure to exert my influence on every occaſion wherein my interpoſition could render diſtreſſed *merit* happy; but, in the preſent inſtance, I could only ſay, that ſhe had my beſt wiſhes for her future happy eſtabliſhment.

We then left our graſſy ſeat; I offered my arm, which ſhe accepted, and I attended her to her houſe, which was magnificently furniſhed, and every luxury ſeemed to be in profuſion. She intreated me to dine; I urged pre-engagement, and took my leave. I have never called on her ſince. Her huſband's letter gave me a diſguſt to the wife. I thought he had been a martyr to her beauty, and I deſpiſed the woman who could expoſe his failings to a ſtranger. I have made particular enquiry into her character and affairs, and find that I am not the only man who has been made her confident, and been flattered by her fair ſpeeches.

I wiſh

I wiſh I could learn ſomething farther of the huſband's ſtory. I think, from the tenor of his letter, I ſhould pity him!—I imagine he muſt have been on the point of marriage with ſome humble, amiable female, when this formidable ſubduing heroine was thrown in his way.—I have ſeen her once, ſince our firſt meeting, at a ball. I ſlightly paid my compliments; and ſaid I was happy to ſee her ſo much recovered from her domeſtic chagrin, as to illuminate the ball with her brilliancy and beauty!

Company, Sir, ſaid ſhe, and chearfulneſs, is highly requiſite to diſſipate the gloom which, when I am alone, hangs over my dejected ſpirits; and as I am convinced my neglectful huſband revels in all the pleaſures of Engliſh magnificence, and in all the deceitful joys of illegal love, why ſhould not I purſue ſuch as are both lawful and innocent.

I returned to my partner, and addreſſed her no more; but I could plainly perceive, the gentleman who danced with her

her was effectually captivated!——In ſhort, my friend, her powers of attraction are ſuch, that ſhe is the terror of all the ladies, both married and ſingle. She is a Cleopatra in beauty, and a *Wingham*, a worſe than Wingham, in the arts of coquetry. How do you proceed with that haughty charmer of your's, Leonard?—Your letters ſay nothing concerning her!——Why are you ſo reſerved on the ſubject?—Your ſilence makes me fear you love her!——Yes, I *fear* it, Leonard!—Liſten to me, dear *Leo*;—if a *lover* can hear *reaſon*, attend to Lionel, who regards you with more than a brother's regard, becauſe you are his friend—becauſe you are the brother of beloved Maria.

I have felt for you extremely, ſince you have concealed from me the ſtate of your heart. You know I do not eſteem Miſs Wingham, and you fear my expoſtulations. Yet allow me to adviſe you; let me hope you will *be* adviſed!——Purſue no longer the phantom, *Happineſs*, under

under ſuch a fleeting form as *Cleopatra's*. —If you flatter yourſelf you can be happy with her, you are deceived!—She loves you not, Leonard!—Her intention is to draw you into the ſilken nets of coquetry, where ſhe will confine you for a time, tantalize you, and ſport with your exquiſitely acute feelings, till ſhe half deſtroys you!——Be not blinded with a romantic paſſion for ſuch a fluttering moth!—I cannot dignify your infatuation with the ſacred name of love! Except Miſs Wingham reforms, I can ſcarce think ſhe has power to inſpire a virtuous and laſting attachment. It is her perſon only that has attracted you. You cannot, Leonard, I am ſure you cannot, diſcover one intellectual charm that is not obſcured by innumerable clouds!—"Envy, Hatred, and Malice, and all Uncharitableneſs," are ſowing their poiſonous ſeeds in her too beauteous boſom. Heaven grant they may not take deep root!——I ſhould grieve, though I like her not, to ſee that vice ſhould predominate,

nate, in a mind whoſe outſide caſe gives us an idea of ſomething divine!—There is one, and *only* one ruler, who could humble the pride, and improve the heart of your enchantreſs; but from that inſtructor ſhe is unfortunately removed, I mean—*Adverſity!*——I ſhould rejoice to hear that ſhe was in affliction! I ſhould then hope Miſs Wingham might be ranked amongſt the worthy members of ſociety; but in her preſent circumſtances I grieve that ſhe is beloved by you, and that ſhe is the acquaintance of your artleſs ſiſter!——You will look gloomy, Leonard, on this part of my letter; and you will not be pleaſed that I have, throughout, dwelt on ſubjects entirely remote from hiſtory and travel; in my next I will write more like a traveller; but I was deſirous of giving you a deſcription of the Iriſh lady, Mrs. O'Hara, and was more induced to deſcribe her manners, becauſe I was apprehenſive that dear Leonard was very near plunging himſelf

himſelf into a ſtate of endleſs anxiety, by entering into an engagement with one, ſo much in mind like the dangerous enſnarer I have juſt deſcribed!

I muſt leave you, now, my friend, to proceed on my tour. I ſhall write to you again, in a few weeks, and then you ſhall have my next addreſs.——Preſent my moſt friendly wiſhes to all my former Oxford aſſociates.——I ſend no greetings to your good family!—I wrote to your dear ſiſter yeſterday, and particularized each valued friend.——I have no time, at preſent, to add a word more than that I am, with ſincerity,

Your Friend,
and elected Brother,
LIONEL CAMPDEN.

Poſtſcript to Miſs Eglantine's Letter, in continuation, to her Mamma.

You will readily ſuppoſe, Mamma, what various emotions this letter of dear Mr. Campden raiſed in the boſoms of the Heartfield family, to whom I ſhewed it.

it. They all began to compaſſionate the unhappy O'Hara!——The Major not only pardons, but ſays he ſhall ſeek him in his retreat, and reſtore him to his friendſhip!

Unfortunate O'Hara! ſaid he, who can tell how irreſiſtibly powerful was the temptation that aſſailed him; and what man is proof againſt the allurements of beauty!——He does juſtice to the memory of my ſiſter, and I muſt forgive him!—His ſufferings are greater than her's (being innocent) ever could be; and I muſt pity him!—His ſorrows can have no end, till death and humanity ſhould endeavour to ſooth them!

Mr. Heartfield, however, ſtill holds the name of O'Hara in deteſtation; no one attempts to mention him in his preſence. I am glad, that I can give Mr. Campden an account of Mr. O'Hara, of whom he wiſhes to be informed. I intend to ſend him a packet of Eliza's letters, which contain the ſtory of the amiable Clara!——Oh, my dear

dear Mamma, had Mr. Campden been a man as wavering as O'Hara, your poor Mary might have ſhared the fate of Clara, from the ſame cauſe; for never could I have recovered the loſs of deareſt Lionel's affection.—How permanently has his conſtancy fixed my gratitude.—I ſhall leave to Leonard the taſk of informing him the ſtory of Mrs. Skirmiſh. How happy will Mr. Campden be to hear that Leonard will never be her huſband. And how ſincerely will his philanthropic breaſt rejoice in the news of her reformation!——I ſhall chide him for not giving us ſome accounts of Italy, but he reſerves it for future happy hours of converſe. Dear Mamma, what a bleſſing it is to have a confidential parent! How few of my age can repoſe, as I do, their heart's full feelings in a mother's boſom!—Surely I am bleſſed beyond all others; for, with parents, friend, lover, and brother, none, I think, can boaſt ſuch tenderneſs, affection, and conſtancy, as the happy

MARY EGLANTINE.

LETTER XX.

Miſs Cottrell to Miſs Eglantine.

MY DEAR MISS EGLANTINE,

Ramſbury, Auguſt, 1791.

YOUR Mamma has a whitloe on her right thumb, and is prevented from writing. She has uſed her utmoſt to ſoften the heart of Mr. Wingham; and your Papa wrote to him. He ſays he will not ſee his daughter, till he thinks ſhe is ſufficiently humbled; but has promiſed to alter his will again in her favour, having, on hearing of her marriage, left his whole fortune to his brother's ſon. We think it better not to urge him farther at preſent, and he will, probably, in a ſhort time, recall her; but, at preſent he threatens harſh treatment, if ſhe attempts to appear before him, without leave.—Mrs. Wingham wiſhes to come and ſee her.—Mr. W——— peremptorily forbids; therefore, all you can do for poor Mrs. Skirmiſh, at preſent, is

to

to give her ſome diſtant hope!—Pray tell her I grieve for her misfortunes.—I have no news to tell you, dear Miſs Mary, and if I had, my brother would better impart it verbally, for he will be the bearer of this letter.——I hope your ſurmiſe, relative to Miſs Heartfield, is true; I never ſaw a perſon with whom I was ſo much pleaſed in ſo ſhort a time. Pray preſent my beſt compliments to Major and Mrs. H ——. I remain,

Your moſt obliged Friend,

LAVINIA COTTRELL.

LETTER XXI.

Miſs Eglantine to Miſs Cottrell.

DEAR LAVINIA, Bath Eaſton.

ACCEPT the thanks of Mrs. Skirmiſh, Mrs. Heartfield, and myſelf, for your kind letter; *diſtant hope* is better than deſpair, and our afflicted Cleopatra revives!

I have

I have a pleaſing taſk to perform, if a taſk it may be called, in fulfilling the requeſt of Major and Mrs. Heartfield, by giving you, in their names, an invitation to this houſe of harmony!——Your brother was yeſterday received with marks of affectionate approbation; Leonard and he met with extreme joy, and equal ſurpriſe; for, in the hurry of other affairs, I had forgot to tell Leonard of his return from the Indies.

Every ſymptom of regard is viſible in the face of Miſs Heartfield, when the Lieutenant approaches! — The Major obſerves it with pleaſure.—Miſs Brilliant leaves us in another week, and Miſs Pelham returns with her. Caroline's habitation, till ſhe marries Mr. Linus, will be with that lady.—Mrs. Heartfield ſays ſhe ſhall feel their loſs, at all events; but it will be leſſened, if gentle Lavinia will ſupply the place of one. Miſs Heartfield is more with us than at Stour, ſo that ſhe will be your conſtant companion.—Mrs. Cottrell I am ſure, will

comply

comply with our wiſhes!—My Mamma will take care ſhe ſhall not be lonely; therefore, dear Lavinia, Mrs. Heartfield bids me inform you, that if we hear nothing to the contrary, you will be expected here this day week. Give my Papa a hint, and I am ſure he will bring you in the phaeton half way; and Major H———, depend on it, will ſend ſomebody to meet you. Let me have a line, and I will be one to eſcort you. Adieu.

I am, faithfully,

Your Friend,

M. EGLANTINE.

LETTER XXII.

Miſs Eglantine to Mrs. Eglantine.

Saturday Noon.

HOW is your poor thumb, Mamma? —Not well enough to write yet!—It will be ſoon, I hope; for though Lavinia is an excellent ſecretary, I am ſorry to be deprived of maternal correſpondence.—

I have

I have ſanguine hopes of Mr. Wingham's forgiveneſs, and Cleopatra is comforted!—She is comforted by another ſtill more intereſting circumſtance; Major Heartfield, on Thurſday, received a letter from Captain Skirmiſh, for whom he had made fruitleſs enquiry.—The Major gave the letter to Mrs. Skirmiſh, who wept over, and preſſed it to her boſom!—She retired with me, and made me read it to her.—He loves me, ſaid ſhe, and I ſhall ſtill be happy!

I cannot exactly give you the words of his letter, but it was to the following effect:

DEAR MAJOR!

If a wretched man, deprived partly by diſſipation, partly by misfortune, of every earthly poſſeſſion; baniſhed from his friends, and robbed of *more* than life, is a proper object of compaſſion, I ſhall (notwithſtanding the errors of my youth) ſurely find a friend in the humane Major Heartfield!—You warned me often againſt the conſequences of gaming.—I could

could not reſiſt the propenſity, till now I have no more left to ſport with!——My laſt attempt to win Lord Snare's ſeat at ————, againſt which I riſqued my whole eſtate at Limerick, has ruined my fortune inevitably!——We played all night, before it was decided; and I thought myſelf ſure of ſucceſs!—At length luck turned in favour of his lordſhip, and I have been in Ireland to reſign my poſſeſſions!——But this misfortune, Major, hard as it is, is trifling indeed, compared with what I have ſtill to relate!

Inſtead of going to Ireland, as I intended, with Captain Scruple, I changed my mind, and was determined to paſs a little time in London. Scruple went with me; we lodged at the Adelphi Hotel, where I met with, and ſincerely loved, a moſt beautiful girl, who was alſo with her friends in lodgings there.—I know not how it was, but there was a ſomething of dignity about her, that prevented me from making diſhonourable propo-

propoſals; and though you may not believe my aſſertion, I poſitively declare I married her!——Her father, who is poſſeſſed of immenſe riches, refuſed to ſee her, and wrote, in the harſheſt terms, his diſapprobation of her conduct, and his determination to deprive her of her expected inheritance. I reproached her too ſeverely!——What right had I to reproach her for taking a path which I myſelf pointed out, and urged her to purſue! —I brought her to Briſtol; it was my intention to have taken her to my brother's houſe, near Limerick; but loſing my eſtate, I could not reſolve to ſee her! I conveyed a letter, I had no money to ſend her, and adviſed her to throw herſelf at the feet of her father. Suppoſing ſhe would do ſo, I made myſelf eaſy on her account, intending to claim her again, if my fortune ſhould ever more be favourable. On my return, I went to our late lodging, to enquire how long ſhe had left it; and was told, In a few days after my departure.—I could not reſiſt

the

the deſire I had to ſee her, and excuſe my ſeemingly neglectful behaviour. I went to Ramſbury, where her father lives, but fearing I ſhould not be admitted, if known by her mother, I went in diſguiſe, enquired for Mr. Wingham, as having buſineſs to tranſact for a friend of his in town, whoſe name and family I knew. Mrs. Skirmiſh ſometimes viſited a young lady, who was with her when they came to the hotel, and was to have accompanied her to Brighton, had not our marriage prevented the journey. From this young lady I pretended to have a letter, and aſked Mr. Wingham if I could ſee his daughter?

He immediately flew in a violent paſſion—ſaid he had no daughter—that ſhe had thrown herſelf away upon a military wretch!—a gameſter!—an Iriſh fortune-hunter!—That he had never ſeen, nor wiſh'd to ſee her, ſince her marriage!—And would never forgive her while he liv'd!

This

This account diſturbed me—I ſtill thought ſhe might be in the houſe, under her mother's protection, and was reſolved to ſtay at an inn oppoſite, for a more favourable opportunity. In the evening I ſaw Mr. Wingham go out on horſeback. I went immediately, and made myſelf known to my mother-in-law, who loaded me with reproaches; ſaid it was too true, that her daughter had not, nor did ſhe dare return to her parents. I have had a letter from her, ſaid ſhe; but as her father will not allow me to offer her protection, I have not anſwered it; it is dated from the Rock Houſe at Briſtol. I left her mother in the greateſt diſtreſs, when ſhe learnt her daughter had quitted her lodgings, and that I knew not to whom ſhe had flown.—I returned again to Briſtol, and deſired to be informed with whom, and at what hour, ſhe quitted the houſe in which I had left her. The information ſtruck me with horror.—I was informed that ſhe went away in an open carriage with an officer, and that her maid

went

went the next day!—I have ſearch'd for her in vain for five days—I am wretched!—I adore her, Major!—Exert your humanity, I beſeech you, in my behalf!—Apply to Colonel Cannonade—I cannot expect he will attend to me!—Intreat him to queſtion every officer throughout the regiment!—I now not only forgive, but applaud him, for his treatment of me; for, by my ſoul, Major, if I could find out the man who has taken my wife, I could willingly ſee him faſtened to the mouth of a thirty-two pounder, and blown to atoms!—We will meaſure ſwords whenever we meet; that I am reſolved on!—My brother gave me, at my departure, one hundred pounds, for preſent ſupply; but bade me expect no future aſſiſtance from him.—I have ſtill a ſmall farm in the county of Shropſhire, to which there is a houſe belonging, and it is now empty: the farm rents at 400l. a year; to that I would gladly retire, if I could find, and prevail on my lovely companion, to reſide there with me; but ſhe has

has been accuſtomed to affluence and gaiety; ſhe will not eaſily conform to that frugality ſo neceſſary for my finances: but why do I ſay *will* not; perhaps I ſhall never find her more! Perhaps —— Diſtraction!——but I *will* find her—or die!

FERDINAND SKIRMISH.

Parade Coffee-Houſe, Bath.

NOTHING but the joy of Mrs. Skirmiſh could equal her ſurprize, on learning that her huſband was well known to the Major: we did not relate the affair of the milk-pail, and only informed her the Major and Captain had been a ſhort time at variance. Mrs. Skirmiſh wiſhed to write immediately to her huſband; but we all joined Major Heartfield's ſcheme, which was, to invite him to dinner yeſterday, and afford him a joyful ſurprize.

The Major anſwered his letter thus:

I FEEL ſincerely for your diſtreſs. Dine with me to-morrow, Captain, and I will endeavour to ſerve you.

Yours,

FREDERICK HEARTFIELD.

A verbal anſwer returned, that the Captain would wait on the Major. For the firſt time ſince ſhe has been here, Mrs. Skirmiſh yeſterday dreſſed herſelf in gay, but not gaudy apparel: ſhe is always faſhionably elegant, and never wears any thing tawdry. We agreed that ſhe ſhould not appear till after dinner. Miſs Pelham dined with her in the library. The Captain was penſive; he had had a long private converſation with the Major before dinner, of which he partook but little.—He addreſſed Mrs. Heartfield politely, and complimented her on her marriage with his worthy friend. To Miſs Brilliant, &c. he behaved with great reſpect.—You ſee before you, now, ladies, ſaid he, a very different man from him who impertinently troubled you at the late review—one who hopes his follies paſt will be buried in oblivion. Capt. Skirmiſh is about thirty-ſix; his ſtature ſomewhat ſhorter than the Major; has very handſome features, except his noſe,

which is rather crooked. I am not ſurpriſed that Miſs Heartfield thought him agreeable. His addreſs is eaſy and engaging; however, I can eaſily ſuppoſe he was leſs pleaſing when in proſperous circumſtances.—When we retired to the drawing-room the gentlemen remained a ſhort time over the bottle, but joined us ſooner than uſual:—In a few minutes Mrs. Heartfield ſaid,

Pray, Miſs Eglantine, do prevail on Miſs Pelham and your friend to favour us with their company;—they have deſerted us a long time.—I obeyed gladly.—Now for the happy diſcovery, Cleopatra, ſaid I, as I entered her room,—conduct yourſelf ſteadily, and let us have no faintings, nor inundations of tenderneſs; but let all be calm, ſerene, and happy.

I will, ſaid ſhe; but let me lean on your arm, for my knees are reſolved to totter!

The Major had ſo contrived it, that himſelf and the Captain ſat on one ſide of the door, ſo that it opened againſt the

the Captain; therefore Mrs. Skirmiſh walked the length of the drawing-room before he ſaw her face; but the moment ſhe had reach'd Mrs. Heartfield, and turned round, he ſtarted up, and, with claſped hands, exclaimed, Heaven and happineſs! what do I behold! My wife! my Cleopatra!——Then, ſpringing to her, and ſhe as eagerly meeting him, he claſped her to him.

How is it, ſaid he, joy of my heart, that I meet you here? What is the loſs of fortune and of friends now!—Have I not gain'd my only treaſure!—Yes, Cleopatra, in my enraptured arms I claſp, as it were, the whole creation!—Never, loveliеſt of women, did I know ſorrow till I loſt you—never did I know true happineſs till this moment.

Mrs. Skirmiſh anſwered only by tears and affectionate embraces.

Leonard was affected, and left the room.

I think he liked Mrs. Skirmiſh better than we ſuſpected; yet, I am ſure, he

now loves Miſs Brilliant.—When the tranſports of their joy ſubſided, Mrs. Skirmiſh ſaid,

If my meeting with you, Captain, has appeared leſs animated than yours, attribute it to my knowledge of your preſence, not to the moſt diſtant idea of coldneſs:—I am happy beyond expreſſion; nor can you judge of my ſurpriſe, on reading your letter, addreſſed to the worthy, humane Major Heartfield, who, with his tender ſpouſe, and this dear young friend, taking my hand, has been my protector and ſupport.

Alas! Captain, ſaid the Major, this young lady (taking my hand from Mrs. Skirmiſh) tempted me to carry off your wife!—Let *her* ſhare the puniſhment!—*I* am, indeed, the man who is deſtined to meaſure ſwords with you, Captain, if you do not revoke your word. I reſign the lady ſafely into your hands; therefore do not entertain the thought of blowing me to atoms from the mouth of a *thirty-two pounder:* but let us ſpend the

the evening in friendſhip, love, and harmony!

Excuſe my inability to reply to you, Major, ſaid the Captain, with a brotherly embrace—I have no words to expreſs my gratitude!

Madam, ſaid he to me, reſpectfully ſaluting my cheek, May Heaven reward your friendſhip, and this lady's, (turning to Mrs. Heartfield), for I have not the power; then, turning tenderly to Mrs. Skirmiſh, handed her to a chair, and ſeated himſelf by her; while the Major recounted all the procedure, and Mrs. Skirmiſh informed the Captain of her early intimacy with me, her ſchool-fellow and neighbour.

The Captain propoſed to take Mrs. Skirmiſh to his lodging at the Parade Coffee-houſe till he could provide another; but Mrs. Heartfield ordered it better: ſhe propoſed Miſs Brilliant and Miſs Heartfield's removal to her father's, and deſired the Captain would remain here with Mrs. Skirmiſh till their affairs could

could be adjuſted. This propoſal pleaſed all parties: we drank tea happily, ſpent the evening with a cheerful game at cards; and Leonard had the pleaſure of taking the ladies to Bath in the phaeton, after ſupper: he had the ſame office to perform in bringing them back this morning, which he was deſired to do to breakfaſt: however, he ſet out early—told me to apologize to the family, for he did not think he could bring the ladies home till near noon.

At one o'clock they came, highly delighted with the gallantry of my brother, who had given them ſuch an agreeable morning airing, and treated them with a comfortable breakfaſt at Lincolm Spa.—Time will not permit me to add more than, that I am ever,

Your moſt dutiful, &c.

M. EGLANTINE.

Saturday Evening, Auguſt, 1791.

P. S.—As I have not ſealed my letter, I muſt juſt inſert a little circumſtance which

which Leonard, and his fair companions, met with this morning at Lincolm; Miſs Brilliant related it to Mrs. Heartfield and me, as we were at work with Miſs Pelham.

O, Mrs. Heartfield, ſaid ſhe, we have had the moſt diverting adventure!—I heartily wiſhed for Caroline and you.—— As I was making the breakfaſt, Mr. Eglantine was leaning out at the window, looking at ſome peaſants who were playing at cricket; as he ſtood, a gentleman on horſeback ſtopped to look at the ſport. Mr. Eglantine immediately recollected him.

This is lucky, ſaid he, there is an acquaintance of mine, whom I have wiſhed to ſee a long time; then ringing the bell, deſired the waiter to ſtep to the gentleman on horſeback, and tell him a particular friend requeſted to ſpeak with him. —He came inſtantly.——Mr. Eglantine roſe, took his hand, and introduced *Mr. Caſſock* to us, little ſuppoſing how well we were acquainted with him!

Of

Of all the pleaſures of this pleaſant morning, ſaid Miſs Brilliant, I aſſure you, the pleaſure of ſeeing the *pedantic* Caſſock's confuſion was not the leaſt!—O, how *completely* fooliſh did he appear!—He looked at me, then at Mr. Eglantine, and really he bluſhed like a *fool!*—Prince Lee Boo, and the youth at your aſſembly, Miſs Eglantine, bluſhed like *wiſe* men; but I own now, that *Folly* can *bluſh* as well as *Wiſdom*, and again uſe Miſs Wingham's expreſſion—*He bluſhed like a fool!*

Why, Caſſock, ſaid Mr. Eglantine, what is the matter with you?—*I* am ſurpriſed at ſeeing *you*; but faith, man, *you* are *confounded*; fairly ſtruck dumb!—Don't keep *ſhaking* my hand, and *ſtaring* in my face ſo, but *ſpeak* to me!—Poſitively if I were of a very *timid* nature, I ſhould be frightened at you!

I fancy, Sir, ſaid I, that *gentleman*'s violent agitation proceeds from *two* cauſes.——He is aſtoniſhed at ſeeing *you*, no doubt; but I believe the ſight of *me*, who

who was *once* an acquaintance of his, has ſurpriſed him ſtill more!——Mr. Caſſock, ſaid I, I fear my preſence reminds you of the *terrific* ſcene which was repreſented *falſely* when you was laſt in my company. I own there was ſomething ſo *ſhocking* in the affair, that I do not wonder you recollect it with diſorder, for the ſight of *you* brings it alſo to *my* mind, in the moſt lively manner!—I feel my ſpirits riſe and ſink alternately, as it recurs to my memory!

Mr. Eglantine ſat down, and looked at me.——Mr. Caſſock alſo ſat down.

Madam, ſaid he, I *am* aſtoniſhed at ſeeing this gentleman and you!—I was overpowered——but——a——your obſervations about that——a——about that circumſtance which I——I ſhall endeavour to—to make appear——

O, for Heaven's ſake, Mr. Caſſock, ſaid I, don't make it *appear* again, I beg of you!—This gentleman and lady know nothing relative to the aſſertions or the *appearance*; the lady, Miſs Digby, who, you know,

know, was preſent, is ſince married, and ſhe and I agreed to let the whole matter ſubſide; therefore the injured gentleman knows not of the injury done to his character, and treats the injurer with regard and friendſhip!

I hope I am not impertinently curious, ſaid Mr. Eglantine, yet I ſhould be glad to be informed of a circumſtance which ſeems to partake ſo much of the marvellous.——Pray, Miſs Brilliant, may I aſk what has happened?

An unpleaſant altercation, Sir, ſaid I, between two parties well known to Mr. Caſſock and me, which might have ended in fatal conſequences, had not the treachery of *one* perſon accidentally diſcovered itſelf.——To relate particulars would give no pleaſure to ſuch an amiable mind as Mr. Eglantine's, and would only interrupt the pleaſure of this morning; therefore allow me, Sir, to be ſilent as to any further explanation.

Mr.

Mr. Eglantine bowed, and turned to the Curate—Come my friend, ſaid he, take a cup of coffee with us; and between whiles, let me return the two guineas I have ſo long with-held from you. I have written letters ſeveral times to you ſince you left Oxford, and could never find out your abode.

I have been in Scotland, ſaid the other; till within this half year I have been conſtantly at Stourton.

I gave a ſignificant look at Mr. Caſſock, ſaid Miſs B——, as Mr. E—— offered him the money.

What an *immenſe* ſum you are receiving, Mr. Caſſock, ſaid I, two whole guineas! How long has that debt been due?—He made ſome ſort of reply, I know not what, and bent himſelf ſeveral times to Mr. E——, ſaying there was no hurry, and all that ſort of hypocriſy.

Now, ladies, ſaid Mr. Eglantine, what do you think this money was borrowed for?—A day or two before Mr. Caſſock left the Univerſity, he and I were walking

ing out with our guns; it was in the ſhooting ſeaſon; we had but poor ſport; and coming home again, had a mind to ſhoot at a mark. Well, what ſhould we ſhoot at, was the queſtion?

There is the old apple-woman's baſket, ſaid Caſſock; ſhe has juſt ſet it down, and is gone into that ſhop hard by.

A young ſchool-boy was paſſing, as we were conſulting, and heard us.——Run, my lad, ſaid I, and ſee what is in that baſket. He looked in it.——It is quite empty, Sir, ſaid the miſchievous rogue! Then ſtand out of the way, ſaid I, and let me have a *ſlap* at it!——As ſoon as I had fired, the boy clapped his hands, and capered to the poor woman, with ludicrous mirth.

Goody Crab, ſaid he, make haſte this way, here is a gentleman has ſhot all your tarts and cheeſecakes, and the gravy is pouring down the ſtreet like *water bewitched!*

Oh, wicked creature! ſaid ſhe; a poor woman cannot get an honeſt livelihood,

for the pranks of *theſe here* Oxford ſcholars!

She cried piteouſly; but I ſaw was afraid to expoſtulate with us, till I went to her, aſſured her I thought it was empty, and begged to know what the articles were worth?

Thirty ſhillings, Sir, ſaid ſhe, if you pleaſe to reckon baſket and all.

I had ſpent my laſt guinea, except a few ſhillings; and knowing I ſhould ſoon have a ſupply from my father, I borrowed a couple of guineas of Mr. Caſſock, both of which I gave the poor woman, and ſhe loaded me with bleſſings.—Mr. Caſſock left us before I ſaw my father, ſo that I have never had an opportunity of returning it till this day, which I now do with pleaſure and many thanks.

Upon my word, Mr. Eglantine, ſaid I, this is, on the whole, a laughable affair; but I wonder you were not *expelled* the univerſity (looking at Mr. Caſſock) for ſuch wicked deeds!

Many

Many ſuch *terrible* deeds as that we have performed together, ſaid Mr. Eglantine; but ſince Campden, Caſſock, and two or three more, left the univerſity, I have been more ſolid; other ideas employ my mind, and I am a year or two older.

Finding Mr. Eglantine knew nothing of his behaviour, Mr. Caſſock began to revive.

You are more ſolid, no doubt, Sir, ſaid he, for, as I find Miſs Digby has changed her name, I ſuppoſe you are "Benedick the married man!"

Me, Sir! ſaid Mr. Eglantine! no indeed. This young lady's brother, Major Heartfield, is the happy man who poſſeſſes the heart of that amiable lady!

I am happy to call her ſiſter, ſaid Miſs Heartfield; but though I allow her every perfection, if I may be ſuffered to uſe the expreſſion, I muſt acknowledge Mr. Eglantine has made a more BRILLIANT choice than my brother has done, and his

his friends flatter themſelves it is as affectionately returned!

Mr. Eglantine caught Miſs Heartfield in his arms, and kiſſed her!

The cloſe of your ſpeech, Miſs Suſanna, ſaid he, put me in raptures—excuſe the freedom!

I frowned at her, and really felt angry.

I don't mind your frowns, ſaid the provoking girl—and Caſſock looked mortified.

Many *myſterious* expreſſions, Madam, ſaid he to me, are now fully explained!—No wonder you were ſo exaſperated againſt me. You ſaw my aſſiduities with diſpleaſure. You was prejudiced. You judged harſhly, and decided haſtily!

I judged rightly, Mr. Caſſock, ſaid I, and have decided ſatisfactorily.

He roſe to take leave.

The *ſum total*, Mr. Eglantine, ſaid he, is this:—I loved that lady—I have offended her—ſhe has diſcarded me—and you are my rival!——So as *rivals* are not the moſt deſirable companions, you and I cannot

I cannot long be very agreeable to each other!—Therefore, Sir, I wiſh you good morning; and am obliged by your civility!

He paid his parting compliments to Miſs H—— and me, and Mr. Eglantine attended him to his horſe, which he ſoon mounted, bowed, and rode off!—His behaviour, and the accidental meeting, furniſhed us with much amuſement in our return, and Mr. Eglantine, with great gallantry, told me he had made a moſt intereſting diſcovery, if Mr. Caſſock's and Miſs Heartfield's words were true. Indeed I think he is too well convinced how great a favourite he is with poor Sarah!

Leonard entered juſt as Miſs Brilliant had finiſhed, and I was reſolved he ſhould know how much he was indebted to Miſs B——— for ſo ſtrongly eſpouſing his cauſe, which, though preſent, he could not diſcover.

You are the *injured*—Leonard, ſaid I, and Mr. Caſſock the *injurer!*——I will read

read you part of Eliza's letter on that ſubject, and then you will find how infinitely you are indebted to Miſs Brilliant.

She interpoſed; but I inſiſted; and Leonard heard the whole affair. He went to Miſs Brilliant, and warmly ſaluting her,

My heart will for ever acknowledge, with gratitude, ſaid he, ſuch diſtinguiſhing marks of favour; they bind me cloſely to your intereſt, and make me look forward with rapture!——My poſtſcript is at laſt finiſhed!

Miſs Eglantine in Continuation.

Monday.

HERE is a ſecond poſtſcript for you, Mamma—I forgot to ſend my letter to the poſt—ſo have opened it, to tell you, that as Leonard and Miſs Brilliant were this morning playing at backgammon, which they are at inceſſantly, the ſervant brought a letter for my brother; he

read

read it; and having finiſhed his game, roſe from his ſeat precipitately, and ſaid,

At laſt, Miſs Brilliant, I am fairly gammoned!——Luck is againſt me, and I will ſtay no longer. Major Heartfield, do me the favour to ſend your ſervant for a chaiſe. I have had all the pleaſure my moſt ſanguine hopes propoſed in this moſt agreeable ſociety, and muſt now think of returning.

We all looked amazed, as he had never ſaid a word of going before.——I ſaw Miſs Brilliant was ſeriouſly concerned; yet half doubted.

And is this ſudden determination on account of the unlucky dice, Sir, ſaid ſhe? If I had entertained ſuch an idea, I would have cheated myſelf, and you ſhould have gammoned *me!*——Mrs. Heartfield and your ſiſter will never forgive me for *beating* and turning you out of the houſe.

If any thing, Miſs Brilliant, ſaid Leonard, could induce me to diſobey my father's

father's commands, you would be the firſt, though not the only attraction, to keep me in this houſe!—I have this inſtant received a letter from *Papa:* now liſten to it, ſaid he, and then bid me adieu.

LEONARD,

I AM diſpleaſed, that you have, without my concurrence, left the univerſity. Is your confinement ſo very ſtrict, that you overleap the bounds of your duty? As you have already abſconded for days, I may expect you will, next time, abſent yourſelf for weeks, then months, till, at length, nothing but unbounded liberty will content you.

On the receipt of this, I deſire you will immediately return, if you wiſh to avoid the farther diſpleaſure of

Your father,

LEONARD EGLANTINE.

Now, ſiſter, ſaid Leonard, the firſt thing you do, after I am gone, muſt be to write to Papa; tell him I did not think he would have been ſo angry; and add, that I was *a very good boy*, notwithſtanding; for I ordered a chaiſe as ſoon as poſſible, after I was favoured with his orders, which I am glad did not come before I ſaw Caſſock--but don't tell him that.——So now, my amiable hoſpitable friends, ſaid he, taking the Major's and Mrs. Heartfield's hand, and ſaluting Mrs. H———, (as he did all the ladies) I bid you farewell, till our next happy meeting.

But why in ſuch extreme haſte, Sir, ſaid the Major, will you not ſtay and dine?

Never throw temptation in the way of the weak, ſaid Leonard!—If I only ſtay and dine, I tranſgreſs.——The good gentleman commands my *immediate* departure.——After dinner, you know claret and Burgundy have charms!—Then the ladies irreſiſtibly impel us to the drawing-

drawing-room. Perhaps ſome favourite play is to be acted in the evening.—And there are more inducements ſtiil, ſaid he, (ſmiling at Miſs Brilliant;) therefore, to avoid all theſe, it will be beſt to decamp at once.——But, Major, ſaid my brother, I have a propoſal to make: What ſhould prevent our paſſing the chief of this day together?——Let me hope for the pleaſure of your's and the ladies' company part of the way. Let us dine together on the road, and then ſeparate.

This propoſal was joyfully agreed to. —It was fixed that Major and Mrs. Heartfield, their ſiſter and Miſs Pelham, ſhould go in the coach, and Leonard, myſelf, and Miſs Brilliant, in the phaeton.——Captain and Mrs. Skirmiſh remained at home.——My brother took leave of the latter, as became his character, and aſſured her he ſhould always be happy to hear of her welfare.

Leonard handed Miſs Brilliant to the phaeton, which was ready firſt. I was following;

following; but he gave the horſes a ſtroke with his whip, and ſet off, crying aloud to me——My dear ſiſter, beg the ladies to make room for you in the coach!—Remember the time when *ſomebody* was reading Paradiſe Loſt to you!—The number *three* is ſometimes awkward, and always *odd*, you know; therefore don't be angry, if I am now *even* with you!

Miſs Brilliant begged he would let me get in; but he drove off ſwiftly, and I returned to the company.

Ladies, ſaid I, if you cannot admit three on one ſide the coach, I muſt remain at home; for my gallant (though I think not very polite) brother is gone without me!

They all laughed at the trick.

I cannot condemn him, ſaid the Major; and we all five went in the coach. Mrs. Heartfield rallied Leonard when we met; but he had a hundred excuſes; ſaid I rode with more ſafety in the coach, where I was in no danger of falling out, and ſo on.

We

We went twelve miles with him, and had a moſt agreeable excurſion.——We all regret his abſence. At our return we found Captain Skirmiſh alone; he informed us that Mrs. Skirmiſh had, ſince our departure, received a kind ſummons from her father, who at laſt forgave, and promiſed ſtill to be a parent to her!—The Captain ſaid, it was their intention to have obeyed the ſummons directly; but the unexpected change, and the exceſſive joy it occaſioned to Mrs. Skirmiſh, had thrown her into ſuch agitated diſorder, that ſhe was not able to undertake the journey, and was obliged to be put to-bed!—Mrs. Heartfield and I went to her chamber, and found her quite languid and weak; entirely exhauſted with giving vent to the joyful feelings of her heart!—She was much better before we left her, and I hope, in the morning, will be ſerenely happy!——It is now quite late, Mamma, and I muſt wiſh you a good night, and court the embraces of ſleep.

Tueſday

Tueſday Morning.

Unfortunate!—Unhappy Cleopatra!—Misfortune has ſurely " marked her for her own!"—The encloſed, which I beg you to read here, will explain the recent cauſe of her renewed ſorrow!—A meſſenger, who had rode with expedition, brought the unwelcome news to me, juſt as Captain and Mrs. Skirmiſh were taking leave;—knowing the hand, and conjecturing various unpleaſant reaſons, why this letter, ſo precipitately arrived from my brother, who had ſo lately left us, I trembled with apprehenſion!

Gracious heaven forbid, (ſaid I) that any accident has happened to Leonard!—What can poſſibly be the meaning of this expreſs?

All the company diſcovered marks of apprehenſion!—Miſs Brilliant changed colour ſeveral times as I opened the letter. She watched my agitated countenance as I read; and Mrs. Skirmiſh proved her eſteem for Leonard, by her behaviour on the meſſenger's arrival!

Do

Do not diſtreſs yourſelf, Miſs Eglantine, ſaid ſhe; your brother writes himſelf, therefore nothing, fatal has happened; however, added ſhe, I will not leave you till I know the reſult.

I was greatly affected as I peruſed the contents; and retired before I had finiſhed, begging Mrs. Heartfield to accompany me, and we read together the following words from Leonard.

DEAR SISTER,

WHEN I left you yeſterday, it was my intention to have returned to Oxford. I was not however quite eaſy to quit the county, without perſonally acknowledging to my father my regret for having diſpleaſed him.——I, therefore, immediately took the road to Ramſbury, was received with paternal tenderneſs, and pardoned. I was alſo deſired to defer my return for a day or two, in conſequence of my obedience to my father's authoritative letter.

As you know I was always a favourite with Mr. Wingham, and as I ever had and ſhall have his daughter's happineſs at heart, I went to his houſe in two hours after my arrival. I found all the family in the utmoſt confuſion and conſternation!—I ſaw Mrs. Wingham, but ſhe was too much involved in affliction for me to interrupt her ſorrows with the reaſon of my viſit, which was to have expoſtulated with Mr. Wingham on his inexorable conduct towards his relenting daughter!—I ſoon learnt that my preſence, on that occaſion, was now too late. ——Unfortunate Cleopatra!—Her father is no more.

The ſervants, informed me that he wrote yeſterday morning, early, to his daughter, and lived but eight hours after! —He was ſeized with a fit of apoplexy for the third time, and expired in his ſtudy with the copy of his will in his hand! It was his intention to have altered it, which, unfortunately, he delayed too long!—Poor Mrs. Wingham, after a long

a long ceſſation of ſpeech ſpoke, a few words to me.

What will become of my dear child, ſaid ſhe! If her huſband ſhould again deſert her, where will ſhe find ſupport!

Then again lamented, in the moſt pathetic terms, her recent and heavy loſs. I ſtaid but a ſhort time, and went immediately to my friend, Lieutenant Cottrell, who accompanied me to Mr. Richard Wingham's. I hoped that, together, we might repreſent to him the neceſſity of relinquiſhing part of the fortune left him by his uncle. He had not heard the news till I related it.—He ſeemed diſtreſſed; yet I thought I could diſcover a degree of joy in his countenance at the ſame time.

You are now Mr. Wingham, ſaid I, by your uncle's deceaſe, become one of the richeſt men in this county;—but, when you conſider, that it was the full intention of that uncle ſtill to have made his daughter his heireſs, and really

again to have recall'd her, I have not the leaſt doubt but your humanity will predominate, and incline you to let the widow, and orphan, have a conſiderable ſhare in what you muſt certainly think their right, notwithſtanding the law is on your ſide!

I ſoon perceived he did not like my diſcourſe.

I ſhall never be an enemy to my aunt, and her imprudent daughter, ſaid Mr. W——; but as to thinking the fortune their *right*, when my uncle has left it to *me*, I cannot agree with you. I ſhall not act ungenerouſly by my aunt; I ſhall make her a genteel preſent; but for my couſin, let her reap the fruits of her undutiful behaviour!——I have ſaid that I ſhall never be her *enemy*, but I ſhould think myſelf unjuſt to my dear uncle's memory, and unworthy the high eſteem in which he always held me, if I were to become a *friend* to his daughter, whom I conſider as the ſhortener of her father's days!——You tell me my revered

red uncle died of an apoplexy. I will not believe it.——His grief, from the hour he heard of Cleopatra's marriage, convinces me he died of a broken heart, —and never will I countenance my couſin more!

I told him he was more ſevere than juſt; and as the parent had forgiven the child, I thought the nephew's cauſeleſs reſentment unjuſtifiable.——I added, if he did not divide the fortune with the widow and daughter, every juſt man would henceforth ſtyle him, *A ſtrict obſerver of parchment laws, but a violator of the laws of humanity!*

I am a year or two older than you, Mr. Eglantine, ſaid he, and know ſo much of the law, as to do nothing that is unlawful!——I am not ſurpriſed that you come to eſpouſe the cauſe of my couſin; I know you was violently in love with her; for my own part, I never ſaw any charms in her but her fine face, and it is not looking at a beautiful countenance that can make a man happy.——

Her

Her father wiſhed to make a *match* between us; but, had he lived, that would never have happened.——I am ſure I was not in love!—I think no man but a *fool* could ever be in *love* with my *haughty* couſin; and he who has married her, I find, is a *Gameſter*, *Coward*, and *Fool!*

I felt too much contempt to make him any reply!——Lieutenant Cottrell was not ſo ſilent.

I am ſorry to obſerve, Mr. Wingham, ſaid he, that your temper is ſtill the ſame, for which you was ſo diſtinguiſhed when you and I were ſchool-fellows!—That cowardly kind of ſatire is beneath a man of underſtanding!——You had better have called Mr. Eglantine *Fool*, at once, than meanly, by way of alluſion, to tell him he is ſo!—He has the wiſdom to be *humane*, a degree of *honour* to which I believe *you* will never arrive!——Your aſperſions on the character of Captain Skirmiſh, whom you never ſaw, ſhew plainly the narrowneſs of

of your ignoble mind!——The Captain's early days were marked with *error*, he trod in the ſteps of *Folly*, as you do now of *Avarice!*——*Adverſity* has pointed out to him the *failings* of his paſt life; he endeavours to atone for them by obſerving now an oppoſite conduct, and is an agreeable, and, as far as his power extends, a uſeful member of ſociety! He will not court you, Sir, for his wife's maintenance!——If I judge rightly, *Coward*, as you call him, he has too manly a ſpirit to crouch to *Avarice* for a morſel of bread.

Wingham's fury began to riſe, as the Lieutenant ſpoke, and before he had quite ended, it burſt forth.

Do you imagine, ſaid he, that I will tamely bear to be inſulted thus in my own houſe?——Could you not have ſpoken your arrogant ſentiments, Mr. Eglantine, without bringing a *lubberly* naval officer, to *bubble* and *foam* at me, like the *raging ſea*, or as if he was *raving* at ſome of his *crew?*——I muſt aſſure you,

you, Sir, that *your* abſence, and your *comrade*'s is much deſired by me, who am overwhelmed with affliction for the loſs of my worthy uncle, which puts it out of my power to treat, as I wiſh to do, this *inſolent* interruption!

Let me tell you this, *Maſter Richard*, ſaid I, as to feeling for *you*, on account of your uncle's death, that is quite out of the queſtion; joy, rather than grief, is manifeſt in your every word and action, much as you, *hypocritically*, ſtrive to hide it!

This obſervation exaſperated him beyond forbearance!—He looked at me with the ferocity of a tyger, rather than a man, and told me, If I *dared* to repeat the ſame obſervation, ſo injurious to his *honour* and *feelings*, he would, with *one ſtroke*, humble me at his feet!——I own I did not wiſh to deſcend ſo low as to touch, with my hands, ſo *mean*, ſo *deſpicable* a *hypocrite*; yet my ſpirit could not bear his menaces!—I raiſed my voice,

voice, and with vociferation, repeated my aſſertion.

I am determined to ſay, ſaid I, in the preſence of the worthy Lieutenant, or your whole houſe of domeſtics, that I firmly believe you *rejoice* in the *death* of your uncle, and that you *never* valued any thing belonging to him but his *gold*, which now you are going to monopolize!—If my wiſhes, Richard, can change its property, it will become *droſs* the moment you touch it, and deceive your moſt ſanguine hopes!

According to his threats, you may imagine he prepared for an encounter!

You force me to fight with you, ſaid he; I can no longer tamely ſubmit to your inſolence!

He ſtripped off his coat, and I did the ſame.

Leonard, ſaid the Lieutenant, never debaſe yourſelf ſo as to contend with one ſo infinitely below you!—Courage ſhould only encounter with courage.—His me-

naces

naces ſhould meet with nothing from you but contempt!—Forbear, my friend, and let us leave him.

Cottrell, ſaid I, don't attempt to adviſe me; I am not at preſent in a humour to liſten to the ſuggeſtions of prudence!—I only deſire you will neither interfere on one ſide nor the other; you have gained more honourable victories! Let the deciſion of this battle reſt with me, and allow me to ſay, you and I ſhall, in future, be leſs friendly, if you attempt to oppoſe or aſſiſt me!

He quitted us.

Now, Wingham, ſaid I, ſtrike the firſt blow; for as you are in your own houſe, I will not take the advantage of you!—But as to *humbling* me to your *feet*, I flatter myſelf that is not in your power. I ſhall not fall ſo ſoon as you expect; I am on a better foundation, and have equal ſtrength.

He retreated, took up his coat again.

No, ſaid he; as you think it a meanneſs to ſtrike me, why ſhould not I

have

have as much pride?—I will not fight, though I am ſure I ſhould be the conqueror!——Perhaps you think I am afraid; but I'd have you to know, I fear no one!—I ſhould not mind fighting with the——— with the Duke of York—I am ſure I ſhould not!

I believe you, ſaid I, becauſe you know his Highneſs has courage enough to ſtand fire, and humanity enough not to return it; nor would you have minded fighting with *me*, provided you had thought I ſhould not return your attack.—However, I am not ſorry your ſpirit fails you; for I ſhould have grieved that the world ſhould have known I ever had any dealing with you!

I then left him, without waiting his reply, returned to the Lieutenant, informed him of our concluſive finiſh, and we returned home.

My father was not diſpleaſed with my conduct, went to examine into Mr. Wingham's affairs, and, in his abſence, I write the melancholy account to you, and ſhall ſend it by the quickeſt conveyance

the

the moment I have finiſhed it, that you may have an opportunity of informing Mrs. Skirmiſh, in a leſs diſtreſsful manner than it might otherwiſe be related to her by the ſervants or her mother. I feel for her diſtreſs ſincerely, and hope her huſband's continual affection may ſoften the misfortunes which at preſent ſurround her!——I find Mrs. Wingham's jointure is no more than £100. a year.——Mr. Wingham's fortune has accumulated, it ſeems, ſince his marriage. Mr. W——— told my father, a few days ſince, that his daughter's fortune would be £30,000. not a ſhilling of which ſhe can now ever hope to receive

My beſt regards attend the amiable family I ſo lately left, and accept, dear Mary, every good wiſh from

Your affectionate Brother,

LEONARD EGLANTINE.

P. S.—You will wonder I have not mentioned my mother; ſhe is now viſiting Mrs. Snowdown, and does not return

turn till next week. I would have you incloſe this letter to her.——I return to Oxford to-morrow.—I had leave for one week.

When Mrs. Heartfield and I had read my brother's letter, I ſent to ſpeak with Miſs Brilliant.—She came alarmed, and ſoon after Mrs. Skirmiſh entered the room.

How is it, my dear Miſs Eglantine, ſaid ſhe, that I am not allowed to participate in your grief!——All the ladies have your confidence but me!—can you, dear Maria, (embracing me), can you think I am leſs concerned in the cauſe of your preſent agitation, be it what it may, than thoſe obliging ladies who are mingling their tears with your's!

It is not that you are *leſs*, but *more*, concerned in the cauſe of my emotion, my deareſt Patty, ſaid I; (returning her careſſes) that makes me unwilling to impart the contents of this letter!

Oh,

—Oh, my Cleopatra!—How ſhall we comfort you?

Comfort *me!* ſaid ſhe, aſtoniſhed, juſt and merciful God!——what can have happened!—Has your brother ſeen my father?——Has he again refuſed to ſee me?—Is my mother ill?—Tell me, ſweet Maria!—tell me all!——Suſpenſe is the moſt cruel tantaliſm!—But how can your brother know any thing relative to my friends?—Did he not go to Oxford?—Yet he might meet my friends in his journey!——tell me then, dear Mary, Is my father—is my mother well?

I could not reſolve to tell her.

Be comforted, my dear, ſaid Mrs. Heartfield;——your father forgave you, and is now at peace!

Support me, Heaven!——Said Mrs. S——— (ſinking in a chair)!—Oh! I have loſt my father!—I have haſtened his end!—Ah—who ſhall comfort me!

She ſaid no more, tears in abundance came to her aid—prevented ſpeech; but eaſed her oppreſſed heart!—Mrs. Heartfield

field went down to inform the Captain. Miſs Brilliant, much affected, left the room, and I endeavoured to ſooth Cleopatra.

Submit, with fortitude, my love, ſaid I, to this misfortune.—The loſs of a friend, of a parent, is a heavy one!—It is an affliction of no ſmall magnitude, whenever it happens, and it may be augmented by unfortunate contingencies;—yet, however ſevere the attendant circumſtances of your preſent grief my be, I intreat you, for the ſake of your mother, yourſelf, and in conſideration of your huſband, who cannot feel as you do, to bear it with all the moderation you can command!—Do not harſhly impute, in any degee, to yourſelf the death of your parent!—Had you married with his conſent, and had every proſpect been alluring, it could not have prevented his death. A fit of apoplexy carried off your father; you know he had two before you married, therefore, my dear, do not diſtreſs yourſelf, by ſuppoſing your diſobedience,

obedience, which he happily forgave, had the leaſt ſhare in his lamented fate!

I was afraid I talked too much to her on the ſubject; yet ſhe liſtened and thanked me!—I left her to indulge her grief alone, and returned to my friends.—The Captain was concerned at the event;—but moſt on Cleopatra's account, of whom he is every day more tender!

Her confirmed loſs of fortune, ſaid he, but makes me value her the more. *I* am the cauſe of that loſs, and if ſhe will think my redoubled regard an adequate ſubſtitute, ſhe ſhall never regret the deprivation!

The Captain went to Mrs. Skirmiſh, and, in a quarter of an hour, they returned to us.—The chaiſe, which was to have conducted the joyful Cleopatra to the embraces of her forgiving father, now waited to convey her to the houſe of mourning!—She was impatient to claſp her afflicted mother in her arms, and no one endeavoured to retard her wiſh!—I would

would have accompanied her; ſhe would not permit me.

Why ſhould you go, only to be a witneſs of a ſcene too afflicting, ſaid ſhe?—Your preſence cannot reſtore my father, nor give conſolation to my mother!—Suffer me then to inſiſt on your remaining here, nor wiſh to ſee me again, moſt valued Miſs Eglantine, till my affairs will allow me to meet you with more tranquillity!—Why ſhould I ſuffer you to be unneceſſarily diſtreſſed farther by my misfortunes!

I exacted a promiſe that ſhe would write to me when ſufficiently compoſed; preſſed her no longer to let me accompany her, and, with a mutual embrace, we parted.

I did not inform her of her loſs of fortune, nor of my brother's interference with her Couſin.—Mrs. Heartfield informed the Captain relative to the will, and thought it beſt for him to impart that circumſtance, as it ſeemed to give him no concern except for her. I ſhall wait

wait impatiently till I hear from her. When I learn the reſult of her affairs, I will write again, which I ſuppoſe will be the laſt time I ſhall ſo employ myſelf during my ſtay here, which is now drawing near the time fixed for my return. Lavinia is expected to-morrow. Miſs Brilliant, and her friend, ſay they will not go till ſhe comes. We all hope the Lieutenant will accompany her; but he is very friendly, and comes over very often, dines and returns in the evening.

As you are not at home, I ſend no greetings to Papa. I wrote to him as ſoon as Leonard left us, ſo my brother knows, ere this, how punctually I followed his directions. Major, and Mrs. Heartfield, &c. &c. ſend the warmeſt ſalutations, and your affectionate daughter is ever

Yours,

M. Eglantine.

LETTER XXIII.

Mrs. Skirmiſh to Miſs Eglantine.

Ramſbury, Sept. 1791.

MY BELOVED FRIEND!

THE funeral of my lamented, beloved father, is over!——I had the melancholy ſatisfaction of embracing, with bitter anguiſh—his cold—his venerable remains!——Allow me, now, to be ſilent on the diſtreſsful ſubject!——My huſband's tenderneſs is unbounded!—He ſhall ever find me grateful!——My mother loves him!—he is her comforter!

You will imagine our meeting was affecting in the extreme!—I ſhall not attempt to deſcribe it.——You know Maria, of the ſituation of my pecuniary affairs. The Captain was my informant, in our way here, therefore I was prepared before my moſt unkind Couſin Wingham exultingly proclaimed my loſs, and inſulted me with his cruel inſinuations and imputations, relative to the ſudden deceaſe of my dear father, who diſinherited

rited me, only while his juſt anger ſubſiſted, and fully intended to reinſtate me in his affection, and inveſt me with every poſſeſſion his love had bequeathed me!

My couſin has told me of a viſit he received from your brother; of his *inſolent treatment*, as he wickedly calls his humane attempt, to ſecure a comfortable proviſion for my mother and me!——O, my friend, what tenfold obligations do I owe to yourſelf and brother!—May the Supreme Rewarder of diſintereſted virtue, ſhower down unceaſing bleſſings on both for ever!

My relation, this very day, in the preſence of my huſband, had the meanneſs to offer my mother £500.!—Think, Maria, on my father's eſtate, and then you will be amazed at the offenſive offer!——The Captain indignantly roſe from his ſeat,

Madam, ſaid he to my mother, I hope I need not intreat you to ſpurn that paltry pittance!—What! ſuffer him to exult in the

the ſuppoſition that he has beſtowed a favour on you!--I cannot bear the idea, that the mother of my Cleopatra ſhould be conſidered as the object of a *miſer*'s charity!——Your jointure, Madam, will keep you above the neceſſity of throwing yourſelf on the deteſted bounty (if ſo it may be called) of your huſband's relation!—I mean now to ſell my commiſſion, and ſhall retire to a ſmall but pleaſant habitation which I ſtill poſſeſs in Shropſhire. Let me have the pleaſure, Madam, of conducting you and my wife to that retreat, where, with prudence and economy, among a ſelect ſociety of agreeable neighbours, we may live in tranquillity, and forget that riches ever flattered our vain expectations!

I had no intention, replied my mother, of receiving the preſent for myſelf; I ſhould diſdain his gifts; but I meant to have taken and given it immediately to my daughter: but as I find that would offend you, I renounce it, and ſhall think

think myſelf inſulted, if he ever, hereafter, deſires to aſſiſt me!

My couſin was mortified. He would gladly have given ſomething to my mother, that he might have boaſted of his generoſity; but his ſelfiſhneſs would never have ſuffered him to divide (as your good brother ſuggeſted) the eſtate with us.

My huſband's plan of reſiding in Shropſhire, is truly pleaſing to me, eſpecially as the farm is contiguous with the eſtate of Mr. Linus, ſo that I ſhall have the pleaſure of living near, and of enjoying, the ſociety of Miſs Pelham, who is already ſufficiently acquainted with me and my deareſt friends, to make her take an intereſt in my eſtabliſhment there, as I ſhall certainly do in her's.

I called yeſterday to pay my reſpects to your Mamma, who is not in the county. Mr. Eglantine received me very kindly. I then went to ſee Mrs. Cottrell, and was diſappointed in not ſeeing Miſs Cottrell, who, I find, is with

with you; pray give my kind love to her. To Major and Mrs. Heartfield, I know not how to addreſs my thanks!—Pray tell them, the Captain and myſelf can never ceaſe to be grateful!——I beg you to inform Miſs Brilliant, that ſhe has my earneſt wiſhes for the ſpeedy completion of her happineſs, in an union with one of the beſt of men! your very amiable brother.——Miſs Heartfield has many claims to, and poſſeſſes my very ſincere eſteem, which I beg you to expreſs; and to Miſs Pelham, my future neighbour, I ſend my beſt ſalutations, and hope ſhe will ſhortly follow me to a happy reſidence in Shropſhire. If any word, more affectionate than FRIENDSHIP, can be found, accept it, moſt dear Miſs Eglantine, as expreſſive of the feelings of her who now ſtyles herſelf,

Your grateful,

and henceforward,

True Friend,

CLEOPATRA SKIRMISH.

Saturday.

The Captain will be the bearer of this, as he will have the pleaſure of dining with Major and Mrs. Heartfield to-morrow.—We go to Shropſhire next week.

LETTER XXIV.

Miſs Eglantine to Mrs. Eglantine.

AS you are not yet returned to Ramſbury, my dear Mamma, Mrs. Heartfield begs you will indulge me a fortnight longer.—She will be lonely if I leave her; though indeed the Major ſeems to be "the whole world to her," yet he is obliged to be abſent moſt of the day, and then ſhe is in need of a companion. As to Miſs Lavinia, ſhe is gone to Stour-head, to ſpend one week with Miſs Heartfield, who is vaſtly fond of her, and Eliza would not ſet aſide the viſit, knowing that the Major is very deſirous

deſirous that the friends of Lieutenant Cottrell, and his own family, ſhould attach themſelves to each other. Captain Skirmiſh dined here yeſterday, and brought me a letter from Cleopatra, which I ſend for your peruſal. You will find ſhe is going to ſettle in Shropſhire. The Captain means to retire from the army, and this day gave a dinner to a great number of ſoldiers, among whom were the ſerjeant, corporal, and drummers, who obeyed the orders of Colonel Cannonade, in puniſhing the attempt to carry off Jenny Rennet!——The dinner was given on Marlborough Downs.—Colonel Cannonade, Major Heartfield, and Captain Skirmiſh, alſo dined on the Downs at the ſame time. They ſat at a ſeparate table, and were much gratified with their entertainment, of which Lieutenant Cottrell (who came with his ſiſter, and is ſtill at Bath) alſo partook.

After dinner Captain Skirmiſh, who ſat at the head of the table, ordered Champagne and Burgundy to be brought

for the officers, and a pint of red port to every ſoldier at the lower table!—Many loyal, military, and naval toaſts were drank, which were followed by the huzzas of the ſoldiers; to every one of whom the Captain gave half a crown, and half a guinea to the corporal, who is ſtill in an ill ſtate of health.—— They were then diſmiſſed, and taught, by the reſpect paid by the Colonel, &c. to the Captain, to conſider him now as a man of honour, not as an object of deriſion!——The gentlemen ſpent the remainder of this evening together, among a number of officers, at the Parade Coffee Houſe—and thus the Captain quitted the army with credit and honour!

This day's entertainment dipped very far into the £100. given to the Captain by his brother; but he was determined not to ſpare, and was, I think, commendable. His ſmall income in the country, when he has ſold his commiſſion, will, with economy, enable him to

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live comfortably, and perhaps more happily than with a ſplendid fortune. Miſs Brilliant and Miſs Pelham did not leave us ſo ſoon as was expected; they went but to-day; the latter has had an invitation from the ſiſter of Mr. Linus, who now keeps his houſe, to ſpend a month with her. Miſs Pelham has prudently declined, thinking it improper to become an inmate in the houſe of her lover!——I ſhall give Cleopatra a hint of this; it would not be wrong for Caroline to viſit her married acquaintance there, where ſhe may have an opportunity of frequently converſing with Mr. Linus, and it would be a comfort to Mrs. Skirmiſh, to take with her a young companion to whom ſhe is already attached. I am obliged to my Papa for ſending me ſo ſpeedily Mr. Campden's laſt letter. He is well, Mamma, and ſays many kind things of you. He tells me he ſhall be in England next June, if not in May. It is a long time!

Don't

Don't you allow me to wiſh his return, Mamma?—I know you do, becauſe you wiſh it yourſelf!

I think this will be the laſt letter you will receive from me during my ſtay here, except ſomething very intereſting occurs. I hope my Papa will come himſelf and fetch me. Mr. and Mrs. Digby are almoſt angry with him, becauſe he comes ſo ſeldom.——I remain, dear Mamma, with the uſual, &c. &c.

Your affectionate daughter,

M. EGLANTINE.

LETTER XXV.

Miſs Eglantine to Mrs. Heartfield.

Ramſbury, Sept. ——.

MY DEAR ELIZA,

DON'T you think it was clever in me, to ſuggeſt to Mrs. Skirmiſh the plan of taking Miſs Pelham to Shropſhire?—But who would have ſuppoſed Miſs Brilliant

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Brilliant muſt needs go too?—Upon my word, I muſt tell Leonard, that my intended ſiſter is a complete *gad-a-bout!* However, I think her preſence there is not amiſs. As I have no news to tell you, farther than that I had the happineſs of finding my parents well and happy at my return, I ſhall ſend for your peruſal, a letter I have juſt received from Mrs. Skirmiſh; you will have pleaſure in hearing of your friend's and her welfare.

Mrs. Skirmiſh to Miſs Eglantine.

Shropſhire.

A THOUSAND thanks, my deareſt friend, for inſinuating that an invitation here would be agreeable to Miſs Pelham. That young lady, and the cheerful Miſs Brilliant, are treaſures to me!—What ſhould I have done without them?——My mother is extremely indiſpoſed. Miſs Brilliant is the kindeſt nurſe in the world to her.

On our arrival here, Miſs Pelham immediately wrote to Mr. Linus, apologiz-

ed

ed for coming to my houſe inſtead of his, and pleaded the probable obſervations of neighbours, in excuſe for her ſeeming indifference.—He anſwered her letter immediately, applauded her conduct, and begged an interview.—She ſaw him alone, their meeting was affectionately tender, I am ſure, though I was not a witneſs!—Miſs Pelham's countenance, the remainder of the day, retained the traces of tearful joy!——Before he left the houſe, Miſs Pelham fetched Miſs Brilliant, who had deſired to ſee him. It ſeems ſhe has been acquainted with Mr. Linus ſeveral years. He invited the ladies to dine with him and his ſiſter yeſterday; they went, and the day following, Mr. and Miſs Linus, at the Captain's requeſt, did us the ſame favour.—We ſhall, I hope, have much comfort in the acquiſition of ſuch an elegant acquaintance.—— I ſhall often invite the children of Mr. Linus here, that they may grow fond of Miſs Pelham, whom the little one already calls Mamma. I ſuſpect Miſs Brilliant

of teaching the child that word. Do you perceive that my mind is much relieved? Has my letter any ray of cheerfulneſs? It ought to have, if it at all deſcribes the ſenſations of my heart, which glows with hope of happineſs. My ſituation is the moſt rural and pictureſque you can poſſibly conceive. My houſe is ſmall, but very convenient; and we have a garden both for pleaſure and for uſe. We are not far diſtant from the church, which ſtands on an eminence, diſcovering its white ſtone ſteeple above a row of ſhady trees, which riſe out of a valley about a quarter of a mile from our houſe; and, by concealing the lower part of the church, makes it a pretty object from our windows. I have been very much employed, ſince our arrival, in ſettling my houſe and furniture; it amuſes me, and takes off my attention, in ſome degree, from a ſubject too ſorrowful, but which, however, I do and muſt indulge at times. My mother's tears too draw forth mine, when I would ſtrive to ſuppreſs them.

For

For myſelf, Maria, the loſs of fortune is the leaſt painful of my reflections; but I cannot be quite at peace when I recollect, that my clandeſtine marriage has been a means of robbing my mother of ample poſſeſſions. I would not have you ſuppoſe, my dear Maria, that I repent my marriage with my beloved Captain—No, indeed I do not; his extreme, unaltered affection is my greateſt happineſs: but I regret that my marriage had not paternal approbation. Had I been prudent, the Captain would have aſked the conſent of my father, and then I ſhould not have occaſioned ſuch extenſive uneaſineſs!—I, however, now firmly believe, that I owe my preſent ſenſe of error to the misfortunes I have experienced!--Had I failed ſmoothly along the deluſive current of Proſperity—Pride, Faſhion, and Vanity, I fear, would never have forſaken me, and I ſhould ſtill have remained deſpiſed by my aſſociates, and a burthen to myſelf!—My eyes are now opened; I ſee the fallacy of adhering

to

to a deluſive world of flattering, fawning ſycophants! and I *feel* the bleſſing of true friendſhip, and the delight ariſing from virtuous ſociety!—I am convinced that "A faithful friend is the medicine of life," and adore the Supreme Being, who directed one to me in the perſon of my moſt valued Miſs Eglantine, whoſe tender compaſſion will ever be acknowledged with heartfelt gratitude,

By her very affectionate,

CLEOPATRA SKIRMISH.

P. S.—I ſhall write to Mrs. Heartfield to-morrow; I love her moſt ſincerely!—The ladies, ſo does the Captain, deſire their beſt regards. I keep up a correſpondence with Miſs Littleworth, and hope I ſhall one day reform her, as I have been reformed!——Adieu, my deareſt friend.

Miſs Eglantine, in Continuation.

THAT "Misfortunes are bleſſings in diſguiſe," was never more flagrant than in the preſent inſtance; namely, the adverſity

verſity of Mrs. Skirmiſh, and indeed in her huſband alſo!—Can you any longer be ſorry, Eliza, that ſhe has known affliction, when the conſequences have made her ſo amiable, or rather drawn forth the virtues of her mind, which ſo long lay dormant. This circumſtance again proves the cogency of Mr. Pope's obſervation,

——Whatever is, is right!

I ſuppoſe the Major and you will ſhortly take your journey into Lincolnſhire, ſo that I muſt not hope to be very often indulged with your letters; however, I beg you will ſometimes remember, in your leiſure hours, that in a pleaſant retired village, in the county of Wilts, where you have ſpent many months in the pleaſures of juvenile friendſhip, dwells one who will ever highly eſtimate the ſmalleſt of your favours!—Remember, my deareſt Eliza, that in *that* village dwells,

Your affectionate, and very
Sincere Friend,
MARY EGLANTINE.

to a deluſive world of flattering, fawning ſycophants! and I *feel* the bleſſing of true friendſhip, and the delight ariſing from virtuous ſociety!—I am convinced that "A faithful friend is the medicine of life," and adore the Supreme Being, who directed one to me in the perſon of my moſt valued Miſs Eglantine, whoſe tender compaſſion will ever be acknowledged with heartfelt gratitude,

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verſity of Mrs. Skirmiſh, and indeed in her huſband alſo!—Can you any longer be ſorry, Eliza, that ſhe has known affliction, when the conſequences have made her ſo amiable, or rather drawn forth the virtues of her mind, which ſo long lay dormant. This circumſtance again proves the cogency of Mr. Pope's obſervation,

——Whatever is, is right!

I ſuppoſe the Major and you will ſhortly take your journey into Lincolnſhire, ſo that I muſt not hope to be very often indulged with your letters; however, I beg you will ſometimes remember, in your leiſure hours, that in a pleaſant retired village, in the county of Wilts, where you have ſpent many months in the pleaſures of juvenile friendſhip, dwells one who will ever highly eſtimate the ſmalleſt of your favours!—Remember, my deareſt Eliza, that in *that* village dwells,

Your affectionate, and very
Sincere Friend,
MARY EGLANTINE.

POSTSCRIPT.

IT is unneceſſary to publiſh any more letters of the foregoing correſpondence; but perhaps the reader will be glad to be informed that Mr. Campden returned from Italy earlier than was intended, in order to be preſent at his friend's marriage with Miſs Brilliant, which was ſolemnized on the firſt of the New Year, 1792. On the ſame day Mr. Campden received the hand of his beloved Miſs Eglantine; after which they ſeparated to ſpend the remainder of the winter in London, where they are frequently viſited by Major and Mrs. Heartfield, who alſo paſs a few months in the metropolis.—Captain and Mrs. Skirmiſh, by their domeſticated conduct and affability, have gained the attention and eſteem of the ſurrounding neighbourhood, and are viſited by the beſt families. The Captain's brother, in Ireland, died ſoon after the Captain's retirement from the army, by which the latter came into poſſeſſion of £500. a year, which enables him to live genteelly and comfortably.——Miſs Pelham, in a ſhort time after her excurſion to Shropſhire, yielded to the intreaties of Mr. Linus and became a kind mother to his children.——Lieutenant Cottrell, it is expected, will ſhortly be united to Miſs Heartfield; and the dutiful Lavinia determines to live ſingle during the life of her fond mother; or at leaſt not to marry, till

till ſhe meets with a gentleman who will indulge her with the conſtant ſociety of ſo tender a parent.

As the elegant and diffuſive virtues of Mr. Campden are the admiration of all who know him, ſo the noble heroiſm and humanity of Major Heartfield gain him univerſal eſteem, while the amiable and truly feminine conduct of their reſpective partners, render them patterns of delicacy, innocence, and conjugal affection.

FINIS.

POSTSCRIPT.

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F I N I S.

BL

[A]^{1} B-Q^{12}

R^{6} [+ 4 dups. or cancel ll.], i.e R, R2, R5, R6